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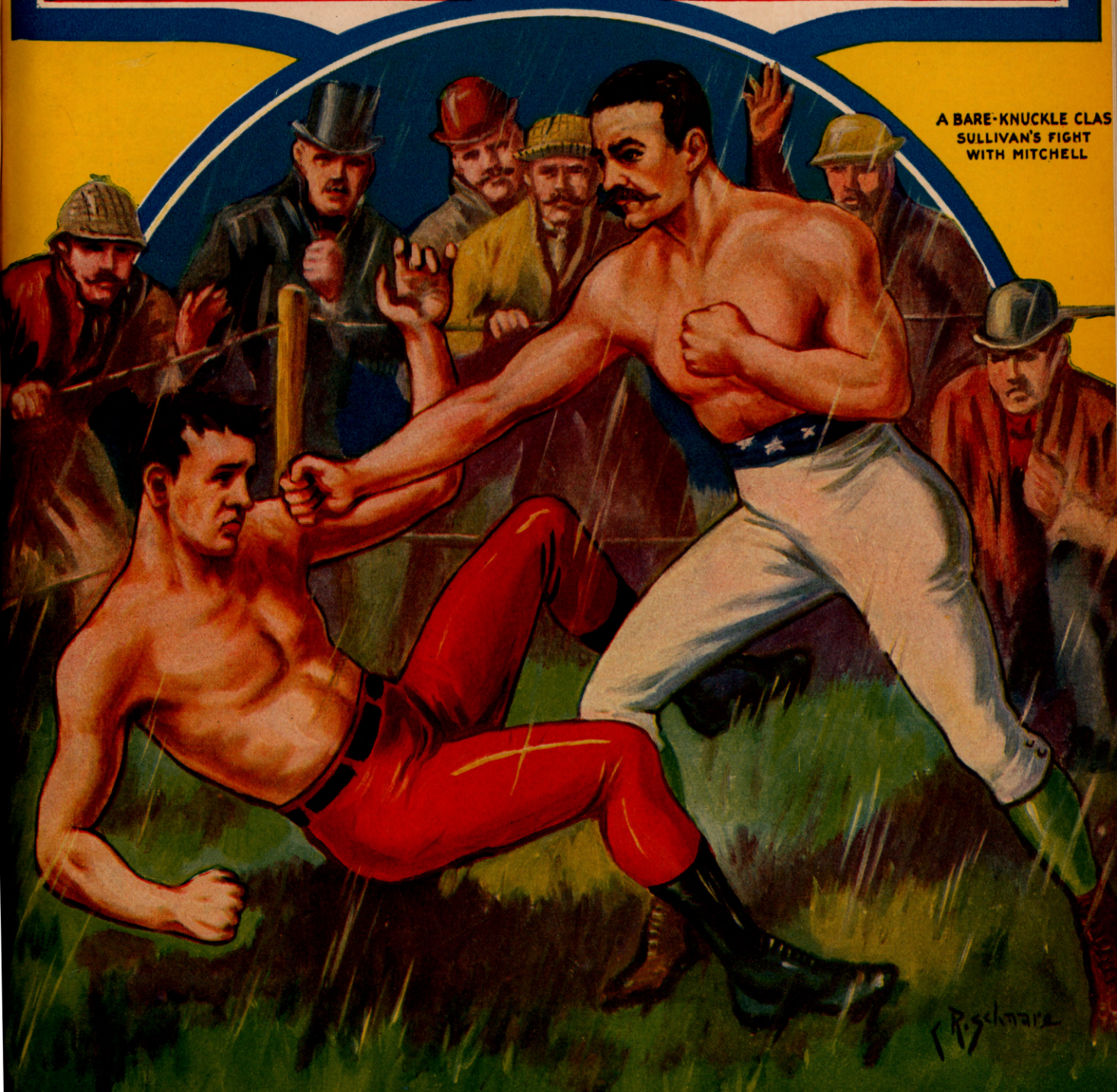

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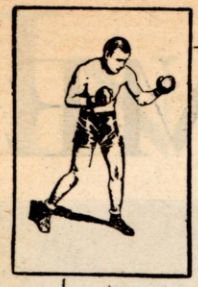

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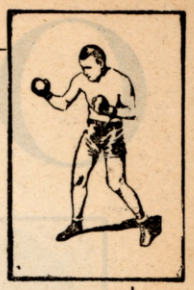

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XIII **OCTOBER, 1934** **No. 9**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

CONTENTS

OUT OF THE INCUBATOR	Ed Smith	2
RETIREMENT CALLS LOUGHRAN	Daniel M. Daniel	4
SOWING THE SEED FOR NEXT YEAR'S CROP	Wilbur Wood	6
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)		8
EASTERN PROSPECTS (Photos)		11
MEXICAN PETE	T. W. McNeil	12
GOLD Vs. GLORY	George T. Pardy	13
LITTLE FIGHTING ROOSTERS	Harvey Thorne	16
BOXER AND LAWMAKER	Jimmy Johnston	18
MILO TO LONDOS	A. D. Phillips	20
DEVELOPER OF MAT STARS	William H. Vreeland	22
MEMORY OF A KISS	Louise Haynes Lewis	24
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	Edward Merrill	26
GETTING ACQUAINTED	Emery Clarke	28
OLDEST CHAMPION BRIGHT AND ACTIVE	Sports Veteran	31
REFEREES OF THE OLD SCHOOL	Arthur T. Lumley	32
THE SHERIFF THE WINNER	Edward W. Smith	34
IN THE FISTIC SPOTLIGHT (Photos)		35
AL PALZER	Clarence Gillespie	36
WEIGHT BIG FACTOR IN ERNE'S DEFEATS	Francis Albertanti	38
IN OUR QUESTION BOX	Nat Fleischer	49
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS		50

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	51
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	52
BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, HOLYOKE		53
SYRACUSE, CONNECTICUT, MINNESOTA, PITTSBURGH		54
ROCKY MOUNTAINS, CLEVELAND, SOUTHERN OHIO		55
CHICAGO, MICHIGAN		56
FLORIDA, GEORGIA, JAMAICA, SOUTH, PHILIPPINES		57
SIOUX CITY, IOWA, KANSAS, OKLAHOMA		58
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA	E. C. Viani	59
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	John S. Sharpe	60
AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS		61
NEWS FROM GREATER BOSTON	Doc Almy	62
MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, LOUISIANA AND VICINITY		63
CANADIAN TOPICS, CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS, BOXING IN CUBA		64

In Our Next Issue

Interest in the second battle between Jimmy McLarnin, former welterweight king, and Barney Ross, holder of two titles, has been world wide. As on previous occasions, "The Ring" will present to its readers a colorful account of this international championship contest, in addition to two full pages of action photographs snapped by our cameraman.

"When fistic history was made in South Africa," is George T. Pardy's splendid contribution to the November issue. "The Ring" prides itself on the acquisition of this world famous boxing critic, former sports editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean during the days when American pugilism was at its height.

"Feather Dusters" is a resume of Fighters who achieved fame although they lacked the knockout wallop. T. W. McNiel is the author of this fine story.

Our good old friend, Arthur Lumley, Octogenarian fistic expert, has come through with a human interest yarn, "How boxing humanized great fighters."

In addition there will be special contributions by "The Ring's" staff of experts, — Nat Fleischer, Eddie Borden, Daniel M. Daniel, A. D. Phillips, Wilbur Wood and Edward Merrill.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Office of publication, The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries $4.00 in U. S. currency.

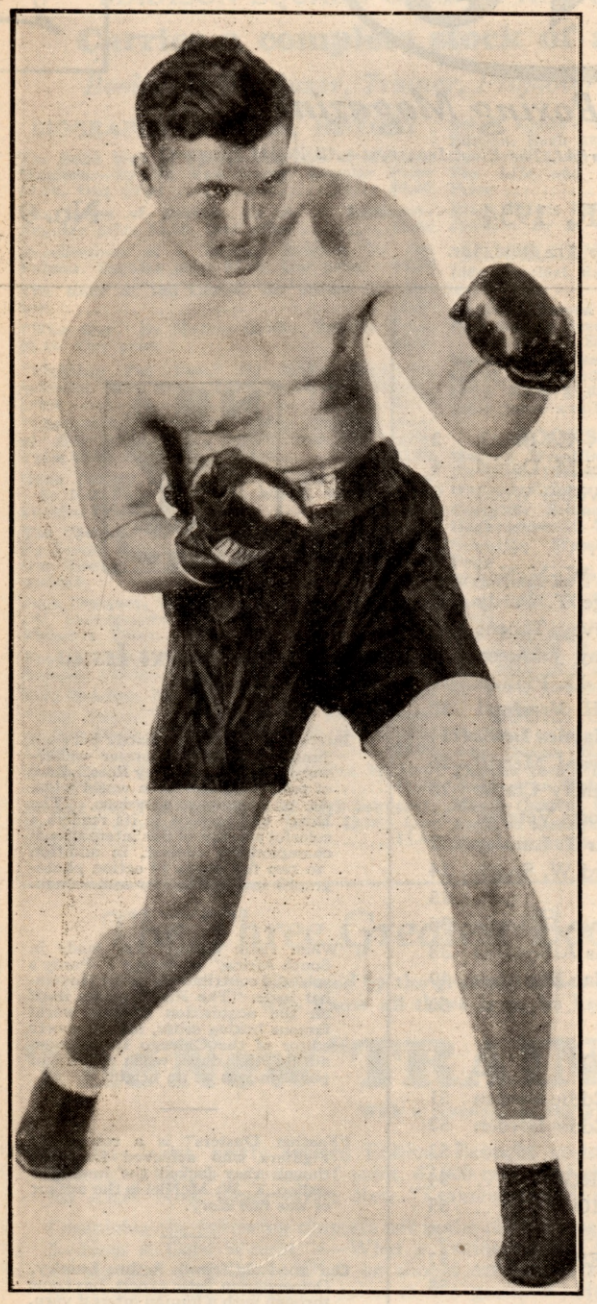
Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Curley, George T. Pardy, A. D. Phillips, Joe Humphreys and Eddie Borden.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Phelps Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass.

OUT *of the* SAME

By ED. W. SMITH



Steve Hamas in a fighting pose.

BY one of those strange little twists of fate or what you may call it, both of the leading contenders for a crack at Maxey Baer's title are out of the same ring incubator. That is to say that both Art Lasky and Steve Hamas got the foundation for their present strong positions in the heavyweight division through their work in the same rings in Southern California.

Both, it is true, were well grounded physically and well out of the pugilistic cradle before they reached the much publicized sunnyland, but it was out there that they started to see their names in the newspaper banner lines and have photographers make special trips to their training camps to snap them in odd if not always attractive postures and no doubt somewhat impossible situations.

Lasky was scarcely known to even the lynx-eyed matchmakers when he landed in Los Angeles and asked for a few crumbs off the fistic table. Hamas didn't even have that much when he first appeared and tried to stick a furtive finger in the cornucopia of pugilistic plenty.

Yet, both, inside of a brief period, emerged with a foundation of publicity and a background of well-merited victories that bespoke quick attention at the hands of promoters the country over.

* * *

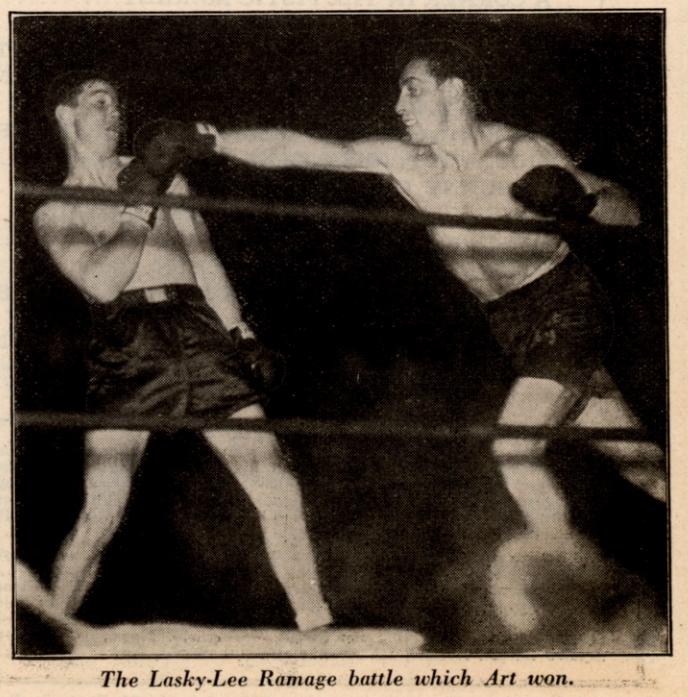
LASKY, indeed, might be classified as a sort of stowaway on the Ship of Slug and Sock when he landed in Los Angeles. He didn't have a bean and Brother Maurice, who was at the wheel of an anciently decrepit automobile, was possessed of only a stout heart and a firm belief in his kid brother's future.

As a matter of fact, when they landed at Salt Lake City on their western invasion, which is quite an expansive word to use in connection with their sneak-in on the boxing game of the Southland, they came to an abrupt halt. And it didn't take a detour sign to bring about that situation either. The ark in which they had traveled all the way from the home ground of Minneapolis was beginning to wheeze and snort, bespeaking as autos, young and old, always do, the desire for a huge drink of that commodity known as gas.

What to do? What to do? It was a grave question, and grave is the proper word to use right there. The Laskys were dying on the vine, and ripe only, it appeared, for the undertaker as far as their further advancement was concerned.

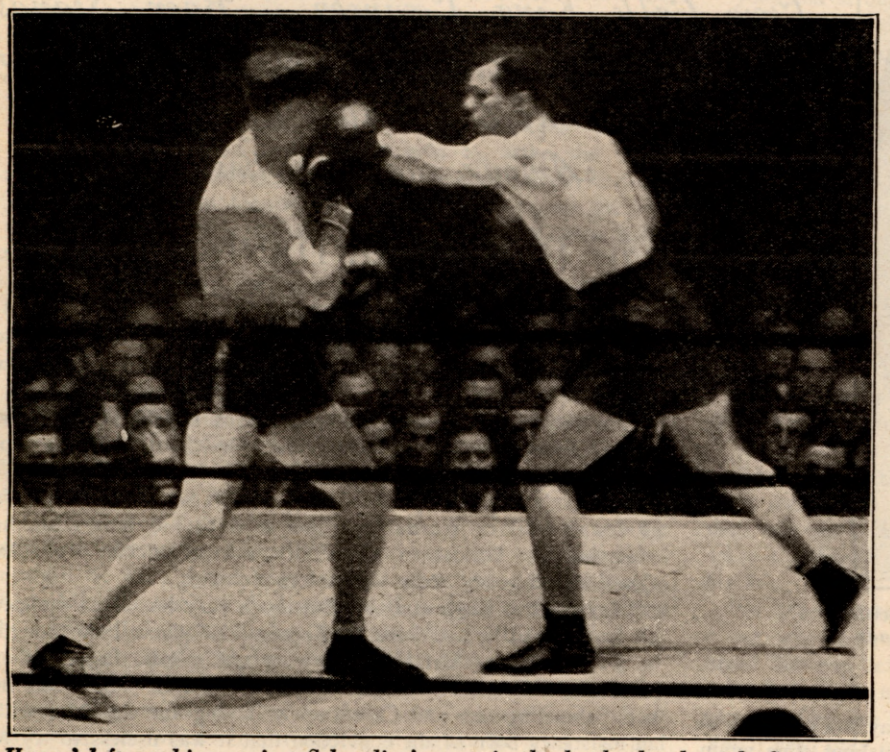
And right there comes in a peculiar little story that might indicate, to those who believe in Destiny and the Fates as ruling our lives and futures, that those who are selected for great things are certain to have the way shown them in strange manners.

While the resourceful Laskys were casting about for some way out of the difficulties that beset them, they ran into a young fellow who was hitch-hiking from the East, also bound for the promised land to the far southwest. They met at a filling station in the Mormon capital, where Brother Maurice was doing some fast talking and even faster thinking. The hiker listened to their plea to the unhearing and decidedly unwilling owner of the station. He could advance them nothing on their slim bit of security in the way of a promise; had never heard of Art Lasky as a fighter, and certainly the tall and then ungainly looking shape of the lad didn't appeal to him as a future champion

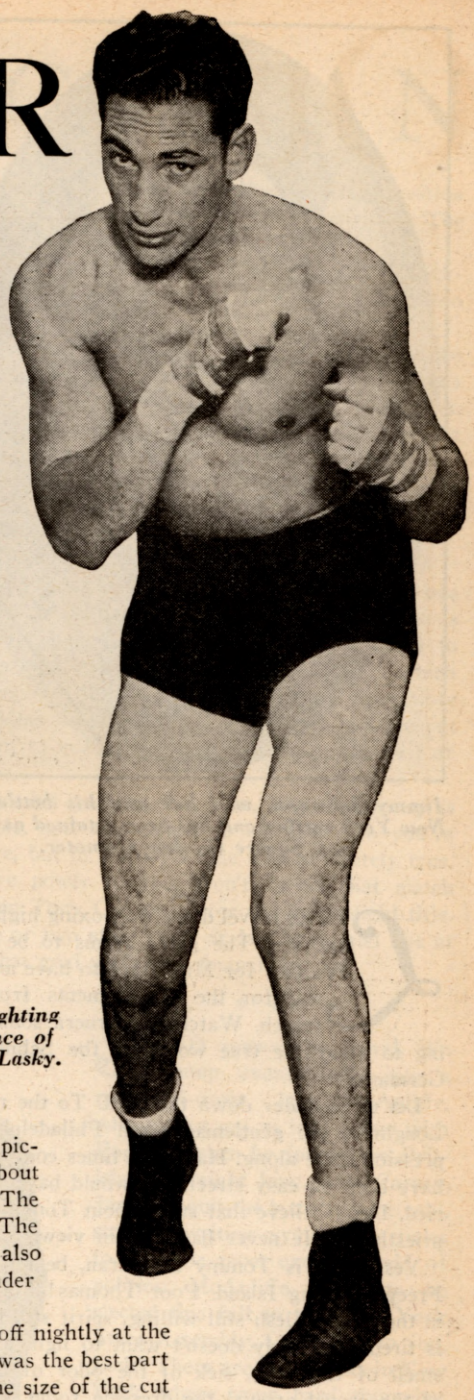


The Lasky-Lee Ramage battle which Art won.

INCUBATOR



Hamas' left crashing against Schmeling's nose in the battle that brought Steve into the heavyweight challengers' ranks.



A fighting stance of Art Lasky.

or even, perhaps, as anything approaching a good prospect.

The hitch-hiker, though, was deeply interested. Drawing Maurice to one side, he told him he, too, was Los Angeles bound and that if the Laskys would truck him the distance, that he would advance them his meager pittance, a matter of some $22 in real money, and would take a chance on their repaying him soon after the happy landing might be made in the City of Angels.

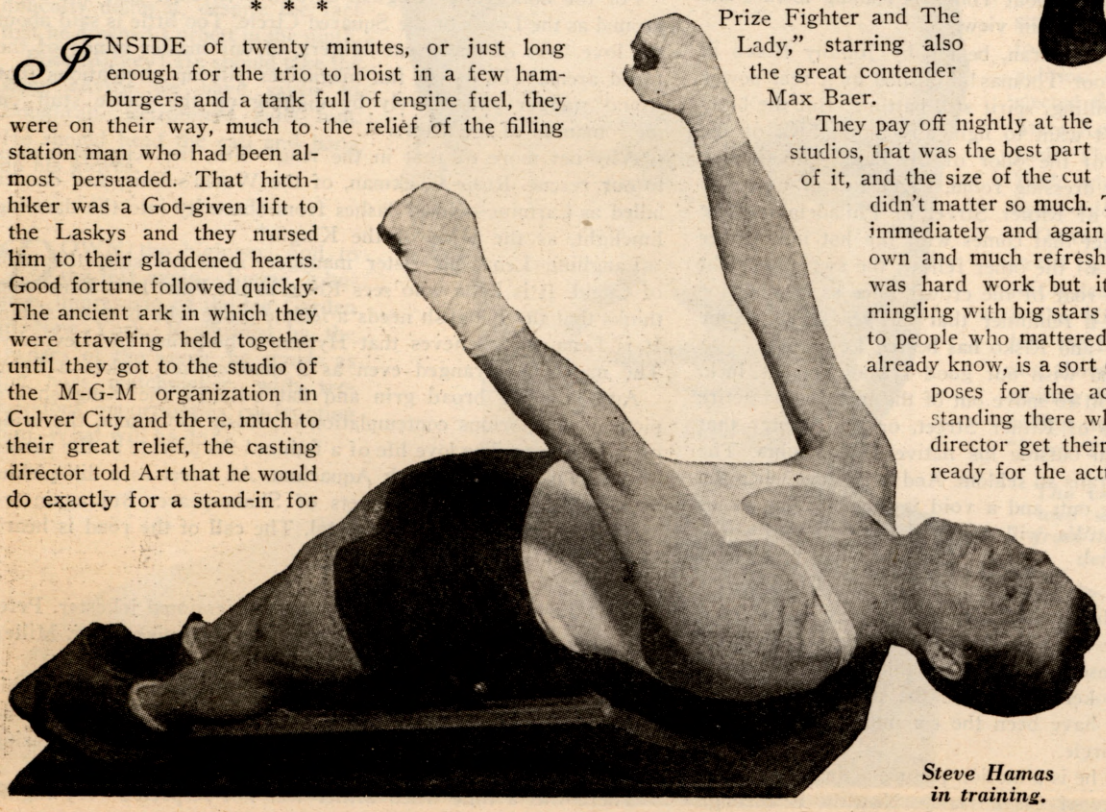
* * *

INSIDE of twenty minutes, or just long enough for the trio to hoist in a few hamburgers and a tank full of engine fuel, they were on their way, much to the relief of the filling station man who had been almost persuaded. That hitch-hiker was a God-given lift to the Laskys and they nursed him to their gladdened hearts. Good fortune followed quickly. The ancient ark in which they were traveling held together until they got to the studio of the M-G-M organization in Culver City and there, much to their great relief, the casting director told Art that he would do exactly for a stand-in for Primo Carnera in a picture that was then about to be started, "The Prize Fighter and The Lady," starring also the great contender Max Baer.

They pay off nightly at the studios, that was the best part of it, and the size of the cut didn't matter so much. The hitch-hiker was paid off immediately and again the Laskys were on their own and much refreshed. The stand-in part of it was hard work but it was pleasant also to be mingling with big stars and getting a chance to talk to people who mattered. A stand-in, if you do not already know, is a sort of understudy. The stand-in poses for the actor in the tiring work of standing there while the cameramen and the director get their sights adjusted and make ready for the actual shooting of a scene, the principals meantime resting on the side lines.

It wasn't long before Maurice got acquainted with the matchmakers of the district and, in a short time, Art was on in a preliminary at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. He was a hit and showed that he could punch, a

(Continued on page 41)



Steve Hamas in training.

Jimmy Johnston, who has won his battle with New York scribes and has been retained as Madison Square Garden promoter.

RETIREMENT

Love Calls King Levinsky — Baer Stands By as the Boxing Critic Meanders Along Highway to Glimpse Romance Among the Maulies

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

LET us travel down the boxing highway and see what we can see. The game seems to be marking time again. Waiting for Max Baer to have another go at it. Waiting for the developments from the Lasky-Hamas match. Watching Carnera somewhat furtively. Trying to assay the true worth of the Schmeling-Neusel fight in Germany.

Let us meander down the road. To the right of us is Tommy Loughran, the gentleman from Philadelphia. Too bad the depression came along. Had good times continued, Loughran would have been on easy street. He would have retired. Perhaps married. Don't believe that story about Tommy's leaning toward the priesthood. He never had that in view.

Yes, there is Tommy Loughran, beaten by Johnny Risko in Freeport, Long Island. Poor Thomas! Finished as a real power in the game. Flesh still willing, spirit still battling. But the body is tired. The body doesn't want to fight any more. Sick of the smell of the resin, sick of the odor of the damp gloves, sick of the crowd around the dressing room, eager to call it a day.

The comparative calm of Ritner Street in Philadelphia. The nostalgia for Ritner Street that comes with the hot lights over the ring, the peering eyes of the other fellow, the swinging right and the jabbing left. The roar of the crowd, once saccharine for the young Thomas, now a reminder that the years have come and the years have gone—and Risko has beaten Loughran.

Let us move along, and wish our good friend Thomas luck. Let us hope that he sees fit to move out of the picture and retire to the life of the Squire of Ritner Street, or the country that lies so calm and peaceful outside his native Philadelphia. The ring game sees its Loughrans so seldom. And it is cruel when the Loughrans have to move out, and a void is created. But let us not get too sentimental. We will move along.

* * *

WE meander down the road. To the left of us, Max Baer. Still adulation. The heigh-di-hi, and the heigh-di-ho. This time, the scene all to himself. Carnera has taken our advice and ceased babbling about broken ankles and the stock excuses that, from the time of Cribb, have been the common product of the battlers of the squared circle.

Baer, the Champ! Now he is a motion picture actor, threatening the tenure and popularity of Clark Gable. Now he is through with the movies. Now he is Don Juan, now he is an ascetic celibate, seeking surcease from the world's excitement. How strange!

And notice, all this time, no real talk of a fight! Letting the other fellows decide—and that seems to be about all he can do. There is a snickering along the highway. Lasky? He couldn't carry Max's bathrobe. Hamas? He couldn't wear one of Baer's gloves. But Baer remembers, they used to kid him when he came into the Garden in New York, a swashbuckler from the Coast with a ready smile and extreme clothes.

They used to laugh at Baer. But in six easy lessons he stopped all that. When he sat down at the pugilistic piano, they thought he was clowning. "Get him a monkey and a hand organ," they hollered, with glee. He smiled, and he played—and soon he had Schmeling out, and Carnera was diving for the floor with an insistency born of the conviction that it was useless to try to escape seasickness while crossing the Channel.

Yes, there is Baer—and the country waits while Max plays the pugilistic piano in a higher key. "Love Thy Neighbor," sings Carnera. All too late!

* * *

DOWN the highway we continue. To the right again. King Levinsky, the Chicago fish peddler who parlayed a swing to the jaw into a tremendous catch of red herring.

For the nonce, the Kingfish throws even Baer into the background as the Lover of the Squared Circle. Too little is said about the love lives of our great fighters, of our master minds of the roped arena. The movie fan magazines pile up circulations that would stagger you, merely by digging up the inside stuff on the romances of the actors.

Why not more of that in the ring? Yes, the Kingfish comes to our rescue. Rosie Glickman, of the World's Fair, fan dancer billed as Carmine—Rosie dashes from obscurity into the dazzling limelight, as the bride of the Kingfish.

Laughing Lena, his sister manager, is at his side, the pilot of Cupid. It is Lena who sees Rosie in the Fair. It is Lena who thinks that the Kingfish needs a female guide who is not a sister. It is Lena who believes that Hymen is hollering for Levinsky. The match is arranged even as a matchmaker makes a fight.

And now the broad grin and flat nose of the Kingfish are pictured in glorious contemplation of Rosie Glickman, the bride of the batterer. The love life of a fighter! As private as the career of a fish in the New York Aquarium. As sweet as a dill pickle, as alluring as the love sonnets of Shakespeare. But again we are getting mawkishly sentimental. The call of the road is heard again.

* * *

TO the left again, Pete Reilly, the professional jokester. Pete, who manages Freddy Miller, the featherweight king. Miller against Nel Tarleton, in Liverpool.

International competition revived. Apart from the issue of this fight, it is important, as it means the return of that spice and zest, and red blood, that made the game of boxing in its blazing heyday.

There was a time when Miller was not respected very highly

CALLS LOUGHRAN

as a battler of the classy school. But time and experience, and careful nursing by Reilly have done much for the Cincinnati lad.

I'd like to see those lighter classes work themselves into something of a froth. I wander along the road and see fighters as waiters in hotels. I see them slinging hash in restaurants. No fights, no dough. Reversion to type, reversion to the old days.

The Ross-McLarnin fight should help to make the public more conscious of the ring classes under the heavyweight division. We should begin to rebuild those lighter sections, or the real return of good times will force us to begin all over again below the lightweight class.

Yes, hands across the sea, America against England—and I hope there will be a lot more of that from now on.

* * *

NOW to the right we turn. We see the veteran Mickey Walker, the pudgy middleweight who held two titles and thought he could garner several others before he hung up his gloves. Was there ever a fighter like him, other than the great Joe Walcott?

First he won the welterweight crown. Then he annexed the middleweight crown from Tiger Flowers. Still not satisfied—upward he went. Light heavyweights were too soft for him so he tackled the heavies. And who among us will ever forget how he manhandled Jack Sharkey but failed to get the verdict!

Too much spotlight! Too much of Broadway life!

The lure of gay Broadway doomed him just as it has so many other fistic luminaries. Out to the Coast he went in an effort to recoup his fortune by attempting to regain the crown he had abdicated when he entered the light-heavyweight and heavyweight ranks.

In Los Angeles he found another fine fighter who held the crown which Ross won from Jimmy McLarnin. Young Corbett III is his name and he has grown into a middleweight. Good match that one, but not for Mickey. He went the route, although he had considerable difficulty doing it, despite the fact that he downed Corbett in the ninth.

Poor Mickey! He should take the same advice we have given to Loughran. Retirement calls him. He should heed the call and hang up his gloves.

* * *

DOWN the highway, and to the left again—Jimmy Johnston, impresario of the big Garden in New York. Reaffirmed by the owners of the arena, he stands as the boss matchmaker, with tremendous opportunities confronting him. What will he do?

Johnston stronger than ever, and Jack Dempsey's proposition turned down. "Dempsey never made any money for anybody. The fighter cannot do anything but fight," shouts Jimmy.

Times have changed. New methods should be employed. Rickard saw that and took Opportunity by the hand, and walked into a fortune.

Johnston faces the new era with a new chance. Open the Garden, New York, to the world. If Tarleton is the goods, let's see him. Fight, fight, fight! Good fights. Not dollar attractions.

The fighters apparently have learned their lesson. Let us start all over again.

Let us see Baer in action this coming year. It would be great if he fought this winter.

* * *

STILL on we go. We take a zigzag course and land into one of the greatest little fellows of modern times. His name is Barney Ross. He is the first fighter in modern history to annex a double crown, and the type who aids the sport in which he is making his livelihood. Barney says he will not fight more than two more years because by that time he hopes to have put aside a sufficient sum to enable him to live in ease the rest of his life.

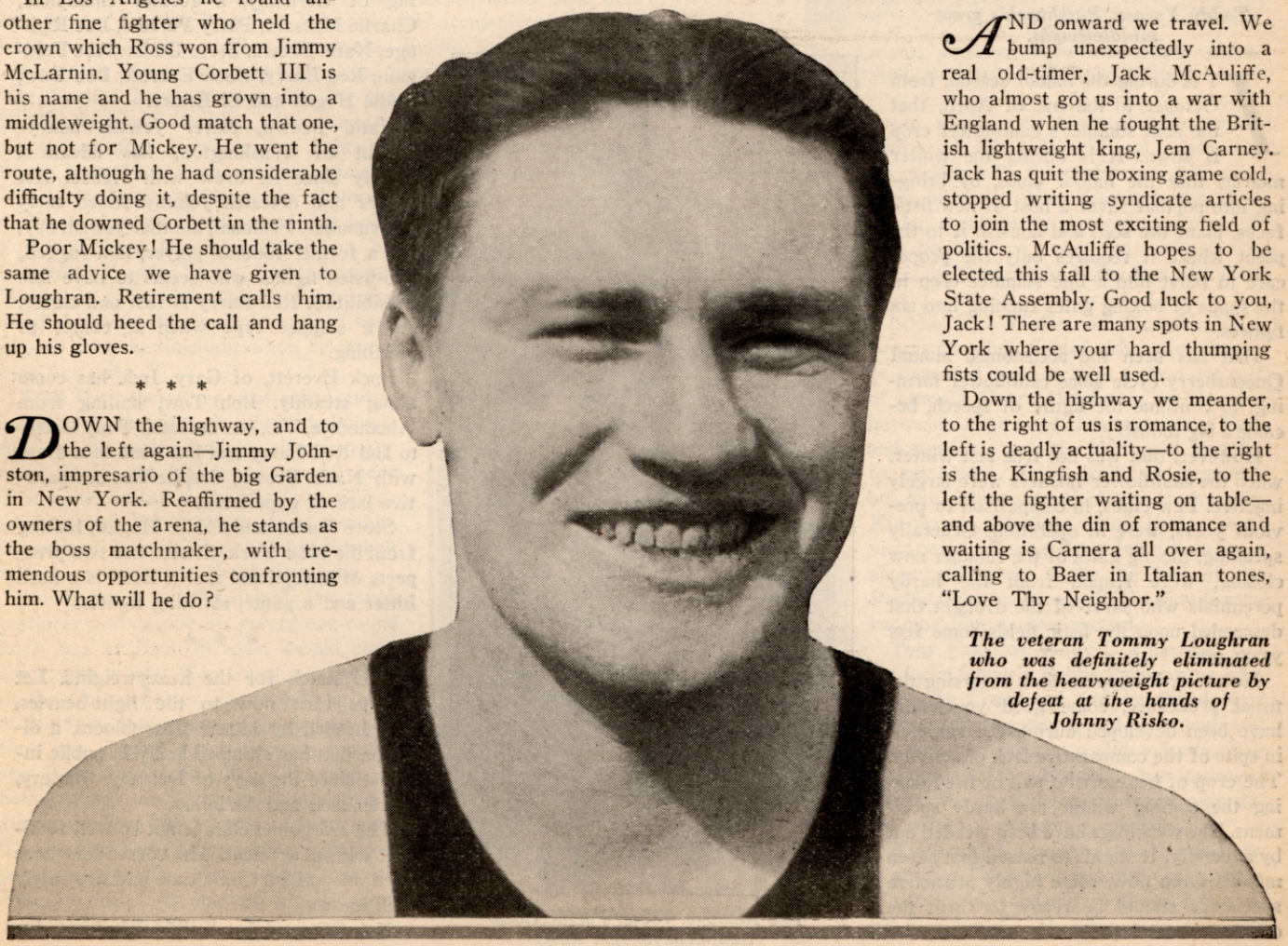
We hope he attains his goal by that time, because Barney is a boy who is sensible, and also "good to his mother"—you've heard that one before, but in Barney's case it is absolutely true.

Well Barney, more power to you. Don't forget that match you promised our own Tony Canzoneri for the lightweight title. You'll need only one or two more shots at McLarnin and one at Canzoneri to attain that goal you've set financially.

* * *

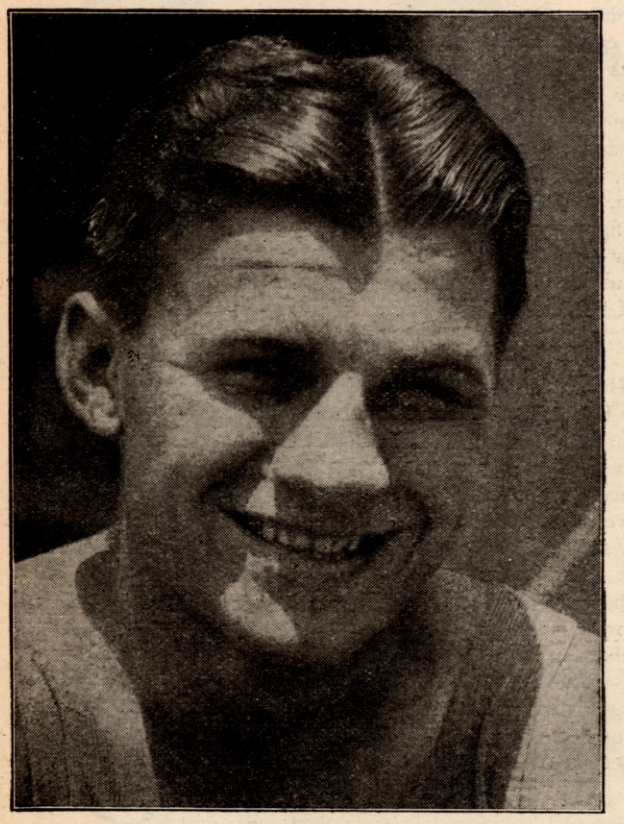
AND onward we travel. We bump unexpectedly into a real old-timer, Jack McAuliffe, who almost got us into a war with England when he fought the British lightweight king, Jem Carney. Jack has quit the boxing game cold, stopped writing syndicate articles to join the most exciting field of politics. McAuliffe hopes to be elected this fall to the New York State Assembly. Good luck to you, Jack! There are many spots in New York where your hard thumping fists could be well used.

Down the highway we meander, to the right of us is romance, to the left is deadly actuality—to the right is the Kingfish and Rosie, to the left the fighter waiting on table—and above the din of romance and waiting is Carnera all over again, calling to Baer in Italian tones, "Love Thy Neighbor."



The veteran Tommy Loughran who was definitely eliminated from the heavyweight picture by defeat at the hands of Johnny Risko.

SOWING the SEED for



Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh's great middleweight.

IT is during the indoor season, from October to the end of April, that the next summer's cauliflower crop is sown. It is during the winter months that the indoor clubs, by bringing into popular favor a host of new fistic faces, plant the seed and nourish it to the point where it requires only the proper care to burst into a fine summer crop in the shape of boxing gates running into six figures.

That has been the accustomed annual Queensberry cycle since cauliflower farming, to continue the figure of speech, became a big industry.

However, that was not true last winter, when the cauliflower farmers were largely inactive. Few clubs, in comparison to previous years, were in operation. Generally speaking, the big gates of the summer now closing, were reaped from the hardy perennials who survived the drought that descended upon the fistic fields some few years ago.

However, it happens that, reversing the usual procedure, some good youngsters have been developed during the summer, in spite of the comparative lack of activity. The crop of boxers who will be used during the coming winter are hardy specimens. The weaklings have been weeded out by adversity. It stands to reason that seven months from now, some highly attractive specimens should be ready to thrill the customers next summer.

Lee Ramage, young Pacific Coast light-heavyweight king.

Experience has shown that the customers will go for the hardy perennials as long as they produce cauliflower fruit of the sort wanted. Fighters like Jimmy McLarnin, for instance, never lose their appeal. But the public has scant use for veterans merely as such. A constant influx of new fighting material with box-office appeal is required to maintain attendance at a level where promoters may operate at a profit.

* * *

AT this writing it appears that there are enough new youngsters available for duty, boys with ability and color, to give the game a rebirth during the indoor season if the promoters use common sense and are not too timid to push ahead.

Let us examine each of the major divisions and see what good prospects we may find. Starting at the top of the ladder, we find Max Baer as heavyweight champion. The Livermore Larruper, a smashing hitter and a colorful performer, is certain to be a strong box-office magnet if the contenders are up to snuff. We have the sort of champion that is required. What of the contenders?

As the defeated but still active ex-champion, we run smack into Primo Carnera. The Man Mountain, who was a good card while climbing the ladder, lost his appeal as champion, but the circumstances of his defeat by Baer have restored to him some of his drawing power. Should he win a couple of fights in convincing style, a return match between him and Baer would do as well as or better than their first shindig.

Steve Hamas, former Penn State football star, and Art Lasky of Minneapolis are up near the top of the list of contenders. By the time you read this, they should have met in the Garden Bowl in Long Island City. If it is a good fight, each will remain a good card, regardless of who wins.

Among the others there are Walter Neusel of Germany; Max Schmeling of Germany, a former champion; Charlie Massare, Patsy Perroni, Lee Ramage, Natie Brown, Steve Dudas, Abe Feldman, Red Barry, Buck Everett, Bob Tow, Eddie Hogan and El Ettore.

Natie Brown, clever Jewish heavyweight of Washington, has advanced rapidly since he drew with Neusel last winter and defeated Johnny Risko early this summer. Feldman, another Jewish boy, and a former football player, is a rugged, two-fisted fighter who seems to have fine possibilities. Red Barry is fast and clever, but a slapper type when it comes to punching.

Buck Everett, of Gary, Ind., has come along steadily. Bob Tow, hailing from Alexandria, Va., has defeated Tony Galento and Red Barry and has gone to a draw with Natie Brown, despite his comparative lack of experience.

Steve Dudas and Eddie Hogan, hailing from the New York district, are two prospects of exceptional merit. Each is a hard hitter and a game, slashing fighter.

* * *

SO much for the heavyweights. Let us turn now to the light-heavies, headed by Maxie Rosenbloom, a division that has slumped badly in public interest since the days of Delaney, Slattery, Berlenbach and Stribling.

The 175-pound class is not so well fortified with new talent. The contenders have been around for some time and are fairly well known.

Bob Olin and Joe Knight stand out, due

NEXT YEAR'S CROP

By WILBUR WOOD
(Sports Editor of *The New York Sun*)

to their recent achievements. Olin went to the Coast, where he flattened Bob Godwin in one round and then defeated him, besides fighting to a draw with Abie Feldman. Knight has been disposing of all opposition in the South and held Maxey even in their championship tilt at Miami last winter.

Al Gainer, New Haven Negro, has been advancing rapidly. He recently scored over Lou Brouillard, besides scoring a knockout over Clyde Chastain. Gainer is a body puncher with more than ordinary hitting power and may gain a title match before the year is out.

John Henry Lewis, of Phoenix, Ariz., already has two decisions over Rosenbloom in overweight matches and may decide to come East at an early opportunity. He is only twenty years of age and is said to have plenty of ability. Tony Shucco of Boston is a smart, cagy boxer, who has beaten Rosenbloom and is sufficiently talented to outpoint almost every light-heavyweight in the country but his style is not appealing.

Young Corbett III, who is climbing towards the top in middleweight ranks.

Ambrose Palmer, an Australian, who is reputed to be more than fair, expects to embark soon on an American tour. He has beaten Dave Shade and there is no line of comparison other than the Shade fight by which to judge him, but reports on him are favorable. Lou Brouillard is still in the running, due to his southpaw style, his ruggedness and terrific punching ability at close quarters.

* * *

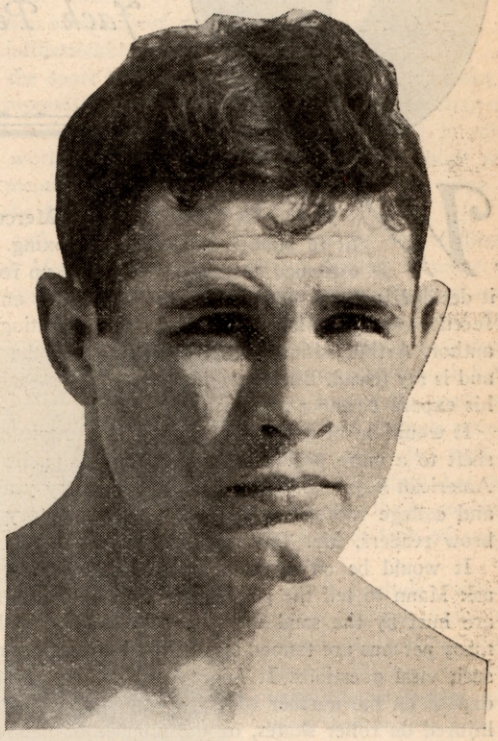
THOUGH Marcel Thil, of France, may be regarded in Europe as the rightful middleweight champion, there is plenty of competition here to make it worth while for him to embark to the U. S. Teddy Yarosz, of Pittsburgh, seems to be the classiest of them over here. Young Corbett from San Francisco has accumulated a formidable record in the middleweight ranks. Emilio Martinez, a newcomer from Denver, must be considered because of recent victories over Gorilla Jones, George Manley and Baby Joe Gans. Young Stuhley received attention after winning from Vince Dundee but lost the prestige gained in that fight, by losing to Anson Green, a Negro from Pittsburgh, another youngster who may come through.

Jock McAvoy, middleweight champion of England, has a good record. He holds a victory over Len Harvey among his triumphs. Freddy Steele, from Tacoma, Wash., is a puncher who has advanced rapidly. Swede Berglund, from the Coast, stepped into the limelight when he scored over Ben Jeby.

Fred Henneberry, an Australian entry, is said to possess first-class fighting knowledge and his record includes victories over many headliners. He should do well here if he comes across. Solly Dukelsky, Chicago youngster, has been advancing steadily. He eclipsed himself when he came through with a victory over Frank Battaglia.

Jimmy Smith of Philadelphia is a tough customer and despite his recent one-round kayo loss to Paul Pirrone, should come along with a bang. Ken Overlin, a product of the United States Navy, and stationed at Norfolk, Va., seems to get better each time out. Tom Chester, former amateur star from New York City, is destined for better things, as are Gus Lesnovich and Jimmy Ambers, two former amateur stars. They are the three best middleweight prospects around the Metropolitan district. Frankie Fullam is another who is about ripe for the big time.

Nel Tarleton, British Empire featherweight king who will meet Freddie Miller, American champion.



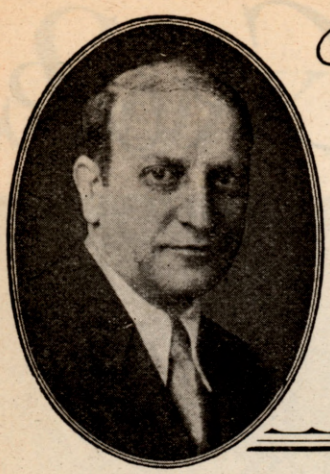
Joe Knight, southern light-heavyweight champion, successor to Young Stribling.

Fortunately for Barney Ross, newly crowned welterweight champion, the acquisition of the title will not cause him a great deal of inconvenience with the contenders who confront him. Bep Van Klaveren, the Hollander, stands out as the leading contender, not because of any outstanding triumph, but because he is the best of a poor lot.

Eddie Kid Wolfe, of Memphis, is a two-fisted, club fighter who can always be depended upon to give a good account of himself. Harry Dublinsky, of Chicago, has made some good showings in the East and seems to have the pluck and tenacity to get better. He is frail in appearance but has endurance and plenty of strength. Kid Azteca, Mexican entry, has a recent victory over Young Peter Jackson to boast about and seems to be the best of the Pacific Coast welters, with Cerefino Garcia running him a close second.

Tony Falco of Philly is a pleasing boy but lacks a punch. Bobby Pacho came East from the Coast and has convinced New Yorkers that he can fight. He is tough and strong and known as a club warrior. Ray Napolitano, from Brooklyn, has improved during the past six months and may develop into a stronger contender.

Kid Frattini, a recent arrival from Italy, is another lad who is winning consistently. He looks like one who will get better as he goes along. *(Continued on page 63)*



Nat FLEISCHER says:

American Mercury's "Expose" Fails to Click—Football Deaths and Injuries Outnumber Ring Disasters—Jack Peterson Should Engage in U. S. Elimination

WELL, well, well!

Now it is "The American Mercury" which sees fit to publish an attack on boxing. Apparently the esteemed "Mercury" was hard up for material when it decided to run a hodge-podge of inaccuracy and ridiculous inference which it labelled "The Prize Fighting Racket." The author, Arthur Mann, for years worked on the Evening World and is my friend. But where he got all that so-called material for his exposé I cannot imagine.

It would be fit and proper that "The American Mercury" now shift to a more prolific field, and tell the public how many fine American boys are maimed and killed every year on our school and college football fields. There's a real story for your high-brow readers, Mr. "Mercury" Editor.

It would be only right that "The American Mercury" now ask Mann to tell the public how many of our growing children are hurt by the sand which inevitably goes with spinach; how many persons are tanned by the sun during the summer, and other such vital questions. It might be a corking idea to compile an exposé on the number of grown up women who each year are injured on roller skates, or the number of painted beauties who are annually poisoned by the use of hair dyes and lip sticks.

Because, an article on spinach and a piece on roller skating would be far more to the point, far more informative, than the mess of so-called fact presented by "The American Mercury," which is not equipped to handle boxing and would do well to let it alone.

* * *

I WAS highly amused by the article, "The Prize Fighting Racket," which appeared recently in "The American Mercury" and purported to be most authoritative. The article, in short, deals with punch-drunkenness and ring deaths and judging by the many false statements, both the writer and his authority seem to be far off edge. In fact, it seems to me that the article is so far-fetched, that any man who knows his boxing or has made a close study of fighters and fights, as I have, would remark as I did, "a lot of bosh and fiddlesticks."

Unfortunately, many magazine editors who never saw a fight and others who look only upon one side of the fistic sport, are likely to accept for granted a lot of nonsensical conclusions such as Mann has drawn where, were an article of a similar nature, based on facts, prepared on one of the many other sports in which deaths and injuries far exceed those in fisticuffs, that same editor would turn up his nose at it. In view of the wide publicity given to Mann's article and the unfortunate importance placed upon his false conclusions, I shall review parts in this editorial for the benefit of those who failed to read it, so that they can make their own conclusions on the statements of the author. The quoted sections are Arthur Mann's as they appear in "The American Mercury." Let us proceed:

* * *

"DECENT society blacklisted all forms of pugilism up until twenty-five years ago. Virtually everyone connected with the sport of prize-fighting, was held in low esteem"—

A roster of those who attended the famous Heenan-Sayers fight at Farnborough, Eng., in 1860, includes some of the most renowned names in the British Empire—doctors, authors, members of the Parliament and nobility from all sections crowding the course. Even Charles Dickens and Lord Lytton, distinguished novelist, were among the ringsiders. The riff-raff? Not quite!

While it is true that in the early days of American fisticuffs, fights were staged in dives to avoid the police because boxing or prize-fighting as then known was illegal, those who attended the contests were far from the lowest dregs of society. In fact the greatest sportsmen of America were the patrons. The price of admissions, often as high as $50 a ticket, proved too much for the average fan.

"And then for some inexplicable reason, the attitude of the State and municipal dignitaries changed. Perhaps they were influenced by President Roosevelt's enthusiasm for boxing, although even he was half-blinded by a punch. At any rate, after being outlawed for centuries, the art of punching the daylights out of another person was suddenly heralded as a boon to mankind .... As a body developer, boxing probably has no equal, but as a destroyer of bodies, it also has no equal, for while one body is being built up by delivering punches, the other is being broken down by receiving them."

So says Arthur Mann in "The American Mercury."

Well, the reasons that impelled President Roosevelt and millions of other enthusiasts to encourage boxing, was not what Mann states, "inexplicable," but what he says in the following sentence, "because boxing is a body developer and probably has no equal as such."

For Mann's benefit and those who throw the harpoon into the red-blooded man's sport, I might add that years ago, when Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York, he was asked why he did not stop the fights in Madison Square Garden, and he replied:

"There was no reason for halting the contests. Boxing is a virile sport. It teaches manliness, perseverance, develops keenness of eye, courage and quick-wittedness, and as a body developer, I know of no sport its equal. If more of our parents would permit their boys to learn the art of self-defense, we would have more good, American citizens and fewer street loafers and bullies than now are to be found in this city."

And what Theodore Roosevelt then said, has been often repeated and has been used as a sermon by ministers who have tried to encourage their congregation in the support of boxing in the parish houses.

Does Arthur Mann or those who sponsor the same ideas he possesses on the sport of boxing, tell his public that over a stretch of ten years, the total number of dead and maimed from the sport of football and basketball is close to seventy-two percent more than in boxing and wrestling?

No, of course not. That would be treading on the toes of the "élite" who attend the football games in the thousands and think nothing of seeing from two to half a dozen boys carried off the field in each big contest, some never again to return to life and others to be maimed with broken neck, back, collarbone, leg or arm. Such a story, appearing in the high-brow "American Mercury," might offend the collegiate element among its army of readers.

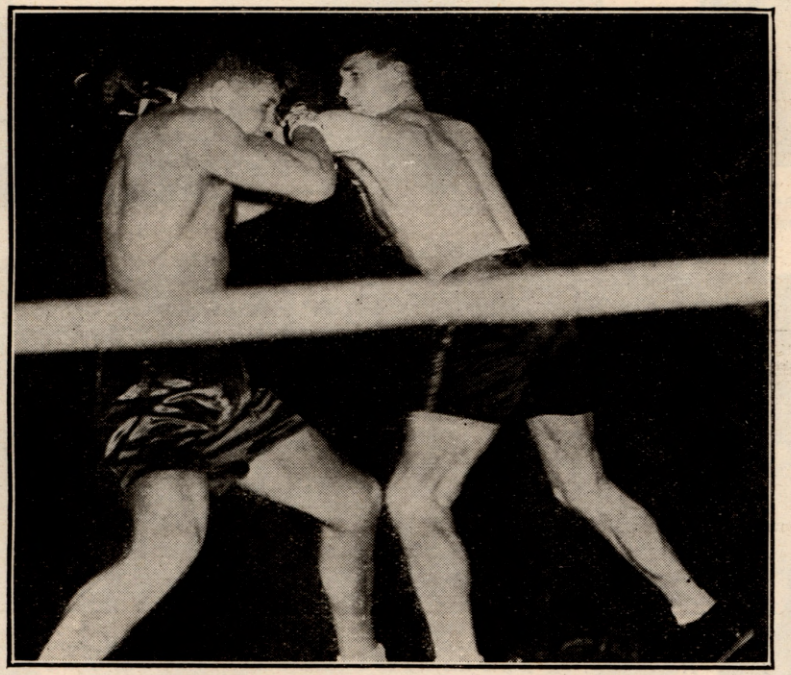
ARTHUR MANN, as a former newspaper writer in New York, has attended many football games in which black eyes were not unusual, yet a black eye on a football player may be passed off as just another badge of courage, but a black eye on a fighter "is more than a mere 'shiner.'"

Quoting Mann: *"One black eye may well be regarded as harmless by a proud father because nobody has ever died from a 'shiner.' People get dozens of them and live. But it is obvious that repeated black eyes sustained in boxing are harmful. The tissues around the eyes are broken down. Circulation is impaired. Optic nerves weaken. Bad eyesight follows and frequently blindness sets in. It is quite the same with a blow to the head, or in the heart or to the kidneys."*

I wonder whether the author of that statement ever heard of Al Lassman of New York University who became a cripple in the name of football and then died from drowning! Or of several hundred other lads in colleges and high schools who suffered broken collarbones or internal injuries, all of whom were heroes because they could take it on the gridiron, but would be called by another name were they so badly injured in boxing!

Black eyes are just as common in football, basketball and other sports as in boxing. In fact, the black eye is not a common sight in boxing. I have attended thousands of bouts over a stretch of thirty years and I've seen thousands of boys come out of ring combats minus black eyes because they knew how to protect themselves through scientific boxing.

True there are hundreds who do get that badge of fisticuffs, but seldom, as the medical profession will tell you, has any ill result followed. Unfortunately, Arthur Mann does not realize that when blindness or partial loss of eyesight has resulted, it was not from the blackening of the eyes, but because of resin dust that has affected the eyes. I'll wager that the loss of sight from black eyes or from optic nerve weakening caused by blows to the eyes, is less than one-tenth of one percent.



Johnny Risko slipping a left jab in his fight with Tommy Loughran at Freeport, L. I., which Risko won.

* * *

"THE number of punched-out hulks of ex-manhood in boxing history is so great that the growth of the sport today depends upon discussion of the Dempseys, Tunneys, Leonards, Sharkeys, etc., to divert attention from the pitiable figures shuffling in the background. The history of professional boxing for the past fifty years, reveals dozens of broken and worthless victims for every fighter who is successful or even a rational citizen after ten years of competition. And this includes champions and top-notchers," continues Mr. Mann.

Again we take issue with the author. What a fallacy! What poppycock!

Mere words without authority to back up the statement. For every punch-drunk fighter there are 100 sane, rational, useful citizens carrying on in some other field after retirement from the ring. I have before me a list of forty-two former fighters who competed ten or more years who have achieved fame in politics or business and searching my files, I find, that over a period from 1910 to the present day, there are listed only thirty-seven former fighters who have been committed to some asylum for punch-drunkenness—another form of insanity brought on by batterings received in the ring. And in every one of the latter cases I find that the fighter was of the slugging, boring-in school who knew little or cared little about the science of boxing.

Compared with the number of devotees in the sport of boxing, with those who follow other branches of athletics, primarily football and basketball, the number of fatalities or serious casualties in the ring is comparatively light. As I already remarked, there are seventy times more injuries in football than in boxing.

"The punch-drunk fighter is becoming a common sight," states Mr. Mann. *"The number of recognized cases is mounting in direct proportion as the sport develops."*

Bosh and fiddlesticks!

Never has the sport had so few such cases as now, thanks to the splendid supervision of the boxing commissions in thirty-one states of our Union and those who supervise boxing in other parts of the world. Our medical examiners see that boys who suffer from mental disease or those who are on the verge of becoming marks for attack, are banned.

Only now and then does such a case get by the medicoes. I defy Arthur Mann or others who attack boxing to name ten punch-drunk fighters in New York state today who are competing in the sport. I defy them to name two dozen such men who were fighters during the past ten years and are now retired. There may be half a dozen, I'll admit, but they came by their condition because of lack of supervision.

To conclude without going further into the ridiculous article above quoted, I'll go on record with the statement that never has boxing been so clean of the type described by Arthur Mann as now and never has the sport received so close scrutiny from legal supervisors of the state as under present commission control of boxing.

Wake up Mr. Mann and those who believe as you do!

* * *

TOMMY LOUGHRAN, like many others who have reached the end of the fistic rope, continues to plod along in the hopes that he will be among those who will find themselves in the final challengers' bracket for a shot at Max Baer, despite the fact that recent defeats have shunted him out of the picture. The boxing fans have been rooting hard for Tommy's success because of his standing in the profession, but Tommy must realize, as do his army of admirers, that he has slipped to the point where he no longer can command the rating which was his a year ago. When Loughran recently lost to Johnny Risko in a benefit bout at the Freeport Stadium, he lost his last chance to be considered in the elimination tournament which is being staged by the Garden to find a suitable opponent for Max Baer.

While Tommy stepped about in lively fashion, his snappy jabs were missing and he frequently held to avoid punishment at close range. The bout was exceedingly close, with Risko, in my opinion, gaining the margin by one round, but if the Loughran who faced the Cleveland Rubber Man at Freeport were the same Loughran who whipped Johnny three times previously, he would have won hands down because of the many misses recorded by Risko. Johnny won the fight purely on aggressiveness and harder hitting.

While we all feel sympathetic towards Loughran who is trying

to recoup a lost fortune, his well-wishers would feel more at ease were he to hang up his gloves before he gets battered around too much. Tommy has been too good to boxing, to leave it with the earmarks of his profession which he most certainly will do, if he continues in the ring.

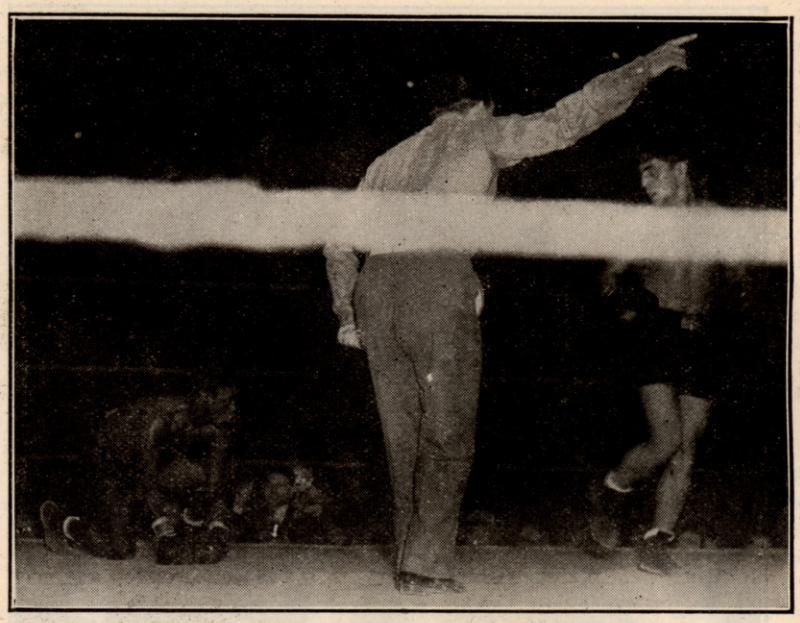
* * *

OVER in England they are all het up over the chances of Jack Peterson against Max Baer, if such a fight were scheduled, but in this country, judging by the calibre of heavyweights sent from England in the past and the showing of Peterson in his bouts with Len Harvey, I doubt that Peterson would do any better than did Phil Scott here.

Peterson may be a good fighter so far as English pugs go, but he will have to show far more than he has in his last three bouts to prove to the American skeptics that he is better than a second rater. In this country, the critics who follow the sport thoroughly, feel that Peterson does not rank better than twelfth in the list of world heavyweights. If Peterson is desirous of gaining a shot at the crown, he should make haste to join the foreign heavyweights, now plying their trade in America, and take his chances in one of the elimination bouts now in progress under the jurisdiction of Madison Square Garden. That is the only way he can be seriously considered for a titular shot, Jeff Dickson notwithstanding.

* * *

THE American lads who have been fighting in Australia, have nothing but the highest praise for Charley Lucas and the promoters who have booked their bouts in the Antipodes. It is pleasing to note the change of sentiment as compared to the feeling of disgust heretofore registered by our traveling fighters. Apparently Lucas has lived up to all of the promises he made to me when he came here to sign American lads and asked my aid.



The once great Kid Chocolate taking the count in his recent fight with Petey Hayes of New York City. The Cuban Bonbon's days as a first class pugilist are over and he might as well hang up his gloves.

It also is pleasing to know that Australia has several steller performers and that we may see a few of them in action on our shores before long. The exchange of fighters will work to advantage both ways. Our boys have stirred up tremendous interest in the fight game Down Under and the presence of good Australians here would bolster the game in this country. New faces, when good talent, are highly welcome, regardless of the country from which they hail, but when they come from the land which had previously sent the great Peter Jackson, Paddy Slavin, Bob Fitzsimmons, Young Griffo, Jim Hall, Australian Billy Murphy, Dan Creedon and others here, such boys will be doubly welcome.

* * *

JUST when it appeared that Australia would have a look-in for the world's lightweight championship, its best fighter, Jimmy Kelso, the title holder, fell by the wayside in a bout with the veteran, Tod Morgan, former junior lightweight king. Tod, after retiring, when he found the going too rough in this country, went to Australia, won several fights and became a hot favorite because of his style. Then he made the trip back to California for the purpose of bringing over more American talent and he has been quite active himself.

Tod's recent knockout of Kelso in the eighth round, came as a shock to the fans from Down Under. They had expected Kelso to turn the trick on Tod instead of vice versa and with that knockout ended the Australians' hopes of shipping Kelso here to bring the crown to the land of the Kangaroo. Here's the way one of the Australian papers commented on the result:

"Kelso knocked out! It seems incredible! The Australian champion who has withstood such a terrific thud of fists during the past eighteen months that he seemed almost impervious to the punch soporific, went down to defeat when it was least expected. Indeed, it was the first time that our Jimmy has been knocked out in a first class fight.

"Before he entered the charmed circle, he was sent to the floor by Bobby Blay, but since then, he has met such stars as Al Foreman, Nel Tarlton and Morgan on three previous occasions, and he came through in each battle with flying colors. Consequently no one was prepared for such a sensational ending. With that knockout at the hands of the American, goes our hopes of wresting the lightweight title from Barney Ross and bringing it to this country. If ever Australia thought it had the boy who could bring a world title to our shores, it was Jimmy Kelso."

If Jimmy is the great fighter Australians think he is, he'll do well in this land even if he was knocked out by the veteran Morgan whose star has been dimmed for several years in his native land.

* * *

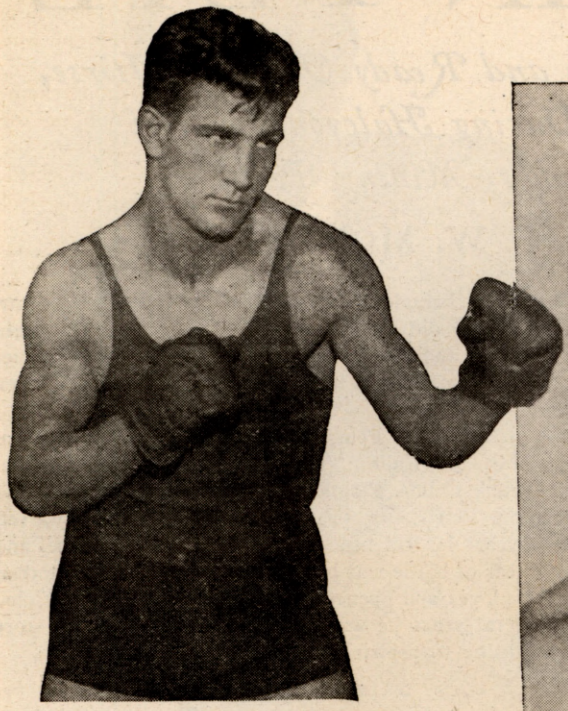
THE number of times in which Maxie Rosenbloom has been defeated in non-titular contests only to come through with victories when he clashes with those same opponents in championship mills, is the strongest argument why the boxing commissions throughout the country should enact legislation which would make it incumbent on the part of a title holder to defend his laurels every time he engaged in a fight. When a non-championship affair is billed, it is safe to say that in ninety percent of the cases, fraud is being perpetrated on the public by the holder of the crown, who invariably goes into the combat either unfit to fight because of lack of training or to fight in a lackadaisical manner simply because, when licked, he feels that he can get a greater fee and play to larger patronage in a return bout with the title at stake. Such has been the case with Rosenbloom in almost every non-championship mill since he won the light-heavyweight crown.

His recent defeats at the hands of Lee Ramage are examples. Also his defeat at the hands of Joe Knight. Following that loss he and Knight engaged in a championship fight at the Garden's Miami Bowl and the majority of the spectators thought Knight had won although the official verdict was a draw. Since then, Rosenbloom has refused a return contest with Knight.

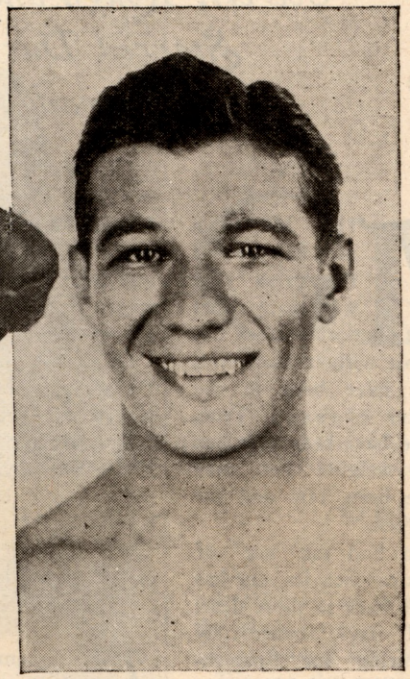
We should have these non-championship fights eliminated. Then the fans would be treated to honest-to-goodness contests and not frauds such as now are so often seen.

It is gratifying to THE RING to note that the New York Boxing Commission has adopted Bill Brown's plan of registering all boxers in four divisions and using those divisions as the basis for the pairing of fighters. It may be of interest to the fight fans to know that THE RING furnished the New York Commission with the complete list used in the board ratings and that this list has been sent to all other (*Continued on page* 39)

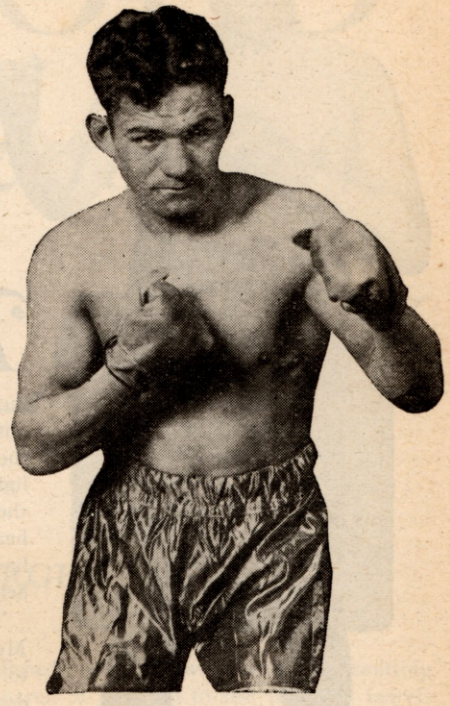
EASTERN PROSPECTS



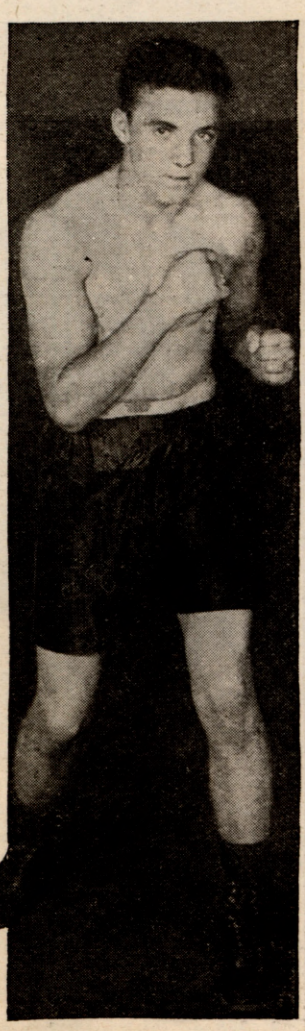
Eddie Dempsey, hard hitting Syracuse lightweight.



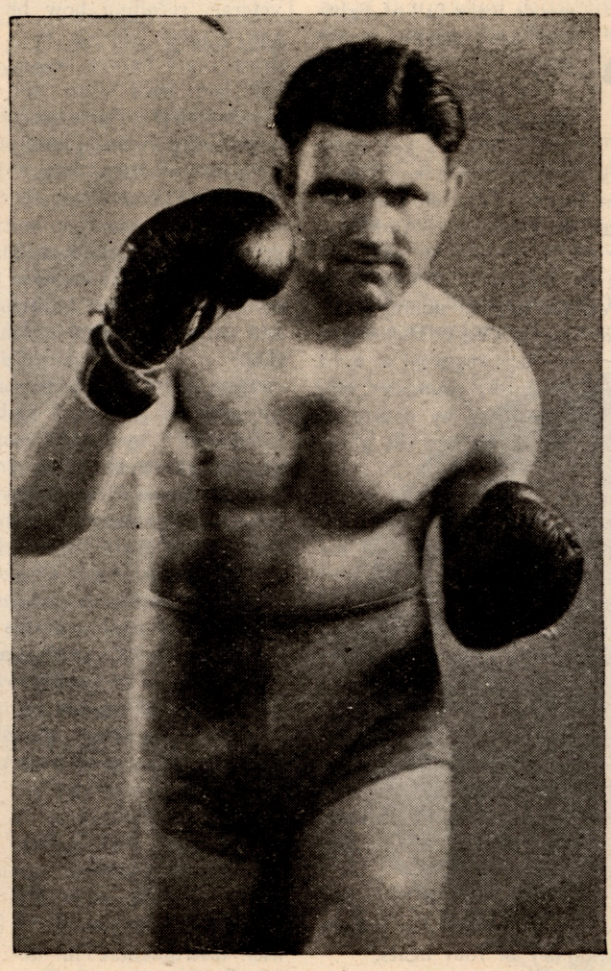
Don Petrin, classy New Jersey light-heavyweight.



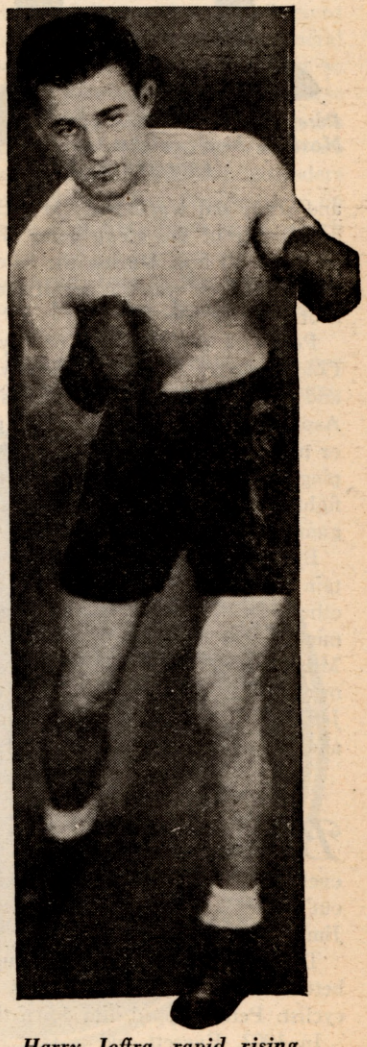
Jimmy Jones, sturdy Baltimore welterweight.



Lew Raymond, rugged Baltimore welterweight.



Mickey McAvoy, Brooklyn's heavyweight youngster.

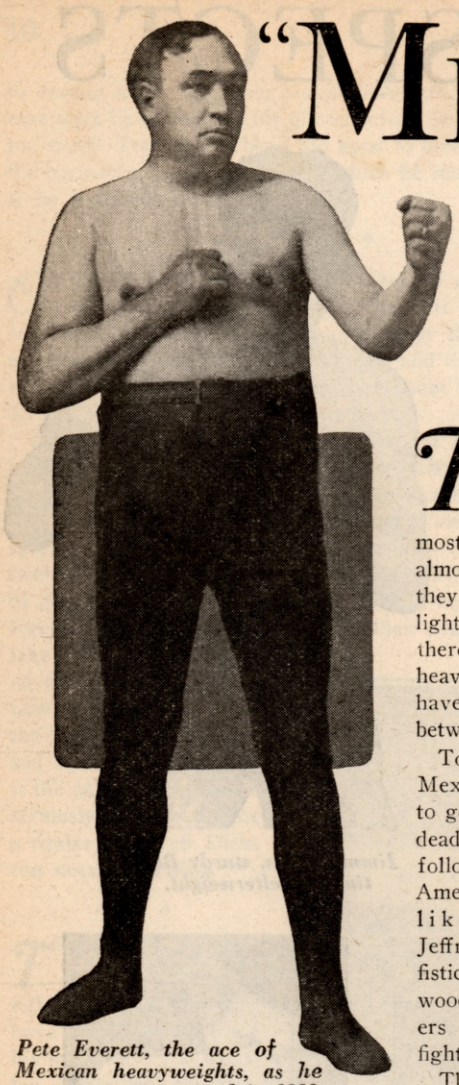


Harry Jeffra, rapid rising featherweight from Baltimore.

"MEXICAN PETE"

Everett, Rough and Ready Old War-Horse, Starred During Halcyon Days of Colorado's Mining Period

By T. W. MCNIEL



Pete Everett, the ace of Mexican heavyweights, as he appeared in 1911.

THE Mexican race has favored the prize ring with many of its most glamorous stars, but almost without exception they have been in the lighter classes. True, there have been Mexican heavyweights but they have been few and far between.

To find the "ace" of Mexican heavies, one has to go back to those dear, dead days immediately following the Spanish-American war, when stars like Fitzsimmons and Jeffries were ruling the fistic roost. When the woods were full of fighters who would really fight.

The fellow I am referring to was that rough and ready old war-horse "Mexican Pete" Everett. If you were a follower of the glove game thirty-five years ago, you'll certainly recall him. During the halcyon days of Colorado's mining booms, Everett was the ace of the hard-rock brawlers. And what a brawler he was.

Pete first saw the light of day at the little city of Saguache, Colo., January 25, 1875. Naturally, Pete fell into the mining game and during the period that camps like Cripple Creek, Victor and Aspen blossomed in their fullest glory, one was required to fight or make way for those that would. Pete, a husky youngster, tipping the beam at 190 pounds, was ideally fitted by nature to fight. It was only natural that he was introduced into the glove game.

By 1895, Pete was acknowledged as the tophand of the mountain region in fistic circles. He now began to look around for other worlds to conquer. Having disposed of such stars of the mining region as Jim Fraill, Frank Richards, Jack Davis and Mike Queenan, in 1898, he journeyed out to the Pacific coast to meet a fast rising heavyweight answering to the name of Jim Jeffries. It was too big an assignment for the Colorado product and he bit the dust in three heats.

* * *

BACK in his native Colorado, Everett was matched with Tom Sharkey at Cripple Creek. Pete was awarded the decision over the famous sailor on a foul in the first round. Came knock-out's over Jack Cragan, Lawrence Farrell, Charley Cantlon and Jim Williams.

Then came his battle with tough old Billy Woods, Jim Corbett's favorite sparring partner and an internationally known cyclist. Pete dropped him down the chimney in four heats.

In 1902, Everett and a fast rising young Negro star from Galveston, Texas, Jack Johnson, tangled over the twenty-round route at Victor, Colorado. It was a whale of a battle and Pete fought the coming champion to a standstill. It was called a draw.

Joe Choynski, the old Frisco star, and Everett were brought together at Denver and after one of the most savage battles ever staged in the mile-high city, Choynski was awarded the fight on a foul in the seventh round.

On a trip to the East, Pete was flattened in two rounds at Philadelphia by Gus Ruhlin. Then came a battle with that Negro star, Frank Childs. Pete lost this one in six rounds.

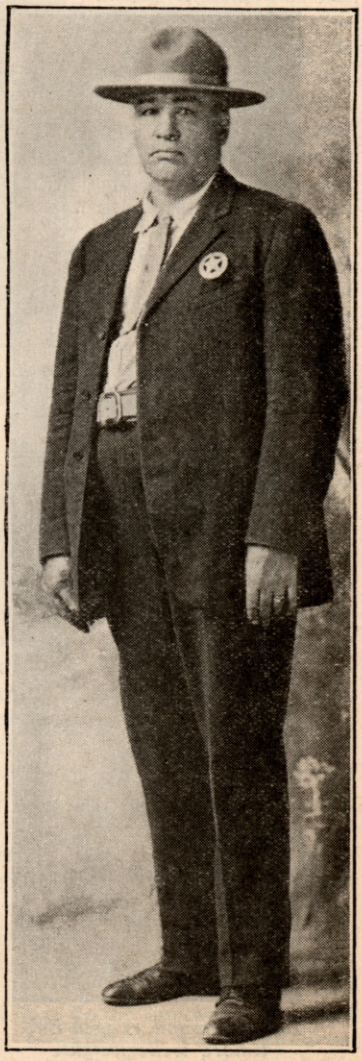
By this time, Pete's star of ascendancy had begun to set. For a dozen years he had been taking them as they came, and the wear and tear of battle was beginning to assert itself. He then laid aside the gloves and opened a gymnasium in Pueblo, Colo., where for several years he was engaged in imparting his store of fistic knowledge to aspiring youngsters.

* * *

THEN came the defeat of Jeffries by Johnson at Reno, Nev., in 1910, and the subsequent flock of "white hopes" to restore the title to the white race. The old veteran, recalling how he had battled Johnson to a draw years before, tossed his hat back into the squared circle. For a year, he patiently worked himself back into what he thought was condition. True, he shed a lot of poundage, improved the old bellows to a certain extent. He engaged in several minor battles and came through in fair shape.

Then, in 1911, at 36 years of age, he launched his "comeback" campaign in earnest. His first opponent was "Gunboat" Smith, a long lean product of the U. S. Navy. Smith, imbued with ambition and flaming youth in his favor, flattened the game old warrior in the second round. Like so many old veterans before and after him, he learned the adage "They never come back," to be words of truth. Convinced at last, that his days of usefulness as a fighter were over, he returned to Pueblo and ran his gymnasium until 1924, during which period he was instrumental in developing, and bringing to the fore, many of the best

(*Continued on page* 43)

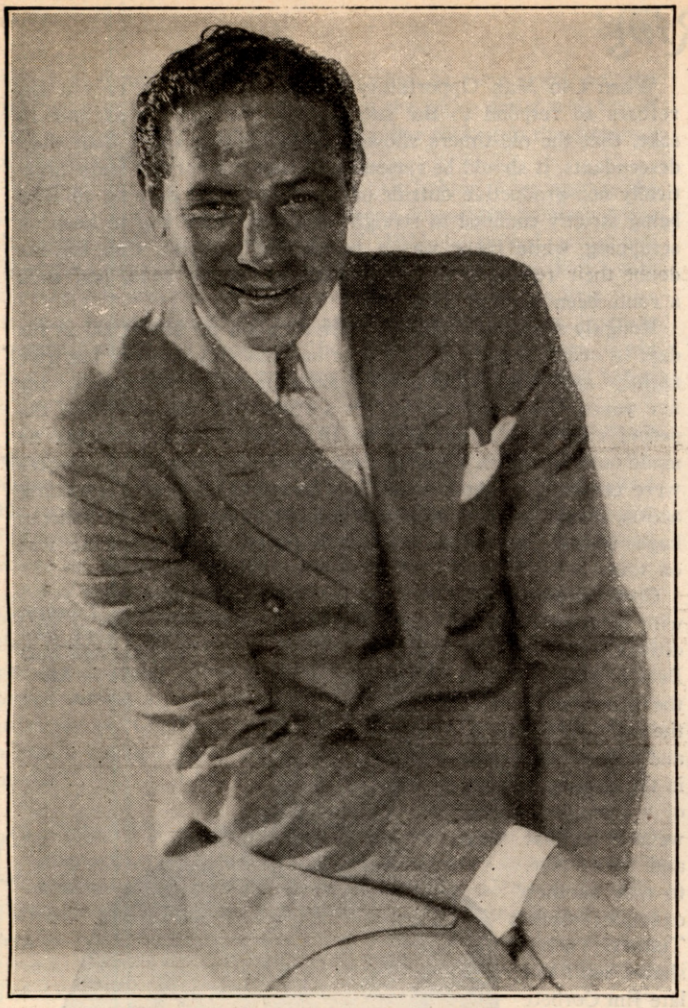


"Mexican Pete" as he looks today on his post as special cop.

GOLD *versus* GLORY

By

GEORGE T. PARDY



Max Baer, present heavyweight king who runs true to the form of his predecessors.

THE title of world's heavyweight champion impresses the average man in the street as descriptive of a ferocious, invincible gladiator thirsty for gore and continually on the warpath. That this magnificent creature, supposedly equipped with the destructive powers of a man-eating Bengal tiger, could remain unmoved by battle-challenges, or forsake, even temporarily, the roped arena for mild conquests in commercial life, probably never enters the mind of the unsophisticated citizen. For on such innocent illusions is built and reared the hero-worship cult, whose devotees are legion.

Indeed, it is no exaggeration to state that, to a large proportion of America's population, the leading fistic king assumes not only hero status, but that of a demi-god. This is quite in keeping with the tempo of an age which demands the feverish, racketty blare of mad ballyhoo as an accompaniment to the installing of a new idol in its shrine. The press, radio, moving pictures—all lend powerful aid toward swelling the chorus of manufactured enthusiasm, an enthusiasm, which, by the way, would not rise above normal levels without the stimulus of modern advertising methods.

A husky young athlete suddenly emerges from comparative obscurity, mounts the pinnacle of fame, finds himself acclaimed by roaring crowds, feted, feasted, worshipped by feminine admirers and envied by the males! Is it any wonder that he should conclude that the throne he occupies is a pleasant, desirable acquisition, and resolve that it must remain his personal property for as lengthy a period as possible?

* * *

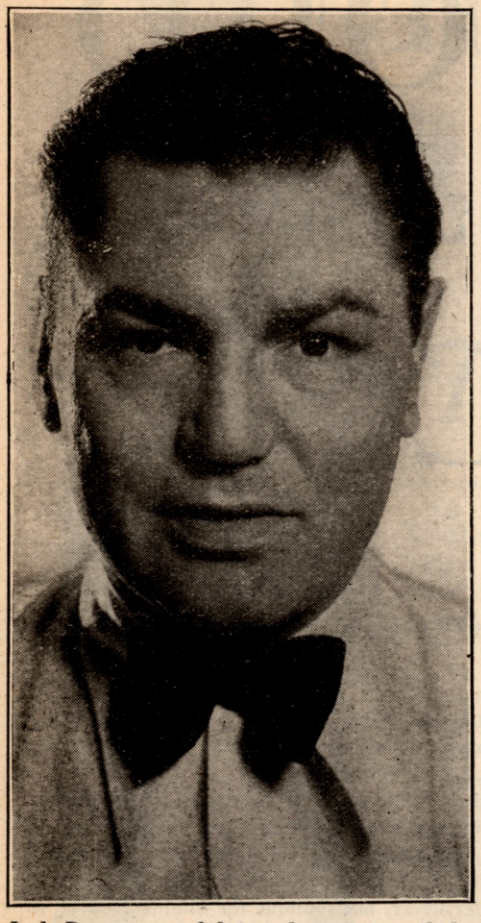
TIME was when a new champion was willing and expected to risk his freshly-won laurels almost as soon as he recovered from the bruising sustained in capturing them. That, however, was in a far-off age, when a fighter's public was strictly limited to the purely sporting element. Today, the ring draws patronage from all classes—rich and poor, high and low, masculine and feminine. And with the increase in customers, has come toleration of an established, though unwritten, rule, permitting the newly-crowned monarch of pugilism to rest upon his laurels for at least a year, before defending them.

We use the word "toleration" with reference to the masses that are governed by the principle that—"the king can do no wrong!" The more experienced ring-followers are not deceived by the twelve-month rest-racket, and sport writers in general assail the practice derisively, but without the slightest effect so far as bringing the offender to the scratch is concerned. Of course every modern challenger for the heavyweight title prefaces his defiance by stating that, in the event of victory, he will prove an exception to the general rule, by toppling over all contenders who dare to face him in regular "one down, t'other come on fashion." A pleasing sport formula, if it were lived up to, which it seldom is!

The present champ, Max Baer, runs true to the form of his predecessors on the fistic throne. Remember Max's pre-battle declaration?

"If I win from Carnera, I'll be a real fighting champ. No one battle a year for me! I found out how hard it is to get in con-

Primo Carnera, one of the few heavyweight champions who was ready to meet all comers.



Jack Dempsey, a fighting champion until the field of contenders was exhausted.

dition after a long layoff and living the soft, easy life of the movies. Any good man who wants a scrap with me won't have to wait long!"

Some optimistic souls actually accepted this statement at face value, but their optimism froze to zero in the cold light of an announcement made by Baer's manager, Ancil Hoffman, in turning down numerous offers of fighting dates made to Max, immediately after he annexed the title.

"Why," asked Mr. Hoffman, "should Baer risk the title by being in a hurry to take on unnecessary fights, when any palooka might land a lucky punch and take it away from him?'

Why, indeed? The manager's logic appears unanswerable. Prize fighting among the big fellows of today is Big Business in every sense of the phrase, with the "sport for sport's sake" angle thrown in the discard, except as it serves as a box office come-on. It is quite otherwise with the smaller fistic fry, whose representatives must keep on scrapping in order to live, their services only being in demand for straight ring slugging.

* * *

CONSIDER the many ways in which a heavyweight champion can reap a fortune! The stage, radio, movies, and night-clubs compete furiously for personal appearances; manufacturers of shirts, toilet articles, soft drinks, cigars, etc., offer rich rewards in exchange for his signature, testifying to the utility of these various products.

So long as he occupies the throne, there is no cessation of the golden shower. Even prior to a championship battle, both champ and contender benefit financially through the mere making of the match, for nowadays they are handed $10,000 each as payment for signing contracts with the Hearst newspapers, which secure the sole right for the use of their autographs, attached to published articles.

It is reliably reported that Baer will receive one million dollars for his next motion picture, and his other income sources are so varied and numerous that he probably has only a vague, general notion as to what his tangible assets really amount to. For, although a big money-maker, he is anything but a financier, being of the happy-go-lucky type of individual that values wealth principally for the fun to be gotten out of its possession.

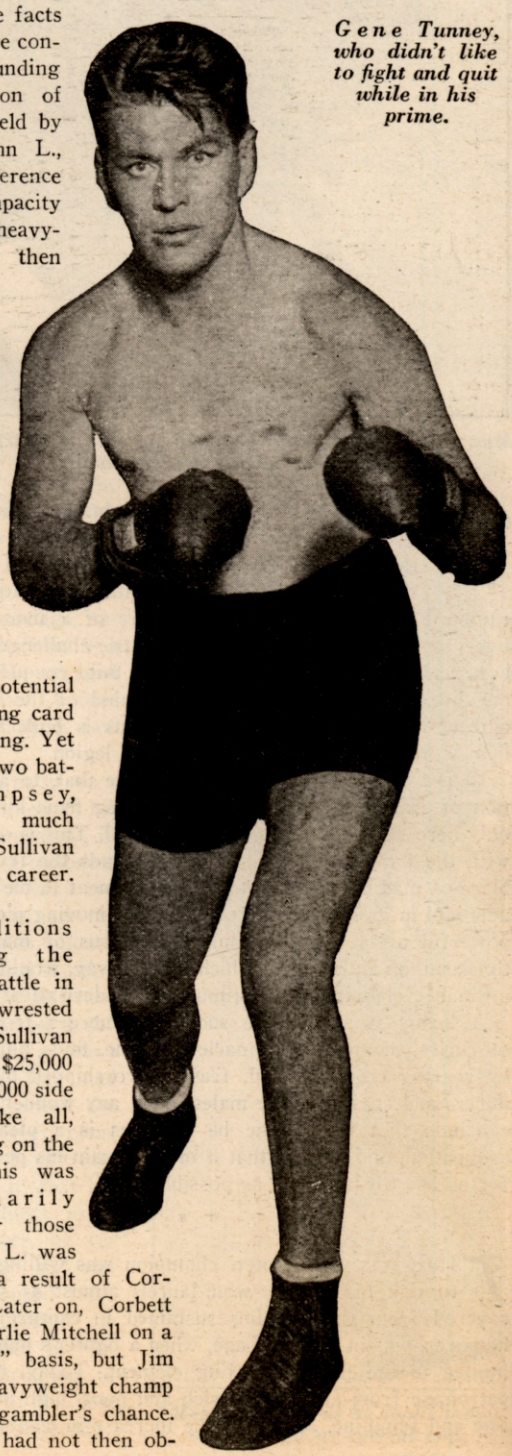
* * *

HUMAN nature being what it is, one can scarcely blame a young man for preferring hard cash to hollow glory. There is no reflection cast upon the integrity of modern ring-kings by stating that they gather the shekels with absurd ease.

When Old Man Opportunity knocks at the door, only a sap refuses to respond to the summons. Granting, for argument's sake, that the old-timers showed more fighting spirit than their descendants, it should be remembered that the former were practically non-productive outside of the ropes, their earning abilities being strictly confined to straight slugging. They had to keep on scrapping while there was a punch left in them. Can anyone doubt their readiness to travel the easy-money road, had such a route been open to them?

Roughly speaking, John L. Sullivan piled up $1,900,000 in his day. In order to get the million he had not only to fight, but give nightly sparring exhibitions, besides meeting all-comers, for five years. The remainder of his fortune was earned during the period extending from 1882 to 1892, and represented what he made out of bouts in the ring, stage shows and benefits. Audiences were emphatic in those times in demanding plenty of gruelling action, mere sparring wouldn't content them, and the Sullivan kayo wallop had to be constantly in evidence when he was on tour.

Contrast those facts with the lucrative conditions surrounding Baer's acquisition of the title once held by the mighty John L., and note the difference in the earning capacity of a champion heavyweight pugilist then and now! Or, to take another example; Gene Tunney, who shares with the late Jim Corbett the reputation of past-master scientist of the Queensbury glove era, had little or none of the showmanship qualities which make Baer such a potential box office drawing card outside of the ring. Yet Tunney, in his two battles with Dempsey, cleaned up as much filthy lucre as Sullivan did in his whole career.



Gene Tunney, who didn't like to fight and quit while in his prime.

* * *

THE conditions governing the New Orleans battle in which Corbett wrested the title from Sullivan called for a $25,000 purse, and a $10,000 side bet, winner take all, Sullivan insisting on the last clause. This was extraordinarily big money for those days, and John L. was dead broke as a result of Corbett's victory. Later on, Corbett also fought Charlie Mitchell on a "winner-take-all" basis, but Jim was the last heavyweight champ to take such a gambler's chance. Commercialism had not then ob-

tained a strangle-hold on the ring, but as time went on, the fighting man gradually developed into the glove artist who boxed with one eye on his opponent and the other cocked in the direction of the box office.

Corbett was the first heavyweight title holder to inaugurate the custom of taking long layoffs between important battles. After defeating Sullivan on September 7, 1892, he turned actor, and filled the title rôle of a melodrama entitled "Gentleman Jack" with considerable success. On January 25, 1894, he made his first title-defense, knocking out Mitchell at Jacksonville, Florida, in three rounds. During the same year, he stopped Peter Courtney in six rounds in a bout staged before the Edison Kinetescope, and boxed a four-round draw with Tom Sharkey.

Nearly two years and ten months elapsed before Corbett again appeared in the ring, when he was knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City March 17, 1897, in the fourteenth round. He retired, after being knocked out for the second time by Jim Jeffries, in 1903, and thereafter devoted himself to the stage, where he became a popular headliner in vaudeville.

As an actor, Corbett achieved greater eminence than any fighter before or after his time, although it is possible that his fame in this respect may be eclipsed by the showmanship ability of the present champion, Max Baer. Yet Corbett, whose reputation and behavior both in and out of the ring, won him the well deserved sobriquet of "Gentleman Jim" and was generally considered to be a smart business man, was only in modest circumstances when he died.

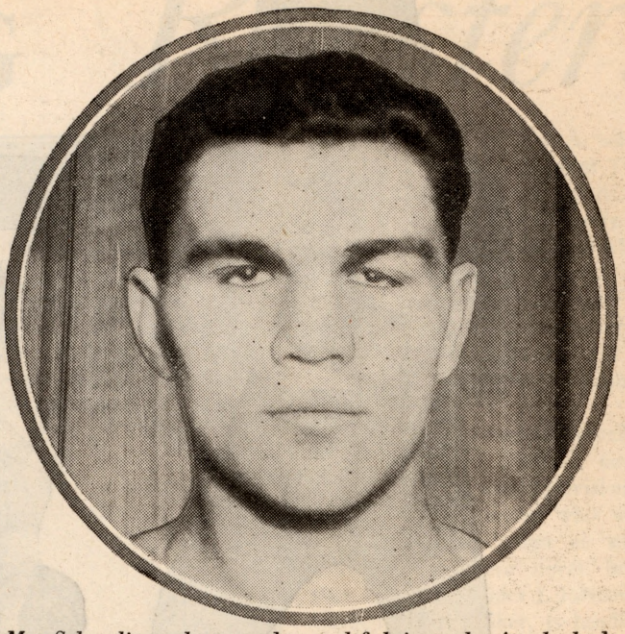
* * *

CORBETT'S successor, Bob Fitzsimmons, was a busy slugging artist during the period when he reigned as middleweight champion, after defeating Nonpareil Jack Dempsey in 1891. Fitz took them all on as fast as they came, fighting half a dozen battles or more every year. But, once crowned heavyweight champ, Fitz laid off from March 17, 1897 until June 9, 1899, when Jeffries annexed his title. During the interval he confined his activities to stage exhibitions, which netted him fair financial returns, although these would be considered insignificant in comparison with the enormous sums guaranteed Max Baer for personal appearances in night clubs or theaters.

Although Fitzsimmons fought over three hundred battles and amassed a fortune quite large enough to have enabled him to round out his life in comparative luxury, the ex-blacksmith from the Antipodes could never save money. The main reason for his failure to accumulate a competency for his old age was, that sharpers of the get-rich-quick variety generally found him susceptible to their wiles. In fact, almost any sort of speculation interested him, especially if it concerned real estate. But even his ring financial dealings were handled by him with poor judgment.

Jack Sharkey who failed as a vaudeville attraction but salted away plenty of money as a fighter.

For one thing, he was separated from every penny he received as reward for the greatest of his triumphs, the Carson City victory over Jim Corbett, in less than twenty-four hours after he became champion.



Max Schmeling, who turned to real fighting only after he had been shorn of his heavyweight title.

According to what Fitzsimmons told the writer, promoter Dan Stuart made him a proposition to declare him in as an equal partner in the venture. It was represented that Stuart expected to clear an immense sum in the three days' carnival of which the heavyweight championship battle was the stellar event.

So Fitz became Stuart's partner, agreeing to stand his share of the losses, if any. After the fight, he received $27,000, this representing his share of the purse, side bet and expenses for himself and wife. He only had the money in his possession a few hours, when Stuart informed him that the carnival had been a losing speculation, and that $27,000 would no more than even up the new champion's share of the losses. Fitz immediately returned the whole sum and did not even ask for for an accounting.

"I was so tickled with having beaten Corbett and won the title, that I just didn't care," said Fitzsimmons, in narrating his experience to me. "You see, I figured that as title holder I could go right ahead and make all kinds of money, and I sort of thought Dan Stuart deserved a good break from me, for having given the chance. I suppose I was a chump, as well as a champ, at that particular time, but the future looked pretty rosy then and I was a bit more trusting than I was later on."

* * *

THE trouble was that Fitz never really did get over his habit of putting absolute trust in shady adventurers who then, as now, infested prize-fighting circles. Sharpers of this type seldom bothered John L. Sullivan, who made, spent and gave away money with the royal indifference of a drunken sailor, but swindlers wisely gave him a wide berth. He wasn't a man to trifle with, it is a matter of record how he once half murdered a saloonkeeper in Boston who thought John was too drunk to notice that he gave him change for a ten, instead of a hundred dollar bill. It was characteristic of Sullivan, however, that he paid the cheater's hospital expenses of his own accord. Corbett was too canny to fall a victim to the birds of prey, the decline of his fortunes being simply due to making investments that turned out badly.

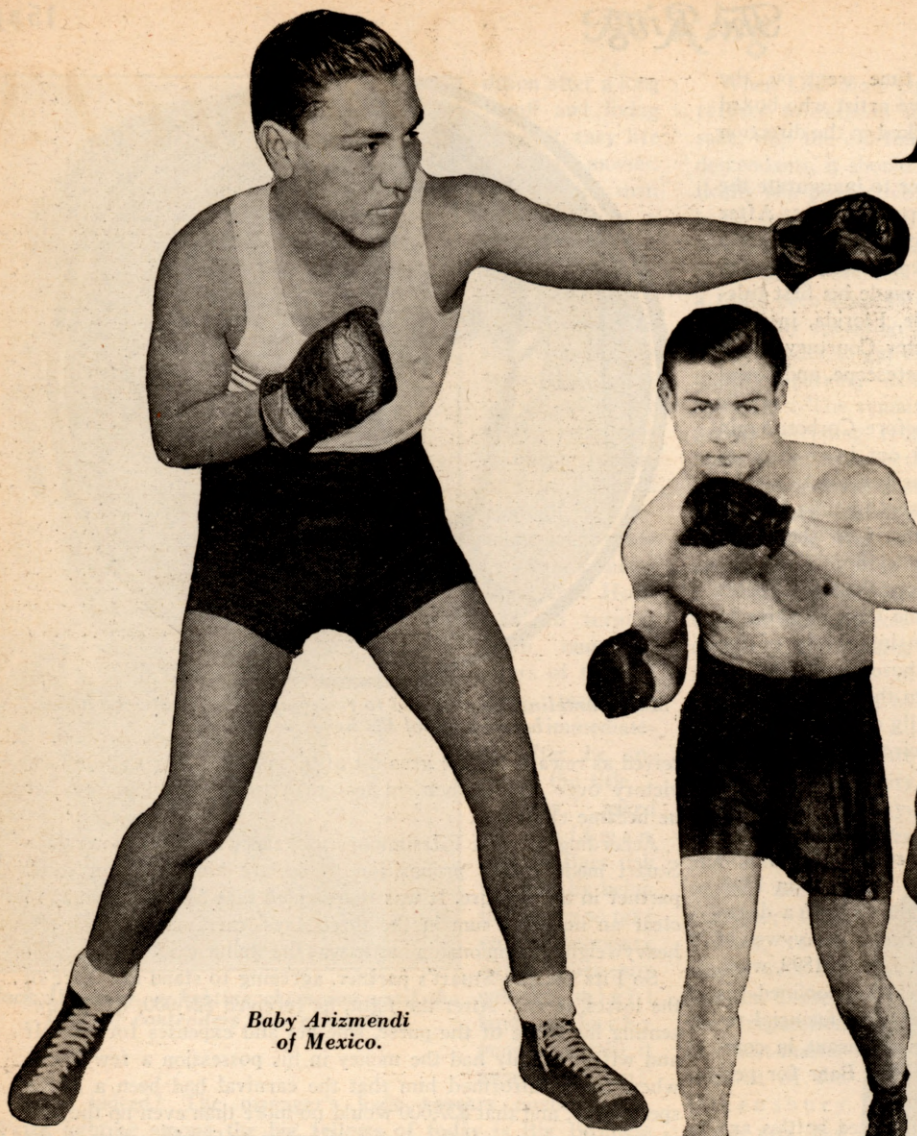
When Fitzsimmons knocked out Jim Hall in New Orleans, they were supposed to be contending for a $40,000 purse, the largest offered for a ring encounter up to that time. But Fitz only received a small portion of the purse, though Hall was awarded the full loser's end. And Bob was obliged to resort to the courts to obtain even the scant sum in question. The lawyers got seven-eighths of what the club finally paid, leaving the victor in the glove joust little beyond the honor of having won.

After his final retirement, Fitzsimmons *(Continued on page 44)*

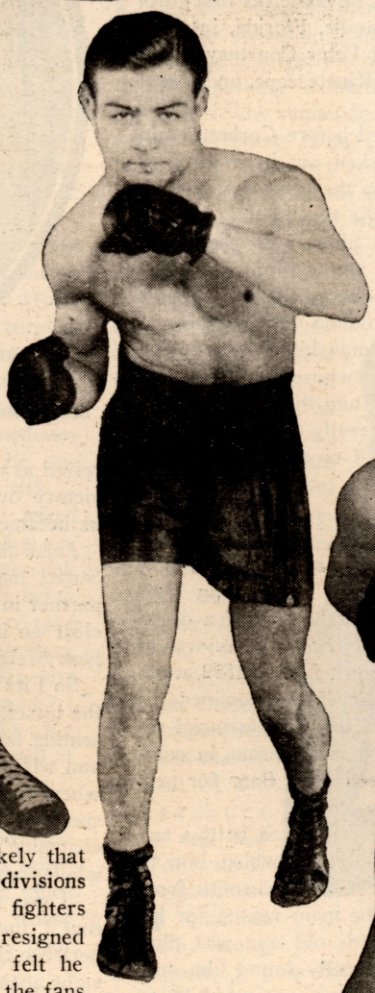
Little

Feathers Sharpen Spurs for Coming Conflicts

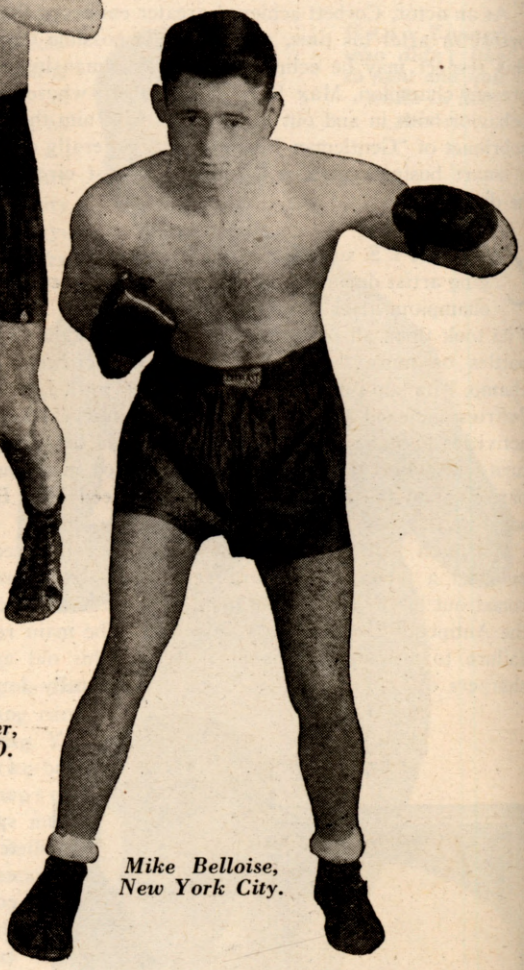
By HARVEY THORNE



Baby Arizmendi of Mexico.



Freddie Miller, Cincinnati, O.



Mike Belloise, New York City.

FOR the first time in a decade, it appears likely that the once highly popular feather and light divisions may be reinstated in favor by producing fighters with box office appeal. Since Johnny Dundee resigned the class title in August, 1924, because he felt he could no longer do himself justice at the 126-pound mark, the fans ceased to manifest the keen interest in the ring work of little fellows which once drew capacity houses. The reason for this lack of appreciation of a fighting grade, formerly headed by famous George Dixon and marvelous Terry McGovern, was simply the absence of colorful, outstanding talent.

With the exception of Tony Canzoneri, who passed swiftly from the feathers to head of the lightweight brigade, none of the leading 126-pound contenders possessed either the magnetism or ability which made Dundee and his great predecessors such valuable promotorial assets. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that for many years the featherweight class dragged out an uncertain existence, with less than a handful of even fair talent to keep it going.

Andre Routis, the Frenchman who succeeded Canzoneri, was a rather mediocre performer and was easily defeated by Bat Battalino. For a while it looked as though the Bat might revive the old-time glories of the class by virtue of his slugging tactics. He was the sort of scrapper a crowd likes, always willing to take a chance and mix matters. But shortly after a bout with Freddy Miller at Cincinnati in 1932, which was declared "no contest" and resulted in Battalino being deprived of his title by the N.B.A., the Bat put on weight to such an astonishing extent that he was entirely eliminated as a feather contender.

Kid Chocolate, the flashy Cuban featherweight, was another fighter who for a while appeared destined to occupy a high niche in the Hall of Fame. But he, too, proved a disappointment in the long run. Nothing prettier than Chocolate in his prime ever performed between the ropes. In pose and action he looked the ideal boxer—fast, a stiff two-handed puncher, and a very miracle of grace, as he sidestepped, countered, and displayed generalship of a kind that had most of his opponents clean bewildered.

But somehow, there was always something lacking to the attainment of first-class championship form in the Havana brunette. Undoubtedly neglect of proper training and a too avid appetite for the "bright lights" and accompanying convivial enjoyments had much to do with his failure to live up to the many flattering predictions as to his future made by sport writers whose imaginations were dazzled by the Bonbon's remarkable speed and superficial elegancies.

* * *

CROWNED champ of the feathers by edict of the New York Boxing Commission, the Chocolate Drop sighed for new worlds to conquer, and fluctuated between the lightweight and the smaller division. His best performance was a fifteen-round

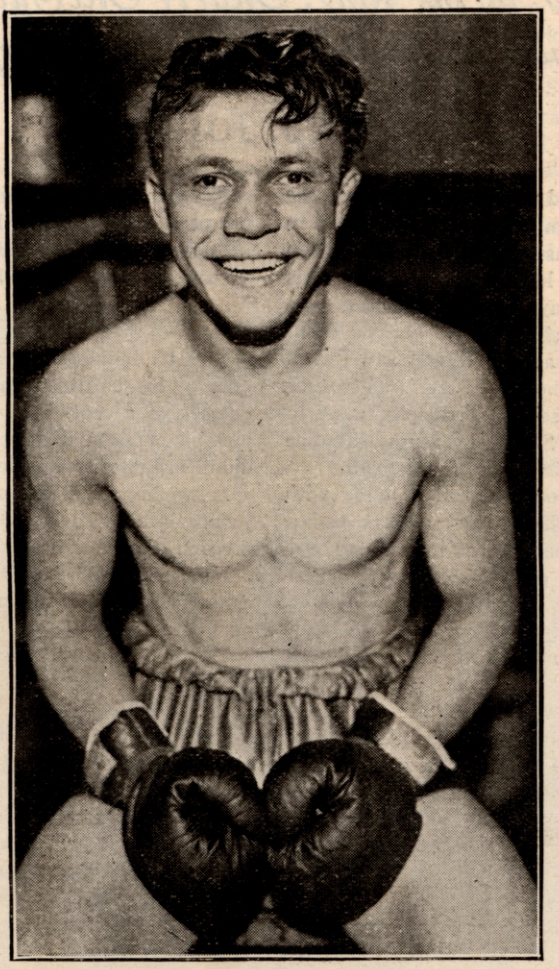
FIGHTING *Roosters*

tussle with Tony Canzoneri, with the lightweight title at stake, in 1931. Chocolate lost, but made such a fine showing that it added new lustre to his laurels. Prior to the Canzoneri affair, he won the junior lightweight crown, by defeating Benny Bass in seven rounds.

The Kid successfully defended his featherweight honors in 1932 by stopping Lew Feldman in twelve rounds and outpointing Fidel La Barba in fifteen. On May 19 of the year following, he was awarded a fifteen-round decision over Seaman Watson, the then English featherweight champion, at Madison Square Garden, New York City. Watson punished Chocolate severely around the body, and had the Kid in palpable distress on more than one occasion throughout the bout. But the Britisher used such rough tactics and committed such near-fouls at close quarters, that his unsportsmanlike methods were largely responsible for the verdict in the Cuban's favor.

It was the Watson battle, however, that tipped off the experts to the fact that Chocolate had passed his peak and started on the down-grade. Before the year ended he was knocked out in two rounds by Canzoneri and stopped in seven by Frankie Klick. His recent ring disasters are too fresh in the public mind to need recounting.

As a big-time proposition, Chocolate is through. Those who hailed him enthusiastically as a "second George Dixon," although they had never seen that famous old champ in action, are now compelled to accept the inferior rating given the Kid, by Tom O'Rourke, Dixon's former manager, and innumerable old-timers who often cheered George on to victory.



Lew Ambers of Herkimer, New York.

* * *

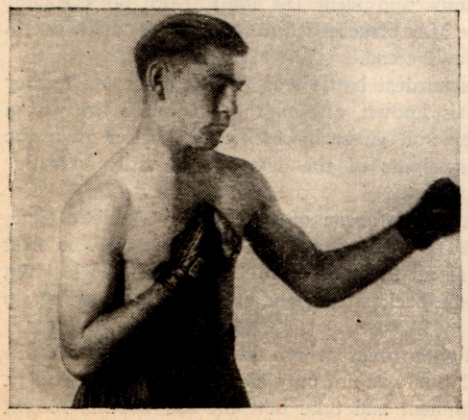
REPEATED attempts to clear up the confused situation resulting from the rival championship claims of fighters backed by the National Boxing Association, on the one hand, and the New York Commission, on the other, have so far proved unavailing as regards the featherweight title. Freddy Miller has been the N.B.A. selection since 1933, when he whipped Tommy Paul at Chicago in ten rounds. Only a few weeks ago, Miller barely nosed out another victory over Paul who had Freddie in distress several times. When Chocolate held the New York State title, he was offered several opportunities to meet Miller, but never evinced any eagerness to clash with the N.B.A. man.

It is safe to assert, however, that the prospects for instilling new life into the featherweight division, and developing a champion who will be fully entitled to reign as genuine world's king, were never brighter than at present. James J. Johnston, the Garden's matchmaker, is bending all his notable energies toward such a happy conclusion, the most important step he has taken in that direction being a match between the New York crack, Mike Belloise, and Baby Arizmendi, the Mexican sensation.

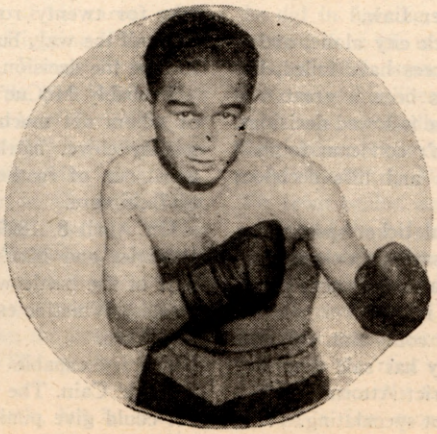
Besides these two, there is a rich reserve to draw upon in the persons of Joey Costa, Sixto Escobar, Lew Feldman and Lew Ambers. Out of these six, who have forged to the front with surprising speed and piled up a long list of recent victories, should emerge a winner fit to do battle with Freddy Miller for the American title. The conqueror in this national tourney would then throw down his gauntlet to England's champion, Nel Tarleton, and an international battle decide once and for all who is really entitled to the featherweight championship of the universe.

Among the feathers constituting the American lineup for high honors, Arizmendi stands out as a slugger of significant class. Critical opinion is about evenly divided as to whether Arizmendi or Sixto Escobar is the greater punching prospect, but there is no argument regarding their right to be listed as battling demons of the "do or die" order.

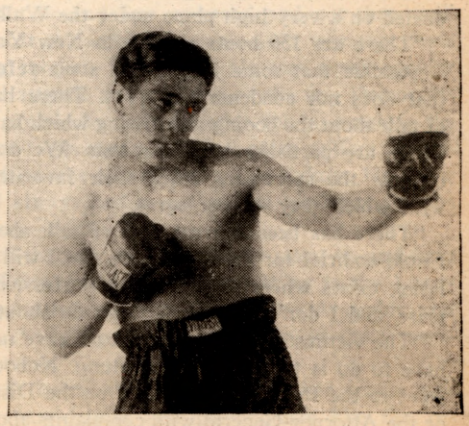
Belloise is as clever as they make 'em, a polished glove artist, whose style recalls that of Abe Attell in the heyday of the latter's career. A more colorful performer than Lew Ambers has not graced the ring since Kid *(Continued on page 42)*



Lew Feldman of Brooklyn.



Sixto Escobar of Porto Rico.



Joey Costa of Jersey City.

Boxer *and* Lawmaker

Gritty Fighter in the Ring, Marty McCue Later Became a Member of the New York State Legislature

By JAMES J. JOHNSTON

SOME months ago there died in New York one of the finest characters it has been my pleasure to meet in the field of pugilism. He was a fighter and a politician and one could say of him he did not win all of his ring battles nor did he always meet with success as a legislator, yet friend and opponent alike would always admit that he was a hard and fair fighter. That's the compliment I shall here pay to the late Marty McCue, who, when the Walker Law was in danger of being repealed on several occasions, came to the aid of boxing in the New York State legislature with one of his many fiery speeches that saved the day for fisticuffs.

McCue, like others who in their youth earned a living with their fists and in later life became lawmakers, always had a soft spot in his heart for the sport that started him on his rise in public life. In New York, he was one of boxing's strongest supporters. He did great credit to the game while he was in it, and continued to serve it when he went to Albany as a legislator. He was both a State Assemblyman and a Senator, and in both branches he accredited himself nobly.

About ten years ago, when a move was on foot to repeal the Walker Law, as president of the National Sports Alliance of which Marty McCue was an officer, I appealed to Marty to be the spokesman of the organization when the Male bill came up for passage. Marty accepted the assignment and facing the Assembly, he said:

* * *

"I CAME here to-day holding no brief for any one nor with any retainer, but as the representative of the National Sports Alliance, an organization of 1400 New York business men pledged to keep all sports clean.

"The only money that I ever made out of boxing I made in the ring after I had drawn the leathers on and fought a clean, fair fight with a clean, fair fighting opponent. Boxing is my game and I am proud of it.

"I never fought an unfair fight in a twenty-four-foot ring, and I think the members of this committee who served with me in the Assembly for a great many years will give me credit for never fighting unfairly or in an unmanly manner on the floor of the House.

"As a matter of fact, after my experience in the ring, and my experience in politics, I can assure you that the fighting game is squarer than the political game.

"I don't know anything wrong with boxing. It has been conducted on a very high plane under the Walker Law.

"There are 150 bouts a week in New York city alone, and it is possible that some judges and some referees have failed, but that does not condemn the sport. There has been a great deal of talk about the booing and hissing which have followed decisions. There are partisans in all contests. We don't condemn football because the spectators cheer their favorites and hiss decisions with which they do not agree.

"There has been a great deal of talk about ticket speculating. I hold no brief for the speculators, but I will say that ticket speculating exists wherever there is a professional amusement enterprise, and I don't see what we can do about it.

"The victims of ticket speculators have no complaint. All they have to do is to refuse to get stung. Nobody has said that they went to the Boxing Commission or the District Attorney's office or the Attorney-General with complaints about speculating. These are the proper agencies for enforcing the law against speculation.

"You men who served with Jim Farley in the Assembly do not need to be told that he will not stand for anything crooked."

Such was McCue's valiant defense of the game that he loved so well, and for which he fought.

* * *

THIS bulldog grit and courage was well proven in many of his battles. Like all the leading boxers of his day—a quarter of a century ago—Marty fought often, and he did not pick his opponents. He fought all of them who came his way and didn't argue over a little avoirdupois.

It would take much more space than is available here to do justice in a review of all McCue's fights against the best in his division, the featherweight and, later, lightweight.

How many old fans remember the wonderful fight he put up against Dave Sullivan at the Pelican Club in South Brooklyn on February 11, 1899?

The battle was for twenty rounds and during the first twelve Sullivan held the upper hand so completely that he appeared to be an easy victor.

But there were eight rounds more to be fought, and during that time McCue staged a grand rush that evened things up at the finish. With a left-hand jab he cut Sullivan's face and caused the blood to flow freely from his nose and mouth. Sullivan confined his attack to the ribs and stomach. McCue stood up courageously under this punishment, which was so great that the crowd marvelled at his ability to go on with the fight.

Another scrap in which Marty made a great hit with the crowd—and several on his opponent—was when he met Jack O'Brien of New York at the Greenwood Club in South Brooklyn on March 4, 1899. The two boxers from the sound of the gong went at each other as though they were fighting out a life-long grudge. Both men during the battle committed a number of unintentional fouls.

In the eighteenth round McCue came very close to putting O'Brien away, but he was minus the power to polish off the job. He spent all his strength in this round, and during the nineteenth and twentieth didn't have an ounce of reserve strength to renew the attack. The bout was declared a draw.

* * *

A FEW weeks after this battle with O'Brien, McCue engaged in another hard mix-up. On March 25, 1899, he entered the ring, in the same club, with Danny Duane. This bout was for twenty rounds and went the limit. Both boys fought hard all the way, but Marty succeeded in acquiring enough points to take the decision at the end.

Probably McCue's hardest battle was fought against a fighter of whom not much is known, although in his prime he was a mighty clever battler and generally considered better than the usual run of featherweights of the day. It was Billy Whistler of Baltimore.

On April 8, 1899, in the arena of the Pelican Athletic Club, Whistler and McCue fought twenty slashing rounds. The first half of the battle was all in favor of McCue, but in the last ten rounds, Whistler came back strong and succeeded in evening up the score.

A very capable fighter over whom McCue scored a victory was Joe Cain. The latter was not only clever, but mighty sturdy. He could give punishment and take it. Cain and McCue fought like two wildcats for twenty-five rounds, at the end of which

McCue was given the decision, although it is only fair to admit that his advantage was not wide, but sufficient to give him the victory.

About a month later the pair was brought together again. The fight was for twenty rounds, and like the first affair, it was a hummer from the start. Neither gave the other an opportunity to rest, and when the twenty rounds were concluded they were a tired pair. The bout was declared a draw.

* * *

NOT long after this second tilt with Joe Cain, McCue scored a great victory when he defeated Oscar Gardner in a twenty-five round battle in the ring of the Hercules Sporting Club in Brooklyn. The "Omaha Kid" was outpointed and outgeneraled by McCue who was clearly entitled to the decision.

The victory over Gardner was followed by another tilt with Joe Cain. Both of these lads were confident that each was the master of the other, but strive as they would, they could not prove it to the satisfaction of an audience of judges.

This third bout between McCue and Cain was for twenty-five rounds, and it went the limit. As in their previous bouts there wasn't a slow minute in the fray. They fought all over the ring, each boy trying to get in a finishing blow. The fight was declared a draw.

In his first meeting with George Siddons, McCue won in the eleventh round on a foul. Siddons fought to wipe out this defeat in a return bout, but McCue gave him an artistic beating in twenty rounds. Billy Whistler was another who sought some of Marty's game in a return bout, but the second bout—like the first—resulted in a draw after twenty rounds of hard milling.

Tex Rickard and Marty McCue when they left New York City for Albany to fight against the boxing repeal measure a few years ago

* * *

MARTY got one of the big surprises of his career when he fought Willie Fitzgerald, "the Fighting Harp," at the Greenwood Athletic Club, July 7, 1900. Fitzgerald had not shown the form which later made him one of the best lightweights of the land. In fact, he was little known outside of Brooklyn, for most of his fights up to that time had been with local celebrities.

McCue, confident that he would have easy going with Fitzgerald, did little training for the battle. Fitz, on the other hand, was trained to the minute. For the first fifteen rounds McCue let him do all the leading, and Fitzgerald, in that way, piled up a big advantage.

In the last five rounds McCue cut loose and punched Willie from post to post in an effort to at least even the count. But he had let his man get too far ahead of him. The result was that Fitzgerald gained the decision.

McCue continued in the ring after this battle, but he was no longer the great little fighter of former days. It was not long after that he quit the game entirely to enter his political career.

In this field of endeavor, just as in the pugilistic arena, he fought his way to a commanding position.

* * *

IN 1899, McCue won five bouts in a row after gaining a twenty-round victory over Danny Duane, a promising boy. McCue then beat Billy Needham, Danny McBride, Billy Whistler, George Siddons and Frank Dallas. Marty then boxed a twenty-round draw with Jack McClelland, a formidable performer, and followed that with the twenty-five-round victory over Joe Cain, already discussed. McCue's last recorded victory was over Fred McGirr at Derby, Conn., November 23, 1900.

After his retirement, he took an interest in politics and he set sail for the Assembly and moored safely in the legislative harbor. McCue, while at the New York Legislature, was the greatest supporter of clean sports New York ever had. He was always ready to sponsor bills for the protection of boxing and baseball. He did valiant work in the interests of a liberalized policy toward sports and was well qualified to lead the attacks against those who threatened to put boxing out of business during the régimes of Governors Dix and Miller. On each of the seven times when Senator Frawley introduced his boxing bill, the measure had a keen supporter in Assemblyman McCue.

When the attacks were made by Canon Chase and others of the Law and Order Society, Marty McCue answered the criticism of the Blue Law supporters with a stirring defense of boxing. He remained in politics until the Great Master called him. In the political field, as in boxing, he always gave his best, and, just as he did in the field of pugilism, he fought his way rapidly to a commanding position.

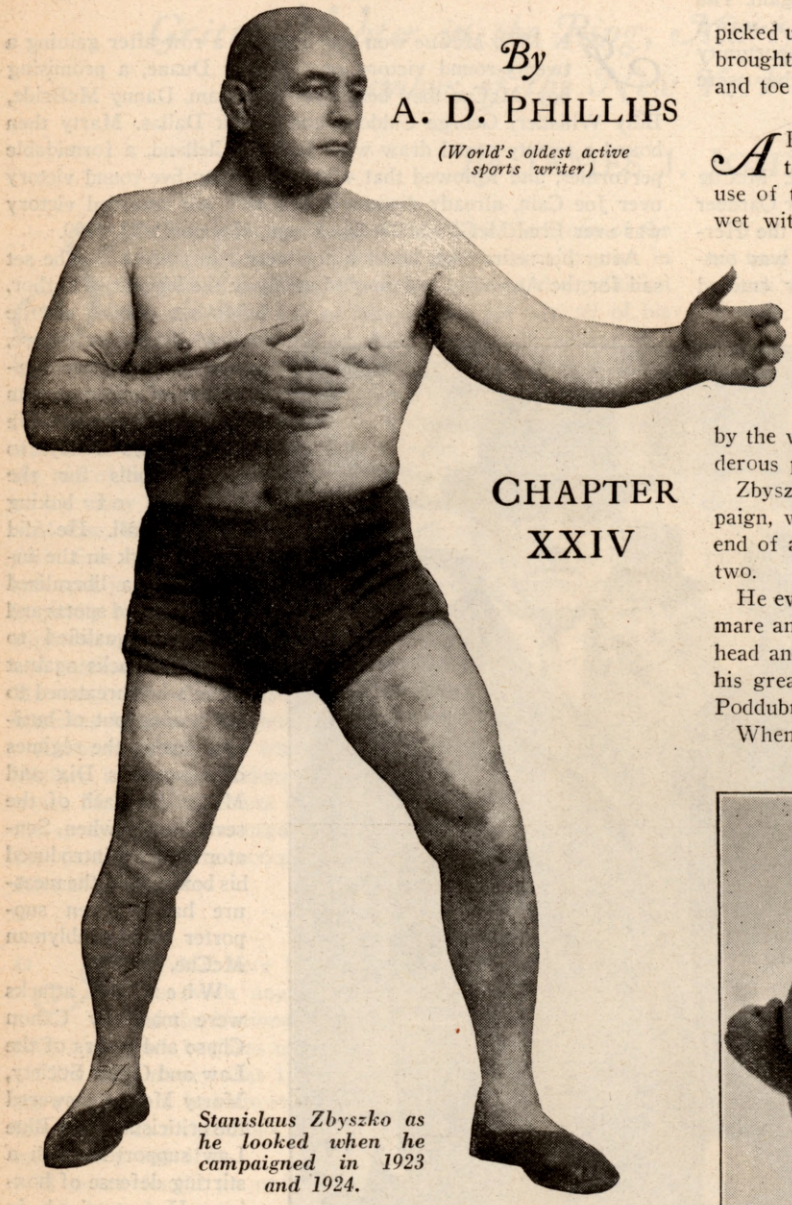
To be sure, he did not always win his battles, no more than he did in fighting, but he had few reverses, and not then until he had done his utmost to further his cause in a way that finds few parallels among modern legislators. He was most popular because of his liberal attitude and was one of the few Democrats who was repeatedly praised by civic societies for his work in the Legislature. Friend and opponent were most often willing to concede that Marty McCue was a hard and a fair fighter. He never hit from behind and always had a soft spot in his heart for the poor and the helpless.

The people believed that any man who could stand up and fight in the ring as did Marty, could do the same thing in the Legislature, and that is why he was first sent to the Assembly and later to the Senate. And they weren't mistaken in their confidence in the ring veteran.

It is sincerely to be hoped that boxing and other sports will enroll a few more participants and protagonists like the redoubtable Marty McCue.

From MILO to LONDOS

By
A. D. PHILLIPS
(World's oldest active sports writer)



Stanislaus Zbyszko as he looked when he campaigned in 1923 and 1924.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN this short history of heavyweight wrestlers, it would take many years to complete the story were we to give the details of each match, hence we touch only upon the most important contests, the outstanding ones in the history of wrestling. In the case of Stanislaus Zbyszko, who, like Strangler Lewis and Stecher, held the title on several occasions, it would not be doing him justice were we to omit his great matches with Ivan Poddubny and Reginald Siki, the Negro giant, Hans Steinke and Totts Mondt prior to the time he regained the crown from the head of Wayne "Big" Munn.

The first of these matches was with Poddubny and it took place in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory on March 8, 1923, and a gathering of 3700 enthusiasts saw 492 pounds of struggling humanity maul away at each other for two hours to a draw.

"Zibby," who weighed only two pounds less than his Russian opponent, was forced to carry the battle to his mammoth rival. They were right at home in that, as it was the Pole against the Russian—natural enemies.

The affair itself was not a sensational one, because of the tactics used by the matmen. The crowd repeatedly clamored for the referee to toss the men out of the ring and one ringsider even ventured into the ring to turn the trick himself, Poddubny used mostly the catch-as-catch-can methods while Zbyszko confined his holds to those above the waist. Poddubny on several occasions picked up Zbyszko and slammed him to the mat while his opponent brought agony to the Russian by the use often of arm locks and toe holds.

* * *

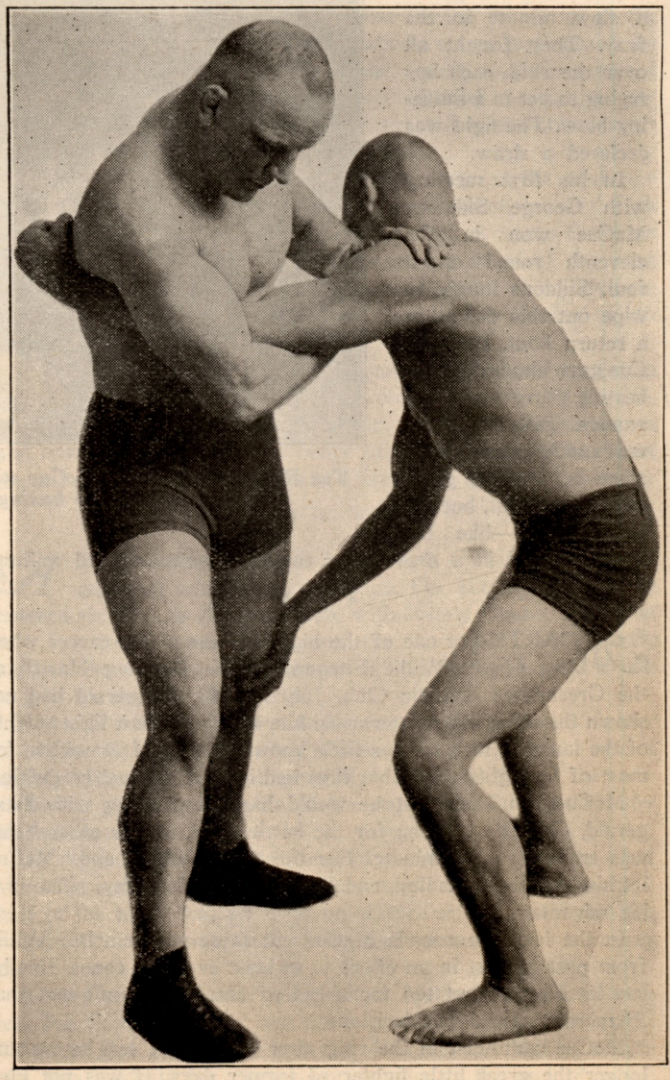
AFTER the first hour and a half, each finding it impossible to gain a fall through the above holds, they resorted to the use of the headlock, but as the necks of "Zibby" and Ivan were wet with perspiration and were extremely large, the attempts failed. The bald head of Zbyszko was especially immune. It was as slippery as an eel.

It was the first time Poddubny and Zbyszko had met since their bout in England fifteen years before when Poddubny lost on a foul in the only defeat he ever suffered until pinned to the mat by Joe Stecher, in a bout for the world's title. Stecher, by the way, came all the way from Dodge, Neb., to see the ponderous pair maul each other.

Zbyszko seemed to be working out a carefully arranged campaign, which aimed to wear down his older opponent, but at the end of an hour, Poddubny was still boring in, the fresher of the two.

He even injected a touch of dramatics by resorting to the flying mare and three times in quick succession tossed Zbyszko over his head and to the mat with a resounding crash. Zibby also proved his great, amazing strength by taking to the same methods, but Poddubny invariably just slipped over Zibby's head.

When 1 hour and 15 minutes had been tolled off it looked as if



Toots Mondt in training for his bout with Zbyszko in 1924

they would groan along until daylight.

Poddubny almost got his man fifteen minutes later. He dropped him to the mat with a headlock and quickly turned to a punishing armlock and half-nelson. Zibby finally twisted free and literally spun out of it on his bald head.

So it continued to the end with neither gaining a fall.

* * *

NEXT came the match wih Siki on April 17, 1923. That contest took place at the Mid-West A.C. Coliseum, and the giant Pole won in straight falls. He took the first in 1.07 of interesting grappling with a jackknife and head scissors and the second in 8.19 with a headlock and a jackknife.

During the first fall, Siki gave an interesting exhibition of defensive wrestling, his bridging particularly saving him from seeming defeat on several occasions. His great strength was also manifested as time after time he picked up his bulky opponent and slammed him to the mat with a resounding thud.

Offensively, the Negro's best hold was a combination arm lock. He clamped on the hold seven times and on two occasions Zbyszko broke the hold after strenuous efforts. On another occasion Siki secured a body scissors and wrist lock, but just when the Pole appeared destined to be thrown, he managed to work himself loose.

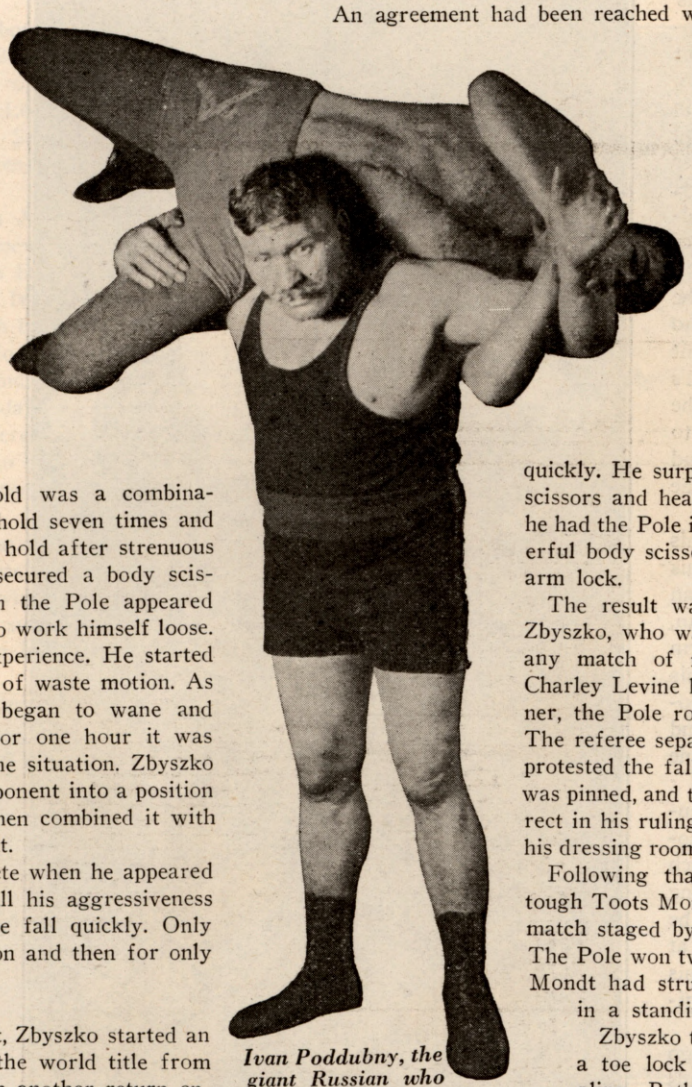
Siki, however, showed lack of experience. He started out at a terrific pace and used a lot of waste motion. As the fall wore on, Siki's strength began to wane and after they had been on the mat for one hour it was apparent the Pole was master of the situation. Zbyszko bided his time, finally worked his opponent into a position to secure the jackknife hold and then combined it with a head scissors for the desired result.

Siki was practically a beaten athlete when he appeared for the second fall. He had lost all his aggressiveness and Zbyszko started out to win the fall quickly. Only once did Siki gain the upper position and then for only a short time.

* * *

WITH that victory under the belt, Zbyszko started an extensive campaign to regain the world title from Lewis, but the Strangler denied him another return engagement with the statement that there were other more worthy opponents whose youth, agility and ability made them better drawing cards. Thus Zbyszko didn't receive the opportunity to get to the top again until after Wayne Munn had won the title from Lewis and the big Nebraskan accepted "Zibby's" defi.

The bitterest disappointment suffered by Zbyszko in the months between the time when he lost his title and regained it from Munn, was his defeat at the hands of Hans Steinke at Dexter Park Pavilion of Chicago, February 7, 1924. The German won the fall and the match in 1.20.15 with a reverse body and arm hold. An agreement had been reached whereby one fall would decide the issue, Steinke holding out for such arrangement because he had agreed to wrestle catch-as-catch-can instead of Greco-Roman, and figured he should have a little concession on that account.



Ivan Poddubny, the giant Russian who wrestled Zbyszko to a two-hour draw.

The German was master of the situation at all times. His great strength enabled him to break holds with ease, and if he had known more about American methods of grappling he would have won more quickly. He surprised the fans by using body scissors and head locks. On several occasions he had the Pole in a bad way, by use of a powerful body scissors combined with a wrist or arm lock.

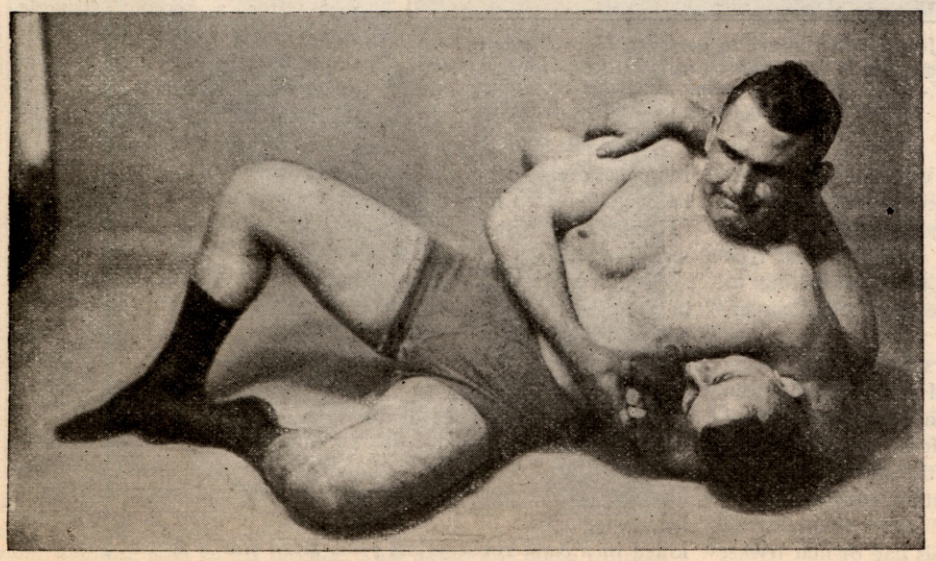
The result was a bitter disappointment to Zbyszko, who was more eager to win than in any match of recent years. After Referee Charley Levine had declared Steinke the winner, the Pole rose and punched the German. The referee separated them and then Zbyszko protested the fall. To all appearances Zbyszko was pinned, and the referee, therefore, was correct in his ruling. The German was carried to his dressing room on the shoulders of admirers.

Following that bout, "Zibby" tackled the tough Toots Mondt in a two out of three falls match staged by Doc Krone at the Coliseum. The Pole won two falls, the final coming after Mondt had struck Zbyszko while both were in a standing position.

Zbyszko took the first fall in 46:55 with a toe lock after some interesting grappling. Both secured dangerous locks at various times, but after the Pole had broken a toe hold he secured a similar lock on the Cowboy, who conceded the fall.

Mondt won the second fall with a jackknife hold in 14:40. The fall came unexpectedly, as Zbyszko had all the better of the grappling up to the time Mondt secured the hold. The Pole brought the Cowboy to the mat several times with arm locks and it seemed that he would be a sure winner until Mondt reversed the tables.

In the third and deciding fall, the men had been on the mat only eight minutes when Mondt floored Zbyszko with a right swing after he had broken loose from an arm lock. It appeared to be a deliberate foul and Referee Emil Thiry immediately disqualified Mondt and gave the fall and match to Zbyszko. Mondt was hissed and booed and had to be escorted to his dressing room.



Strangler Lewis, the perfect athlete of 1924..

DEVELOPER of

By WILLIAM H. VREELAND

OUT in the Middle West, in Omaha to be exact, there lives a former wrestling king who has been responsible for the development of many stars of the present era. His name is Farmer Burns, although only for a short time in his career, extending over a period of almost forty years, was he ever engaged in the farming industry. Since his early youth he has always been a professional wrestler or teacher of the sport.

"Farmer" Burns will always be remembered as the man who brought Frank Gotch to the front and made of him the world's greatest mat star. It was the "Farmer" who induced Gotch to enter the professional ranks and who taught the toe hold king the rudiments of the grappling art.

Wrestling owes much to this Westerner, for it was through his efforts, probably more than through those of any other man, that the sport gained such a firm foothold in America. Through his teachings, he also helped to introduce the art to the colleges and high schools where today it is one of the leading athletic activities.

"Farmer" Burns, who is seventy-three, could toss many a so-called top-notcher without much difficulty, straight wrestling being used. On his fiftieth birthday he pinned Oscar Wessam twice at Omaha and then announced his retirement from active competition.

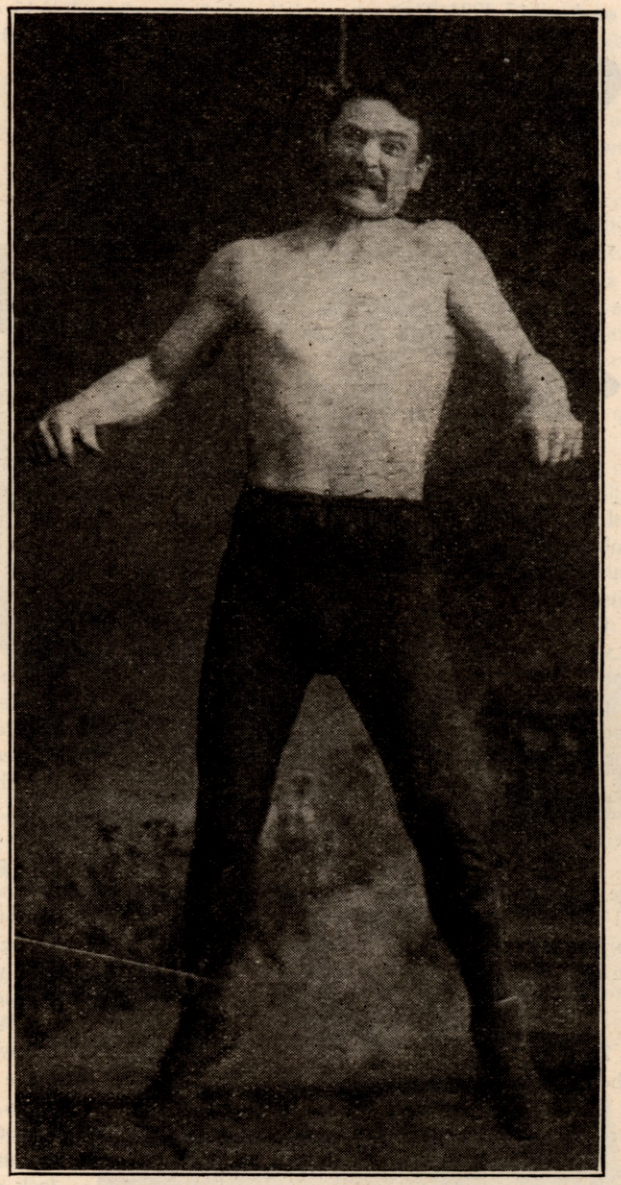
His first appearance in Chicago was when he brought in two loads of hogs and during a ten-day layoff, while waiting for the sale, appeared before the public in overalls and threw two men.

* * *

BURNS was born on February 15, 1861, in Cedar County, Iowa. He was one of a family of seven children. His father died when Martin, as "Farmer" was christened, was eleven years old. Although he was strong for his age and had been brought up in a farming district, Martin didn't care much for that type of work, and at the age of fourteen we find him taking to wrestling rather seriously. In speaking of the start of his career, "Farmer" Burns says:

"It was at the age of twelve that I was first attracted to wrestling. A boy and I decided to have it out and we wagered fifteen cents, all I could muster, on the outcome of a wrestling bout and I won. That started me. I liked the sport and from that time until I became a champion, I made a close study of the intricacies of the mat game until I became a master of scientific wrestling."

In later life, when he was a recognized standard bearer of wrestling, his clean living, his strength and his bag of mat tricks, made him well-nigh invincible. He invented many holds and, contrary to the opinion so often expressed, that Gotch was the first to specialize in the toe hold, it was Burns who perfected it. He used it hundreds of times before Gotch ever took up wrestling.



A feat few would venture to perform. Here Burns is seen in a stage feat in Des Moines, in 1914, when he permitted himself to be "hung." Special muscular resistance prevented him from being choked to death.

* * *

BURNS received his first defeat at the hand of the original "Strangler" Evan Lewis in 1886. The bout took place at Anamosa, Iowa, at a time when the mighty Lewis was making a name for himself as a "terror of the mat" with his dreaded strangle hold.

Burns was not discouraged, but started over again and defeated wrestler after wrestler. Then in 1889 he was in Chicago and saw his second chance. Strangler Lewis and Jack Carkeek were offering $25 to anyone who could stay 15 minutes with either one of them in catch-as-catch-can wrestling.

Burns, with renewed confidence, arranged with the manager to meet both men in the same night. The event took place in the Olympic Theatre and Burns held both to a draw. The "Farmer" appeared in the ring wearing his overalls and in stocking feet and the crowd nicknamed him "Farmer," a name which he carries to this day. His wonderful exhibition won him fame and plenty of publicity. The fans clamored for a return engagement for the heavyweight title between Lewis and Burns, but Lewis sidestepped the issue.

Six years later the bout finally took place and "Farmer" Burns won after a terrific struggle. Burns was outweighed fifty pounds but, by skill and speed, he offset this handicap.

As the champion, he wrestled often and conceded many pounds in almost every one of his bouts. In the case of Hala Adula, whom he wrestled in Chicago, he was outweighed 132 pounds. The "Farmer's" weight was never more than 170 pounds. It was his wrestling, his speed and his strength that brought him through.

He lost but seven bouts out of almost 6,000. Later in his career he traveled with 27 shows, wrestling all comers and he threw 560 men in New York in 40 weeks. Quite a record, I say.

* * *

THE "Farmer" lost his title to Tom Jenkins, the Rolling Mill Man, in 1897. After Jenkins lost the title to Hackenschmidt, Burns held Tom to an hour draw in Cleveland. Burns lost the heavyweight title to Jenkins but held on to the light-heavyweight title till 1908, when he lost to Fred Beell who was killed in a bank robbery last year. Beell was a special policeman after he retired.

MAT STARS

Farmer Burns, Close to Eighty, Continues Activity in the Field in Which He Made An Enviable Record

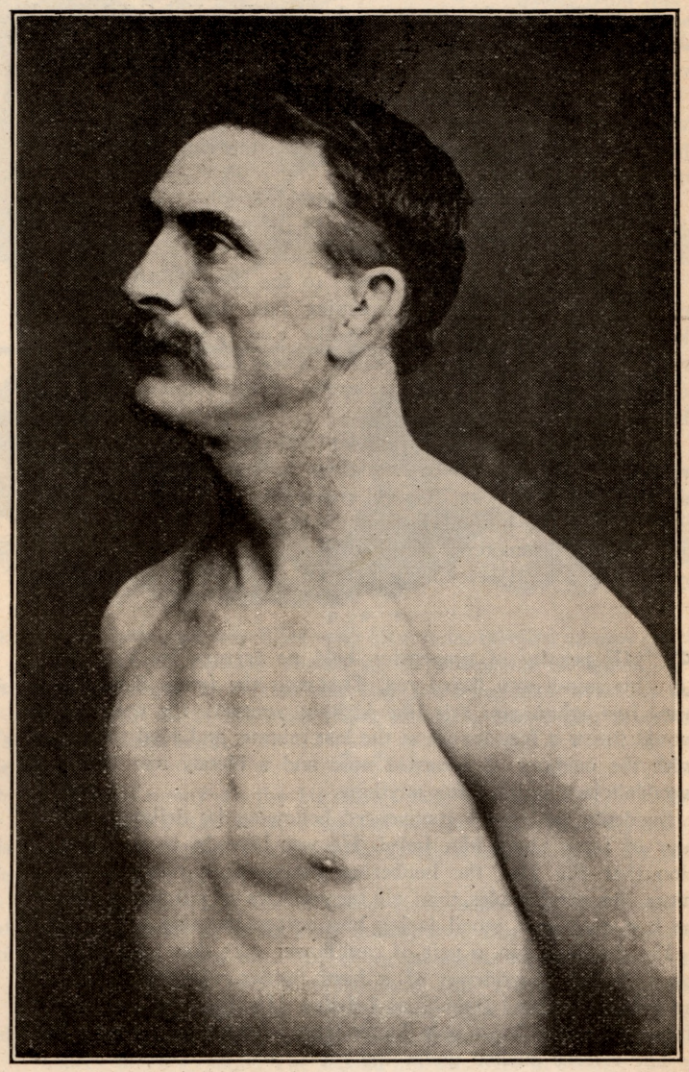
Burns had previously beaten Beell but, in their second meeting, Fred was in the prime of life and Burns was 47 years of age. Among others who were the victims of the "Farmer" are, Jess Westergaard, Jack Carkeek, Dan McLeod, Americus, Tom Cannon, Mat Acton, Ernest Roeber, Sebastian Miller, George Matsido, U. F. Leonard, Charles Green and Duncan McMillan—all stars of the first order.

It was while traveling with Dan McLeod that Burns first saw Frank Gotch. He immediately knew Gotch had the makings of a champ if properly instructed, so he offered to teach Gotch about the finer points of the game. It was because of Burns's teaching that Gotch was able to reach the top.

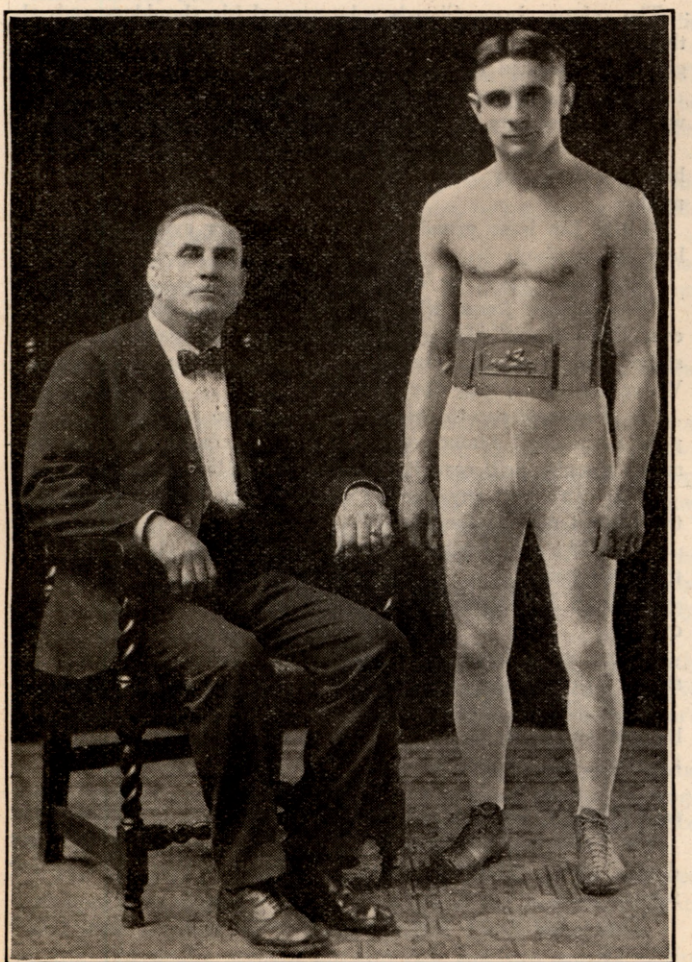
Burns also helped Jack Reynolds, Joe Malcewicz, Rudy Dusek, Joe "Toots" Mondt, Jack Taylor, and others, to reach a high place in the wrestling limelight. Today he is 73 years of age and still instructs pupils. He often referees professional bouts, and when he is in the ring there is sure to be real wrestling and not all the cuffing and slugging and hippodroming that are seen in the bouts nowadays.

"Farmer" Martin Burns will always be remembered for his work in behalf of wrestling. He preached clean living and true sportsmanship, and today he is a living example of just that.

The story of how Gotch got his start in wrestling is most interesting, and although it has often been repeated, it finds an appropriate place in this story because of its relation to Farmer Burns. When Gotch proved his mettle as an all-round athlete at Humboldt and he couldn't find his equal as a wrestler in that city, it was decided by his friends to try elsewhere to obtain some competition for him.



"Farmer," as he looked when in his prime.



One of Farmer Burns's pupils, Jack Reynolds, welterweight champion, standing next to his teacher. This photo was taken thirteen years ago, when Reynolds first won the title.

About sixty miles from Humboldt, at Atlantic City, Iowa, there lived a well-known grappler known as Farmer Burns. In time, stories about the prowess of the new farmer boy at Humboldt reached the ears of the old campaigner and Burns began to investigate.

"Here was a chance to make some money," declared Burns. "If this fellow is as good as they say he is, I can use him on a tour."

And thus he conceived the idea of getting Gotch to show his wares against a real wrestler. The Farmer sent word to Dan McLeod, who at the time was in his prime, and asked McLeod to tackle the newcomer.

Thus the stage was set for a "killing." McLeod drifted into Humboldt disguised. He called himself Dan Masters and he obtained a job as a porter around the Eagle House and bided his time. When that time arrived, he hinted that he could wrestle a bit when the prowess of Gotch was *(Continued on page 42)*

The MEMORY of

ROCK Shaw pushed hard against the rope in the corner of the ring, gripping it tightly. He capered back and forth on his bare feet as far as the twisted fibers of the rope would allow.

Five years seemed a long time to wait to settle a grudge. Exactly five years to the day, Big Jim Gordan and Lola Burton were married. Big Jim took from him the only woman he ever loved.

He felt a strange throb in that aching thing in his breast called a heart. A throb that comes to human beings when they think back over the past, and hear again the ripple of a laugh, or thrill at the memory of a kiss.

There was a far-away look in his eyes, a gentle expression about his firm mouth. Yes, Rock Shaw, the wrestling genius of the state, was retrospecting.

Rock Shaw was thoroughly used to the hoots and wisecracks of the thrill-loving mob of wrestling fans that usually packed the big auditorium. He knew Shelby County's sporting public was inordinately fond of wrestling. Knew too that he intended to do his best to give them an eyeful in the coming bout with the already tardy Gordan.

It was more than likely, under ordinary circumstances, he would never have chosen wrestling as a profession but for his innate desire to beat this old enemy of his at his own racket. He was proving himself both a drawing card and pain-in-the-neck to his promoters. Especially when he crabbed the bill by sending a local favorite on a down road to oblivion.

* * *

THE penalty of suspension held no terrors for him when his mind once flared red. That was the funny thing about him. Just when you felt like kicking yourself for coming, he would throw a free-for-all at the last minute, and send you home with the memory of a busted nose and a bloody mat that you wouldn't have missed for anything.

Suddenly the crowd commenced bellowing its delight and the blur of faces about him faded. He was brought to the realization that Big Jim, the lumbering giant whose muscles looked more like steel cables than all the muscles of all the wrestlers he had ever seen, stood facing him across the ring.

He observed, too, a pair of cauliflower ears that surpassed his own. Unfailing evidence of a hard fighter. His hair was red as brick dust, and stubbly as bristles. His face, stuffy and pig featured, would have been blank but for the deep-set eyes.

The referee ducked under the ropes, and the announcer went through the necessary preliminaries. The crowd was still clamoring its delight when Shaw glimpsed the face of Lola Gordan, smiling up at him from a ringside seat. He noticed, too, she held a child in her lap. A boy that had her eyes. Lola looked neither well nor happy.

Big Jim handed his bathrobe to an attendant and stood waiting for the announcer to get through with the preliminaries.

Very deliberately, Rock Shaw discarded his own purple robe and stood straight as a string. Every inch an athlete, from the top of his black wavy hair to the bottom of his shoeless feet. His tight-fitting trunks tapered in at the waist like a woman's girdle.

"At my right," cried the announcer, "Rock Shaw, twenty-eight, weight two hundred and ten. At my left, Big Jim Gordan, thirty-two, weight two hundred and forty."

* * *

AS he left the ring, the two grapplers exchanged a few words with the referee, shook hands and returned to their corners.

"Clang!" At the sound of the gong, Shaw evaded the rush of the man before him. He wanted to play around a little and try him out.

"Stop stalling, Shaw," roared an enthusiast.

With a gliding motion, Shaw locked arms with his opponent and, head against head, they shoved each other around the ring like angry bulls.

It was an ordinary start, but the red-headed ruffian unexpectedly leaped to one side, threw Shaw off balance and snapped on a terrific arm-lock that was slowly but surely forcing him backward to the floor.

Shaw resorted to every tactic he knew, to no avail. His arm felt as if it were breaking, as closer and closer to the floor he came. Down they both went with a crash, and the crowd applauded.

Shaw kicked and struggled manfully to get to his feet. Time after time he brought himself to a half upright position by the leverage of his bare feet against the mat, but each time Big Jim would give a rolling quirk to his body that would almost tear his arm from its socket and throw him flat to the floor again.

Regardless of the agonizing pain, Shaw finally struggled free, but went down again with a tackle that knocked the breath out of his body and made the lights look dim and the shouts of the spectators sound far away.

He felt himself being lifted off the mat; felt the spinning motion of going round and round in mid-air. He tried hard to keep his head. He knew he must manage some way to break the slam that was coming. Suddenly down he went and lost the first fall in eighteen minutes.

* * *

THE shouts of applause for Big Jim cleared Shaw's brain. He got to his feet, staggered back against the ropes and stood there staring at the grinning wrestler who was going through the pantomime of shaking hands with the crowd, by gripping his own high above his head.

The referee threw Shaw's robe around his shoulders and, although still groggy, he followed in the wake of the strutting giant who seemed to think a lot of himself.

"Rockford," Shaw felt the touch of a hand on his arm. "I want you to see my boy."

Shaw paused beside Lola, but stood silent. No one ever called him Rockford any more. No one ever had, but Lola and his mother.

"Little Jim is so proud of his daddy." Her eyes were full of love for her boy.

"And you, Lola?" he questioned softly.

"You already know what I think, Rockford. Jim still means everything to me." Her eyes met his in a steady gaze. "I couldn't stand it if he lost his chance to fight the champion, Rockford. We've waited so long for a break."

"So you want me to lose to him again, do you? Well, I suppose I shouldn't blame you. But listen, Lola. If he wins this match tonight, he'll earn it, so help me God!"

"You can't hurt my daddy!" bragged the boy. "He can lick the biggest man in the world!"

"Your kid is a knock-out, Lola," he conceded, clumsily patting the boy's head.

"Thanks, Rockford." She was smiling at him through a mist of tears.

"Come on, let's get going!" hissed the disgruntled voice of his stuffy little manager, close to his ear.

"O. K., Tully." And without so much as a backward glance, he hurried on to his dressing-room, strangely depressed and sick at heart.

* * *

"WATCH yourself, Shaw!" warned the ever-watchful Tully. "You might have saved yourself that fall. Don't let that dame's giving you the once-over go to your head. Not falling for the skirt, are you?"

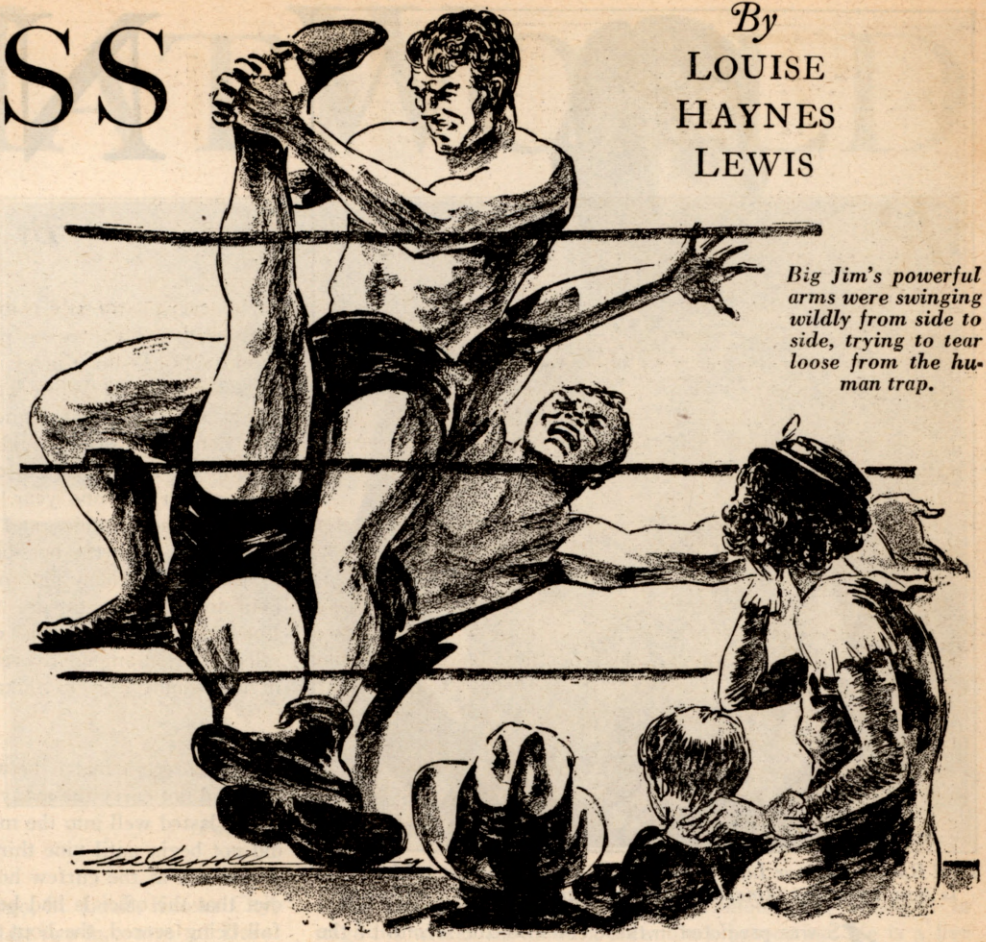
"That's Big Jim's wife and kid, Tully, if you don't happen to know."

"Great guns! How did he manage to fool that good-looking dame?"

Shaw's laugh of derision held a blood-curdling sound.

a KISS

By LOUISE HAYNES LEWIS



Big Jim's powerful arms were swinging wildly from side to side, trying to tear loose from the human trap.

"What's wrong, old man? Sit down and rest. You look like you'd seen a ghost."

"Maybe I have. A ghost that I don't seem able to dodge."

"What do you mean, Shaw?"

"I mean that back of this fight tonight is the biggest sorrow of my life. When Lola Burton ran away and married Big Jim Gordan, something died inside of me. But seeing her again, has brought it back to life."

Tully looked up apprehensively.

"I used to carry her books to school, Tully. I fought her battles for her, from the time I could stand on my own two legs. She kissed away the pain in the first and last black eye I ever won in her defense. She met him while she was away on a vacation. In describing him to me once, she told me he was so homely he was beautiful."

"That sounds just like a fool woman, Shaw. Women are funny that way," consoled the wily Tully, quick to sense the situation. "I wonder if she thinks she's going to soft soap you into presenting him with the belt?"

"Presenting him with the belt? Why, I'm not the champ," he corrected.

"Not yet, but if you keep your head you will be, and that's on the level." He jerked out his watch. "You are due back in the ring this minute. Make quick work of that woman snatcher. Remember, Shaw, you have the next two falls to win."

"Sure," Shaw agreed. A savage joy was creeping into his heart. "And when I get through with him, he's going to resemble a piece of dog meat."

"Now you're talking my language," Tully laughed. "But that fool is a wrestler if I ever saw one," he warned. "Watch your step."

* * *

THREE minutes later Shaw stood in the ring and the second round was on.

After allowing Big Jim to rub four fists off his chin and drop him with a front head-lock, he managed to wind a vindictive hand in the flaming tresses of Lola's spouse and give him an intimate view of the back of his neck, by planting an elbow on the tip of his chin. A thud, dull and heavy, followed.

Three more hard falls, then Shaw took occasion to note the effect on the girl he still loved. She was trying to quiet the boy, who was screaming frantically, "Don't let him hurt daddy, mummy! Don't! Don't!"

Shaw felt a primitive satisfaction counterchecking the beastly attacks. Big Jim was trying to gouge a thumb in his eye, or give him a nasty kick in the teeth. Shaw could plainly see the man's cruelty was a basic principle.

Easing from one hold to another in rapid succession, Shaw succeeded in mashing Big Jim's nose into an almost unrecognizable mass, while he himself was besmeared with the blood of his adversary.

The majority of the crowd yelled its delight as the two men whipped around on the mat in the glare of the tremendous lights that were hugging the brilliant reflector above their heads.

Big Jim finally secured an arm-lock and was putting plenty of pressure on the bruised and twisted elbow that felt like the bone would break any minute. It looked like curtains for him again.

His heart, already filled with bitterness, rebelled against defeat. The heat of madness burned in his brain. He struggled for a toe hold—got it, and pulling Big Jim's leg back over his own knee with all of his weight and strength, forced him to release his tortured arm.

* * *

THE agony on the big man's face was pitiful. The referee advised him to give up, but he shook his head as, with a marvelous display of strength, he dragged himself under the ropes and the hold was broken.

Shaw jumped to his feet and stood waiting in the center of the ring, ready to inflict more punishment. Big Jim stalled around outside the ropes until the count of eight, trying to bring the circulation back into that foot and leg. Then slowly climbed back into the ring, to be knocked down by a flying tackle. Before he could get to his feet, Shaw got a front head-lock, three flying mares, and a straddle. The second fall was over in exactly twenty-two minutes.

The people snorted and yelled. Some tried to pat him on the back as he hurried on to his small quarters.

Shaw looked neither to the right nor left. He was reveling in the thought that the big grappler was still unable to leave the ring. A desire to maim Big Jim consumed him. Unable to control his impatience, he was back in the ring ahead of time.

Not once did he glance at Lola. He was trying not to think about her. To finish with Big Jim was his one thought. He saw him coming and noticed he limped a little.

"Well," he mumbled, "you'll be limping worse than that in a couple of minutes."

* * *

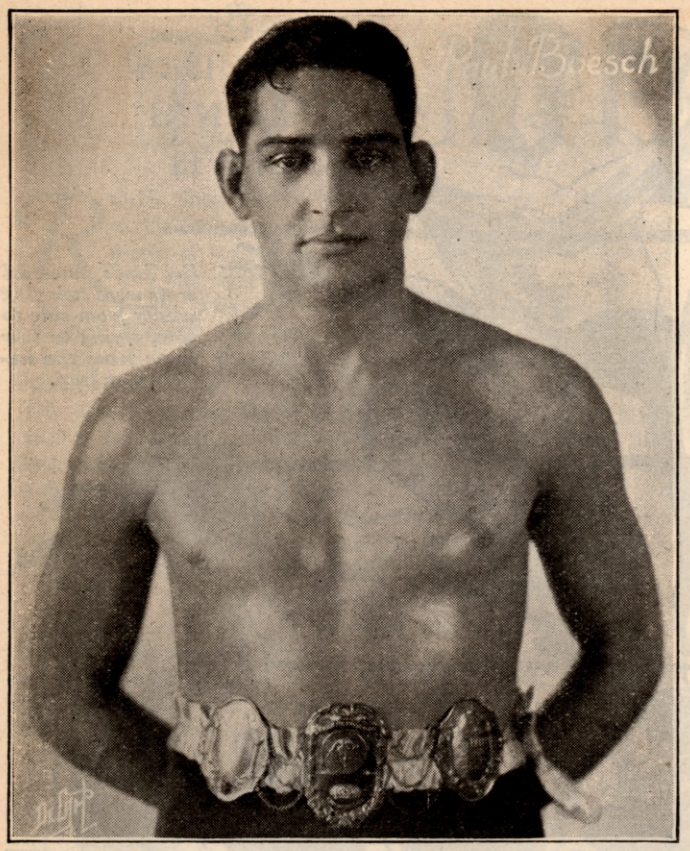
WHEN the bell sounded, Shaw, eager for a hold, worked rapidly, but Big Jim seemed to foresee the end, and his wrestling technique changed from aggressive action to slow and careful effort.

Shaw, not to be thwarted, dived at him, got a crotch hold and crashed him to the floor. Big Jim got to his feet, but Shaw rushed him into the ropes with elbows rattling off his head in a rasping sound of bone on bone.

Quick to see his chance for a finish, Shaw jerked him out of the ropes and slapped on a spread eagle, (*Continued on page* 46)

NEWS

By EDWARD MERRILL



Paul Boesch, former Long Beach, L. I., schoolboy star athlete who is now wrestling America's leading figures out in California.

AS was predicted in these columns, the second of the series of five matches which will be staged between Jim Londos, New York State heavyweight champion and Don George, New England and Canadian titleholder, resulted in a draw as will the others until the final match is staged for Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund show next summer in the Garden Bowl. On that occasion, the backers of Mr. George will turn over to the Londos group the necessary guarantee and the title will then change hands, with George, the victor. Not that Don can't turn the trick now, for in my opinion and in the opinion of those who follow the mat sport closely, both George and Browning can take the measure of Londos if their hands are not tied.

However, as already pointed out, when the arrangements were completed for the peace pact that brought together again the rival factions—the Curley, Mondt-Bowser-Fabian group of the East with the Ed White-Tom Packs—Daro group of the West, it was stipulated that Browning would be succeeded by Londos and Londos, in turn, would be succeeded by George, thus giving each of the big supporters of wrestling an opportunity to parade a champion for one year. Before the winter is over, we may expect to see Londos and George do their act over again at least twice, with the possibility that Chicago and San Francisco or Los Angeles may get one of the matches. A Christmas Fund bout in Madison Square Garden is being contemplated with Londos as the "defender" of the crown and his opponent being selected from among Everett Marshall, one of the finest matmen in the country, Dick Shikat and Jim Browning.

* * *

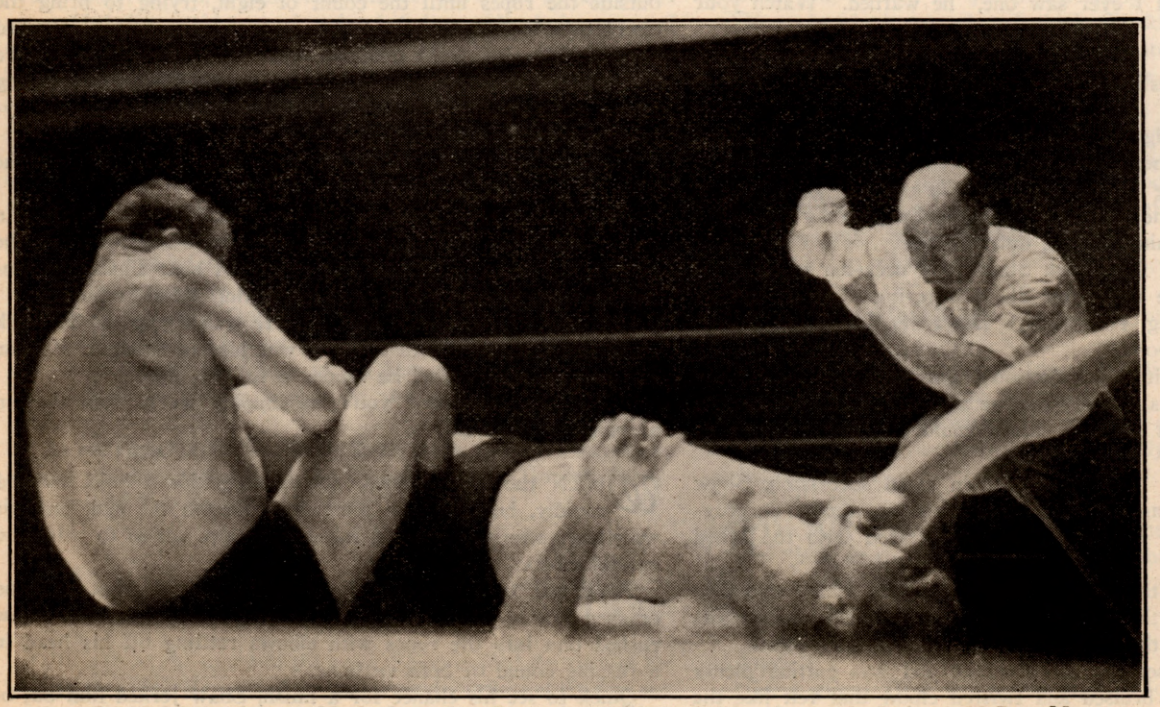
THE recent match between Londos and George at Buffalo, did not carry the many thrills of their previous engagements which lasted well into the morning. In their latest tilt, the contest did not begin until nine thirty, with the stipulation that the bout would end at the curfew hour of eleven, and it was safe to predict that the officials had been tipped off that in the event of no fall being scored, the bout should be called a draw.

It lasted one hour and 29 minutes with both on the verge of being pinned on several occasions. Londos wrestled cautiously and with his cleverness, he avoided many traps. On three occasions, he had holds on his rival that could have gained a fall for the state champion, but he relinquished them because they seemed too dangerous so far as the agreement was concerned.

Regardless of any pre-arrangement—and the boxing commission must be aware that such agreements are made in all championship and other exhibitions—there can be no kick by the fans because they know what to expect and get what they come to see—good entertainment. That's all wrestling is nowadaws. Legitimate competition is gone. The days of real, honest-to-goodness wrestling matches are things of the past and we all might just as well get accustomed to the other type because it is the only kind we can see in these days of commercialized sport.

* * *

THE indoor season will be one of the best in this country since pre-depression days. The match by which Londos won the title from Browning set into motion the revival, and judging by the turnouts at the more important contests to date, we may expect to see banner gatherings at the clubs during the next six months.

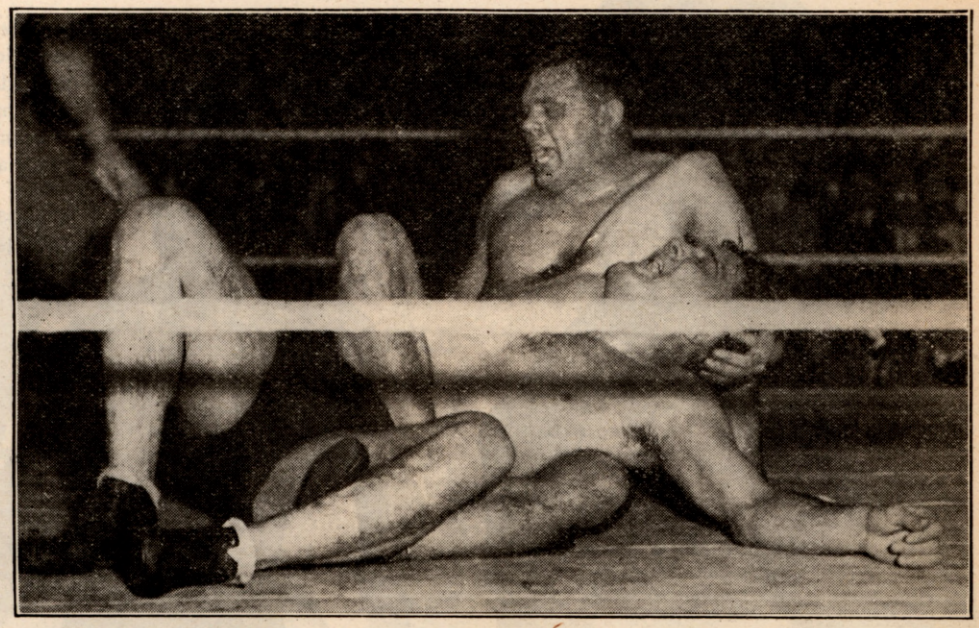


Ray Steele with an ankle lock on Jim Browning in their California match. Referee McDonald is watching Browning closely.

of the MAT WORLD

In New York, as was the case last year, the rivalry between Jack Curley's group and that headed by his former chief lieutenant, Jack Pfeffer, will be exceptionally keen. While Curley has been taking things easy to recuperate from the dangerous operation he recently underwent, an operation that kept him in the hospital for six weeks, Pfeffer has been cornering all the small clubs in addition to taking over the important Ridgewood Club of Brooklyn, the Twenty-second Regiment armory and several others of the top row. Thus, in the Metropolitan district, we will have nightly shows during the winter, with both groups operating, one with the heavyweight talent, and the other, the Pfeffer group, with the stars of the lighter divisions.

In Philadelphia, Fabian has garnered the best clubs and will operate with the Curley talent, which also will be the case in Boston with Bowser at the helm, in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco and Los Angeles—the last two in control of Daro. Daro is planning to use many of the Curley headliners during the winter.



Paul Jones with the figure four scissors on Jim Browning.

* * *

IF present plans materialize, Florida will be the haven for many star matmen this winter. Tampa, in particular, will be in for some of the best of the American attractions, as that city, with its wrestling enthusiasts coming out in large numbers in support of the sport, is a most lucrative one so far as wrestling is concerned. John Grandovitch and Rudolph Stronberg have been packing 'em in at Tampa.

* * *

Miami is the second best spot in Florida for wrestling. Captain W. H. Peeples will continue to operate the Cinderella Ballroom Arena, while Ray Morris will operate at Jacksonville. Orlando has as its promoter Don De Sautel and Bradenton runs under the direction of Cecil S. Lippard and Jimmy Frierson. The Arcadia promoter is E. L. Melton. This club is in the heart of the range section and although put on the spot so far as population is concerned, it has been doing wonders in patronage.

Jim Downing, the lively Tampa promoter, has arranged to stage his winter shows on a New York proportion. He is a live wire and knows how to handle difficult situations.

* * *

Jimmy Gurnett, our Florida correspondent, assures us that Jim Londos, will be seen in two big winter matches in Florida, one in Tampa and the other in Miami during the tourist season. Wrestlers who are desirous of being booked in Florida for the winter, should get in touch with Gurnett at 307 102 Twiggs St., Tampa, Florida.

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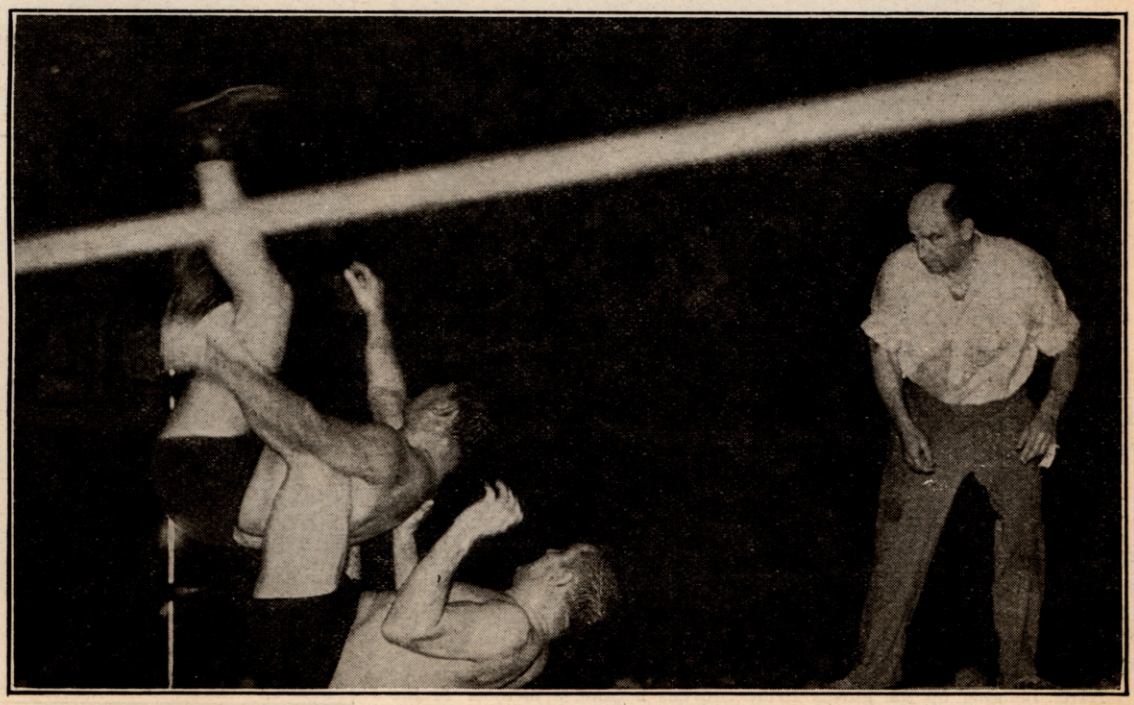
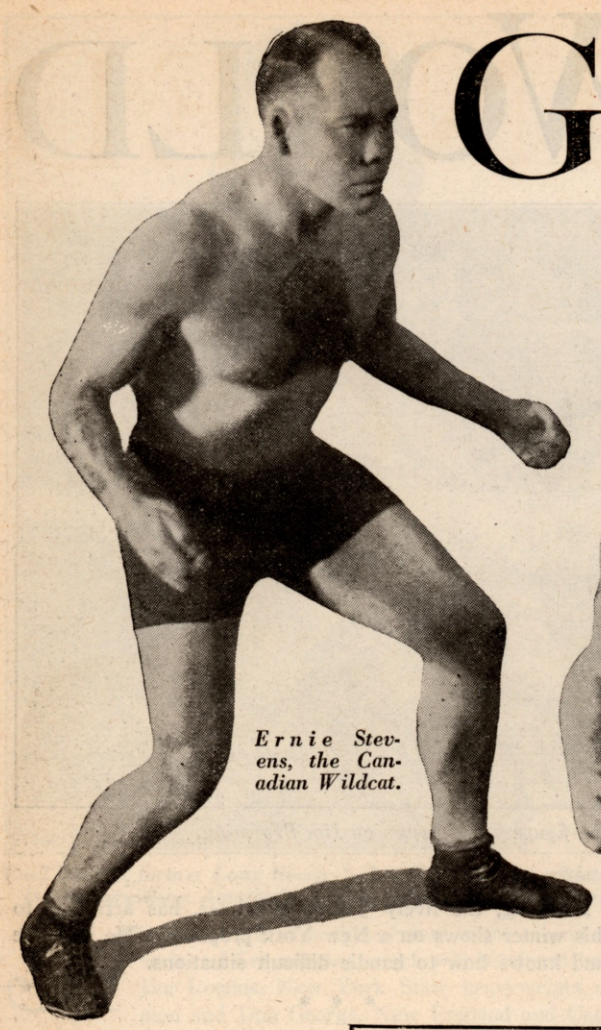
Roughhouse Jack Hagen, one of the (*Continued on page 39*)

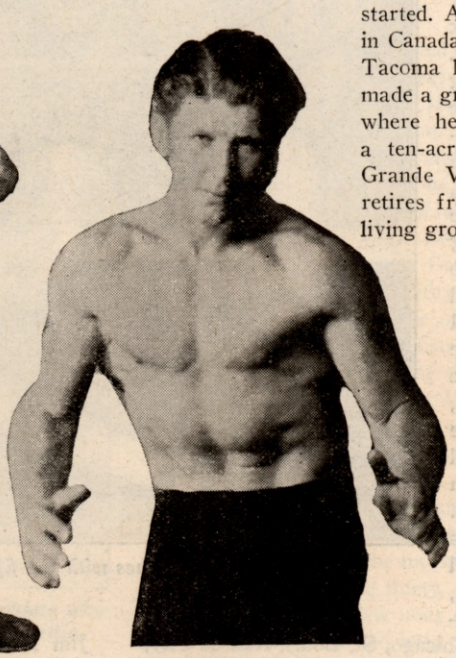


Jim Browning with his famous airplane scissors working on George Zaharias in their Los Angeles Contest.

GETTING



Ernie Stevens, the Canadian Wildcat.

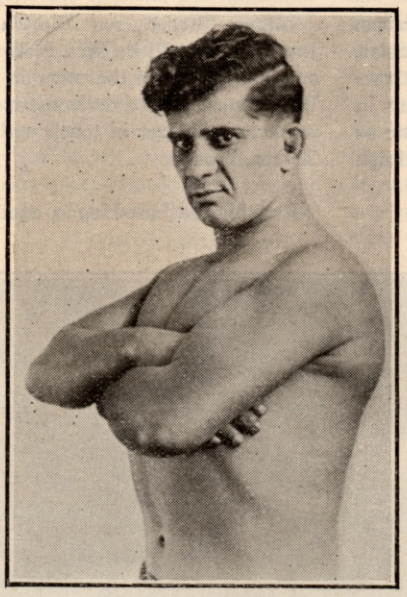


John Webber, a young Californian who scales 220 pounds.

and become a wrestler and the latter's instructions were a big help to get Ernie started. After cleaning up nearly everybody in Canada and in Portland, Ore., Seattle and Tacoma he drifted to California where he made a great rep, he drifted to Dallas, Tex., where he still makes his home. He owns a ten-acre grapefruit orchard in the Rio Grande Valley, South Texas, and when he retires from the mat hopes to make a good living growing the citrus fruit.

Stevens was born in Vancouver thirty-three years ago. He weighs 215 pounds and stands five feet eleven inches. He has been wrestling fifteen years in all. He features a combination Japanese wrist and hammerlock.

It was in the East End of Vancouver where Ernie and Jimmy and the other Vancouver athletes mentioned above were born and raised. According to Ernie there is good feeling among them all, which is quite unusual for stars brought up in the same neighborhood as they invariably are jealous of each other.



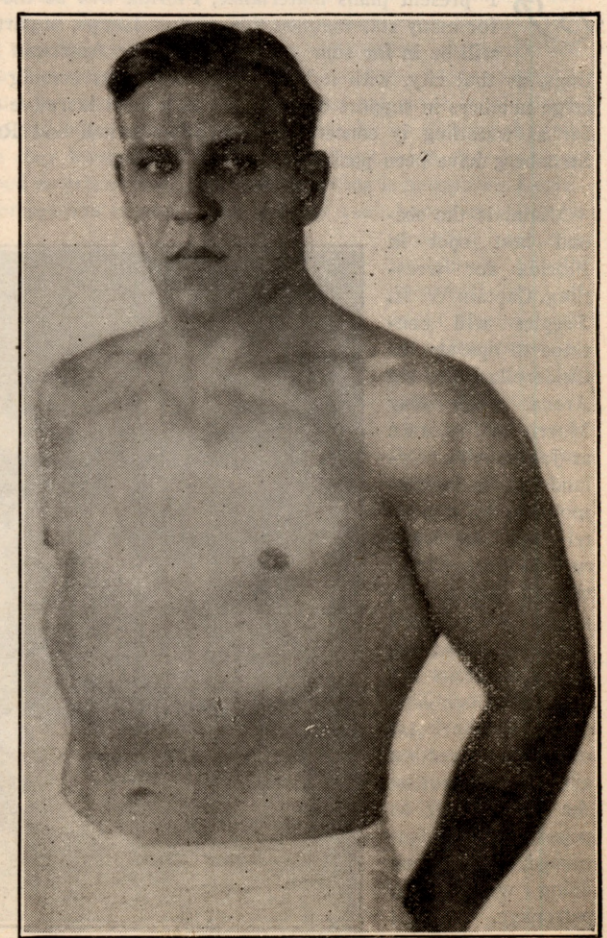
Sammy Klein, Tri-State welter champion from Cincinnati, Ohio.

WHEN Jimmy McLarnin faced Barney Ross in their recent battle, one of the strongest rooters for the Vancouver Irishman was a wrestler, Ernie Stevens by name. Ernie is the newcomer who is being groomed by Jack Curley as one of the indoor top-notchers, and a mighty rough grappler he has proved himself to be. But Ernie is just as much interested in boxing as he is in the sport in which he is earning his living, for at one time he was a pretty good fighter. He and Jimmy were brought up together, and Stevens, like his illustrious neighbor, started his career as a boxer and later drifted into the mat sport.

When the World War broke out, Ernie, who is about eight years Jimmy's senior, enlisted in the Canadian army and served with Pop Foster, McLarnin's manager, in the Verdun sector of France. That's why he is a fond admirer of both Jimmy and his mentor.

Stevens, when he started his boxing career, was a good amateur. He won many contests and then joined the pro ranks and competed as a money chaser for five years before dropping boxing for wrestling. Stevens, Vic Foley, bantam champion of Canada; Jack Townsend, Jack Taylor, Canadian wrestling king and McLarnin all trained at the Calvary Club of Vancouver, owned by Jack Allen, manager of Townsend.

After hanging up the gloves Ernie Stevens became a member of the Royal North-West Mounted Police and he served with them three years. Then he decided to emulate the example of his old friend, Jack Taylor,

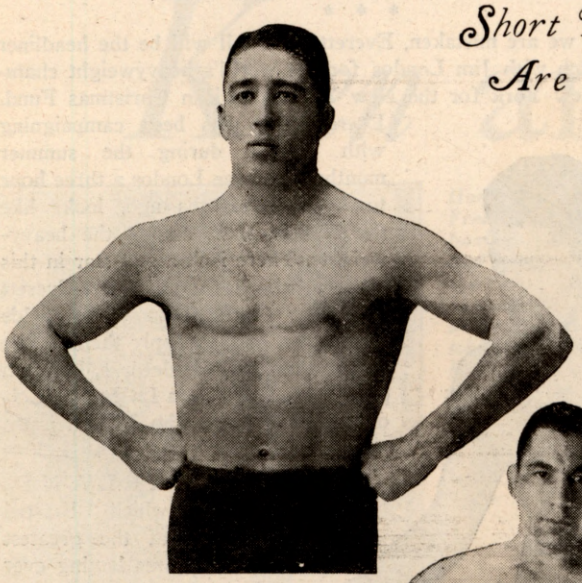


Hans Schnabel, a 185-pound German who is cutting quite a figure in New York wrestling circles.

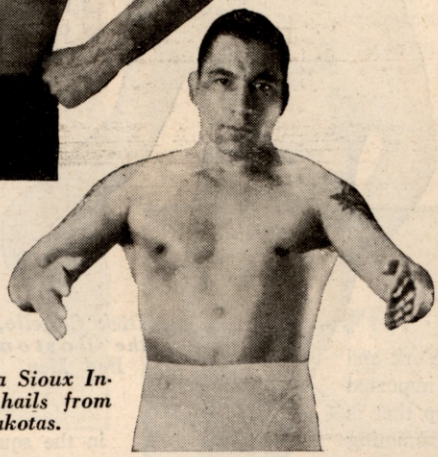
ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

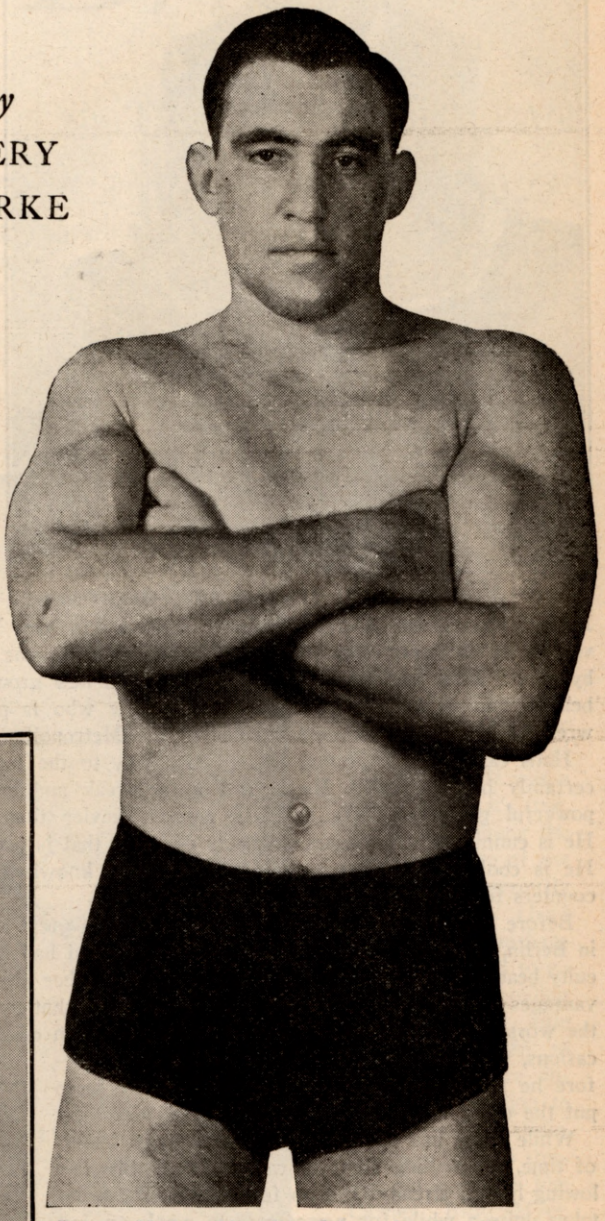
By EMERY CLARKE



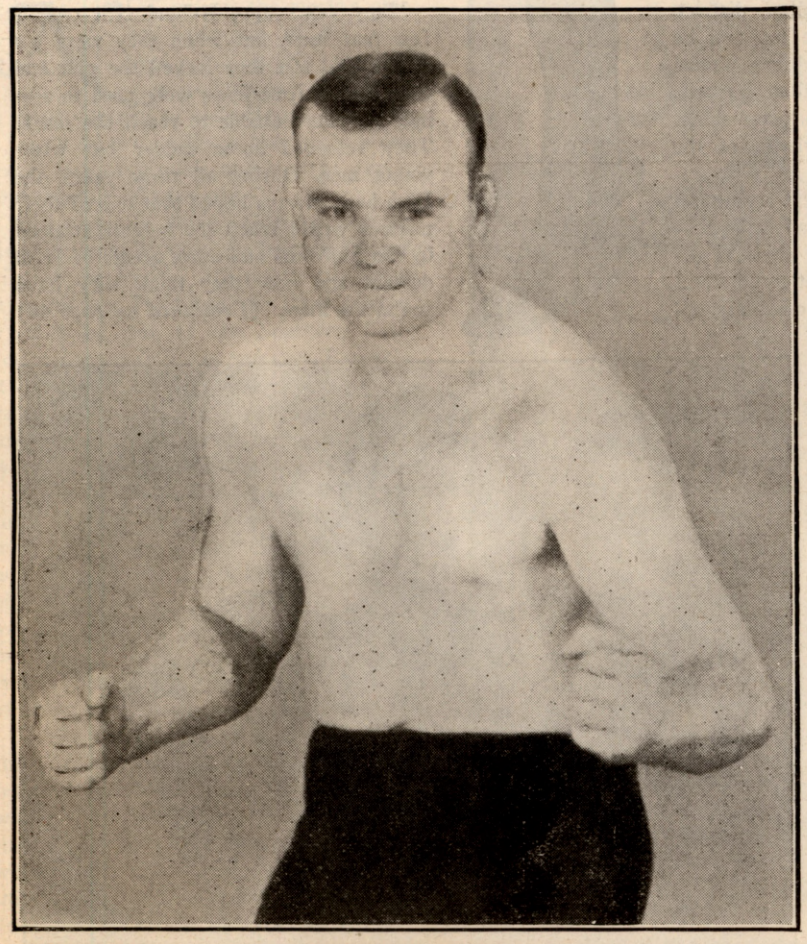
Jackie Nichols, a welterweight from Tampa, Florida.



Ben Bolt, a Sioux Indian who hails from the Dakotas.



Danny McDonald, who claims the Canadian middleweight title.



Eddie Malone, a 185-pound young Irishman competing in New York and other Eastern states.

Ernie has been a sensation in the South. He never lost a bout in the entire past indoor season there. He is now around New York making a name for himself, as those who have seen him perform say he is a good addition to the N. Y. wrestling crop.

* * *

GERMANY has sent a number of star wrestlers to this country in the last twenty years, among them being the great German Oak, Dick Shikat, Hans Steinke, Leo Pinetski, Hans Kampfer and Fritz Kley, but there aren't many citizens of the Fatherland who are now competing in America. Among the latest stars of the mat world who have come from the land where Hitlerism prevails, is

Everett Marshall, one of America's best heavyweights.

Hans Schnabel, who is creating quite a sensation in New York and vicinity by his clever work. Hans, a 185-pound wizard, was imported by Jack Pfeffer and is one of the leaders of a new group that is being exploited by the little Russian Hebrew who is promoting wrestling matches at seventeen clubs in the Metropolitan district.

Hans came here expecting to build his way to the top and he certainly has succeeded. He is fast as a streak and has pinned powerful grapplers forty to sixty pounds heavier than himself. He is cunning and possesses a variety of holds that is astonishing. He is cool, alert, smart and has an excellent knowledge of the counters for almost every hold.

Before Schnabel came to America, he achieved a great reputation in Berlin, where he met the cream of the game and had little difficulty beating them all, regardless of weight and other physical advantages these men had over him. Hans has a heart that could stand the worst kind of gaff and that has also helped him on many occasions, when he had to survive a terrific cuffing before he finally got the upper hand and was able to put the other fellow in his rightful place.

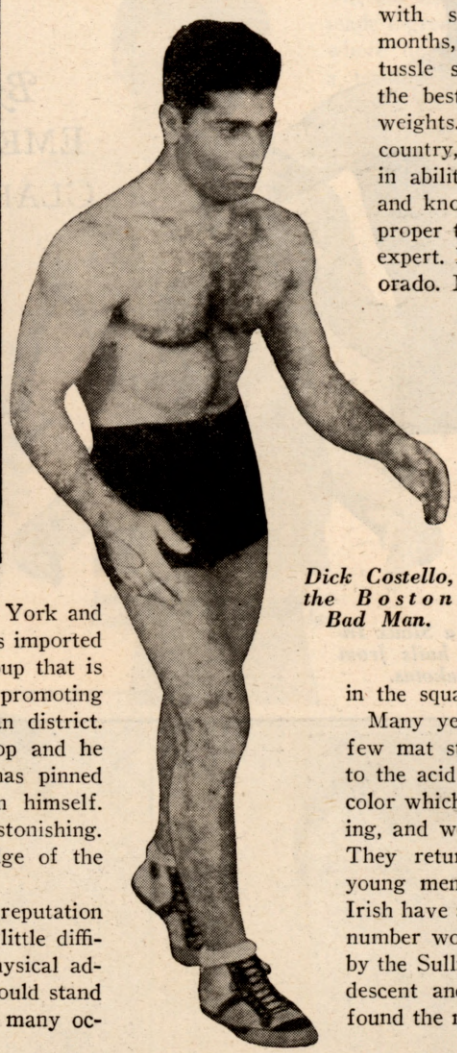
While Hans has not been over here a great length of time, it's nothing short of wonderful the big following he has already built up for himself. It usually takes quite a while for newcomers to catch on, but this pleasing German, who has quite a faculty for making friends, caught on like wildfire and every time he swings into action you can hear shouts of "Come on, Hans" or "Give it to him, Schnabel" arising from all parts of the arena.

When Schnabel was pinned down and asked where he had learned all the holds that he knows, he admitted readily that he had read a lot of the great doings of Caddock. Hans said that he thought Earl was one of the greatest exponents of the game he ever knew about and started to emulate him by secretly trying out every conceivable manner of hold, until he found that it was just as easy for him to use a headlock, as a body scissors, a spread eagle or a Japanese armlock.

The usual mat fan likes to see a wrestler who can juggle his holds, who doesn't depend on one solitary grip to win and that's why Hans Schnabel is today one of the outstanding favorites. It's action every time the German goes to the post and the way he goes to it, taking everything his man has, and then laying in with his own, has caused the great wave of popularity in his favor ever since he came to these shores.

* * *

UNLESS we are mistaken, Everett Marshall will be the headliner in a match with Jim Londos for the world's heavyweight championship in New York for the New York American Christmas Fund. Everett, who has been campaigning with success during the summer months, and gave Londos a three hour tussle some months ago, looks like the best prospect among the heavyweights. There isn't a mat star in this country, who has anything on Everett in ability. Marshall knows his holds and knows how to apply them at the proper time. On the defense, he is an expert. He hails from La Junita, Colorado. More about him in next issue.

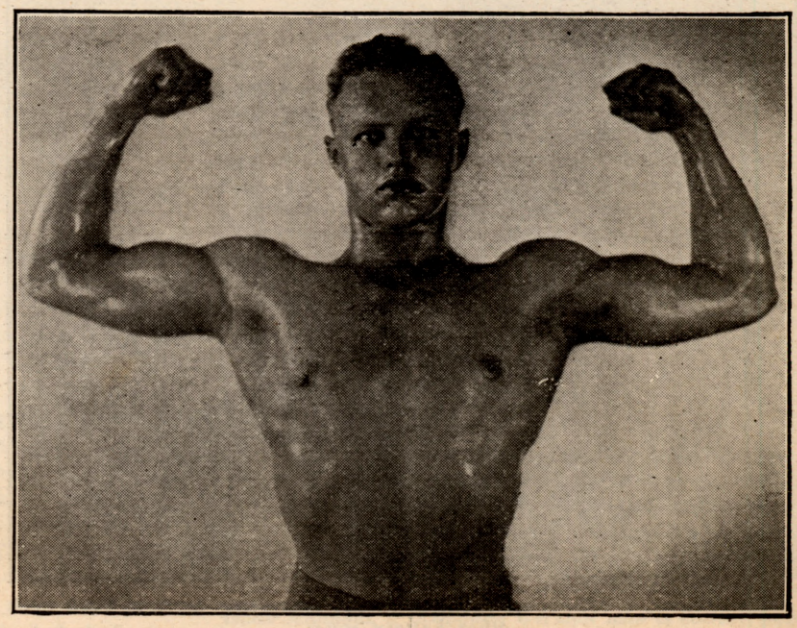


Dick Costello, the Boston Bad Man.

* * *

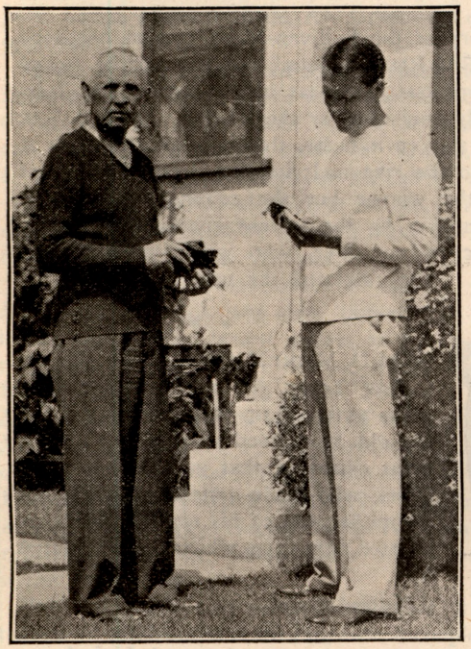
IRELAND, which boasted of the greatest fistic figures boxing ever knew, from the glamorous days of the great John L. Sullivan, old bareknuckle and glove champion, has finally discovered a new idol who threatens to become as picturesque a warrior in wrestling as were his famous brethren in the squared circle.

Many years ago, Ireland sent over a few mat stars, but when they were put to the acid test they lacked the grit and color which Americans were used to seeing, and were unable to reach the mark. They returned home sadder but wiser young men. During all these years, the Irish have always hoped that one of their number would reach the heights attained by the Sullivans and other greats of Irish descent and now they think they have found the man. (*Continued on page* 40)



Axel Madsen, the Scandinavian Giant.

Oldest Champ Is *Keen* and *Bright*



Harry and his son Freddie who is a boxing instructor and a referee on the Coast. They are examining Harry's skin-tight gloves which he used in his battle with George Fulljames for the feather-weight title and later in the fight with McAuliffe for the lightweight title.

By THE SPORTS VETERAN

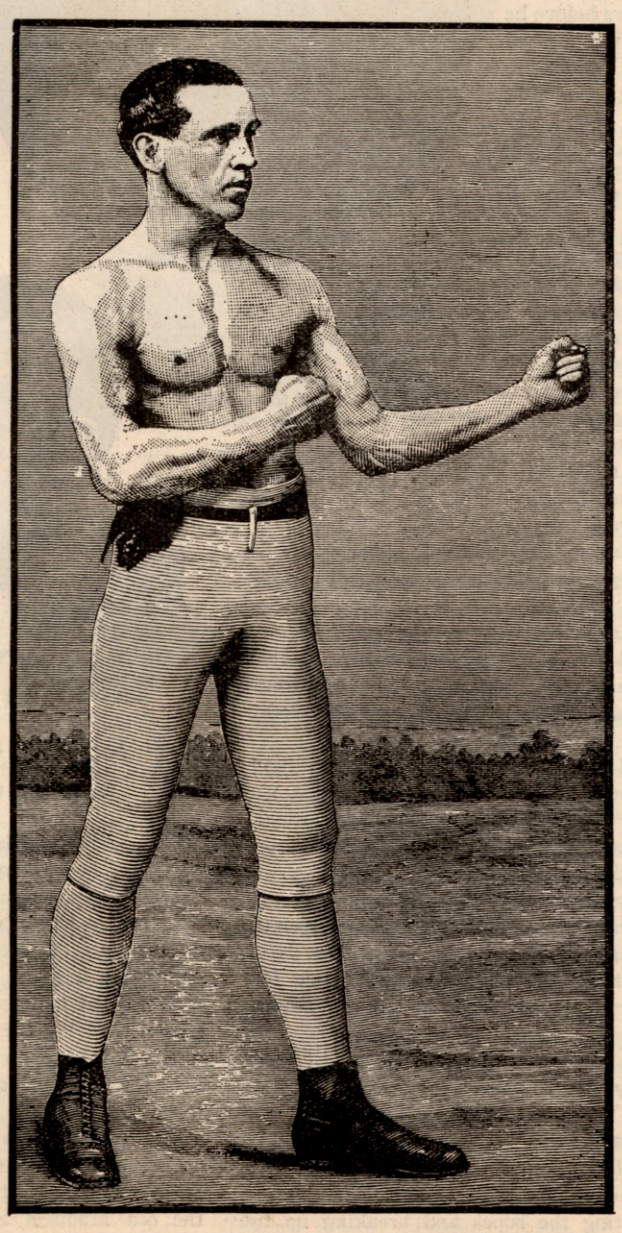
NOT only is the world's oldest champion of the ring keen and bright in his eightieth year, but he is a going concern as well. He can still give a lesson or two, walks at least eight miles every day of his life and has the excellent appetite of a trooper.

His name is Harry Gilmore and he lives in Santa Monica, the beautiful Coast city of the Pacific. He makes his home with his son Fred and the latter's wife, Fred being one of the Southern California's top-hole junior referees. Recently it proved an interesting card to have the grand old veteran of the ring make a brief appearance in the ring in the clubs where Fred was working.

During these introductions, the skin-tight gloves Harry wore when he whipped George Fulljames of Canada to win his first title of featherweight champion were exhibited and also the hideous looking old bits of leather that covered his knuckles when he fought Jack McAuliffe for the lightweight title in 1887 at Lawrence, Mass.

Modern fans are somewhat amazed at the sight of these tools of ancient ring warfare and are at a loss to understand why any gloves should be worn at all, they being no protection at all for the wearer's knuckles. It is explained that the custom started because of the many drastic laws in different states that covered "prize fighting with bare knuckles." Presence of the gloves, it was supposed, would be quite a point in favor of the defense if it came to court action.

It seldom worked that way, however. There were few arrests for "prize fighting," fewer prosecutions and but widely occasional punishment of any sort. It was a difficult matter for the sheriff to catch up with the fighting men and their adherents. Either they always had too big a start out into the bushes where the battle was to be or the official himself didn't bother his head much with affairs of that sort, generally being a red-blooded man of necessary fighting mold or he wouldn't seek or couldn't hold an office of that sort.



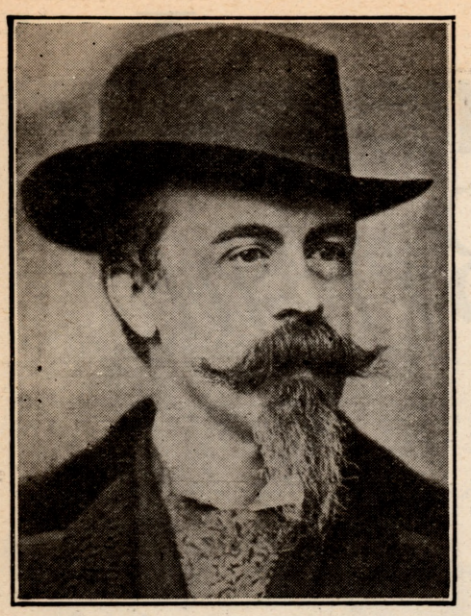
Harry Gilmore in his prime.

* * *

DOUBTLESS it was Gilmore's terrific battle with Jack McAuliffe that placed his name indelibly among the greats of the ring of any division. It was a losing battle, it's true, but it was among the most desperate of the several dangerously close conflicts that smiling Williamsburg man was forced to go through while holding his lightweight title along from 1885 to 1892. There are included, in addition to the Gilmore affair, battles with such sterling gladiators as Jem Carney, Billy Myer, Jimmy Carroll, Billy Frazier, Jimmy Mitchell, Austin Gibbons and several others.

It is strange but quite true that despite these tremendous McAuliffe activities, he was really active as a champion and contender a matter of only about nine years. The old-timers have been hearing of Jack for so many years that this statement seems almost incredible. And

(*Cont. on page* 47)



REFEREES *of*

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

Ed James, famous referee, editor and publisher of boxing and wrestling books, in Grandpa's day.

"IT was no joke to referee some of those old murderous, blood-and-thunder, bare-knuckle battles, as you know," said the venerable Ed James to me, recalling some of his dangerous exploits a few years before he went absolutely blind, and finally passed away on a small farm in Connecticut.

"Yes, I attended all the important fights for the Clipper for over forty years and must have refereed several hundred of them," continued poor, old Ed James, as he tried to remember some of the dangerous mills he presided over.

"I surely came near being killed on several occasions, with howling mobs shooting at me across the ring, while others pelted me with bottles, bricks, slingshots, brass knuckles and other devilish weapons. I must have been a very lucky fellow indeed to escape without any serious injury," said the old pugilistic scribe as we delved into ancient ring history.

George Siler, a Chicago sports writer who was recognized as one of the greatest of old-time referees.

Picking a referee for some of the old battering battles was frequently cause for a bitter and long-winded wrangle between the backers and principals. Many a well-matched fight was sidetracked and declared off simply because they couldn't agree upon a suitable referee.

When John L. Sullivan agreed to meet Big John Flood on a barge, almost opposite Yonkers, on the Hudson River, in 1881, there was quite a dispute as to who should referee for weeks before the mill, at the old Gilsey House on Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street.

Al Smith, the popular and honest stakeholder of many millions of wagers on sporting and political events all over America, was unanimously selected as the ring arbiter, principally because he had the confidence and respect of many of the most wealthy and high-class clubmen of this city.

Smith, however, didn't fancy the job and explained his reasons, as follows: "The backers of both men have insisted upon me refereeing this fight much against my will and judgment. Now, I want you all to know that I've bet $1,000 on the Strong Boy from Boston, and I think it's hardly fair for me to referee under the circumstances."

"If you don't referee there won't be any fight!" shouted George Law, Jim Keenan and many others. "We want you and nobody else," yelled Billy Madden, Dave Holland, Warren Lewis and various noted judges, political leaders and famous actors present.

"All right, gentlemen, I'll act as fair and as impartially as possible," boldly declared the old sportsman. "But I understand there's some talk about cutting the ropes and breaking up the fight if the young fellow from Boston is getting the best of it. So, I warn you all that if there's any dirty work or interference I shall immediately give the fight and my decision to young Sullivan."

The sensational story of the Sullivan-Flood combat has been so frequently told in THE RING, in detail, that it would be, to say the least, rather superfluous to repeat it here again. Big John Flood was so fearfully lambasted by the masterly "John L." in eight rounds, lasting sixteen minutes, that his backers threw a towel into the ring and Sullivan was declared not only the winner but the coming heavyweight champion by the enthusiastic high and low crowd of fans, who wildly cheered and congratulated the new fistic hero.

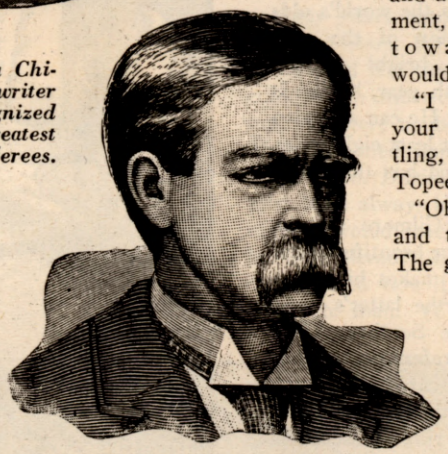
* * *

OLD Mark McGuire, better known as "Topee" McGuire, who for many years gathered up pugilistic gossip for the old *Sun*, stood very high with the great editor of that paper, Charles A. Dana, who made quite a crony of old Topee because of his erratic and exaggerated fight yarns which always amused him.

Topee would wait close to the door of the great editor's sanctum and at the psychological moment, slowly and softly glide toward Mr. Dana, who would greet him saying:

"I see by the glitter of your eyes you have a startling, tragic story to unfold, Topee. What is it all about?"

"Oh, Boss, it's too long and too fierce to tell you. The gang from the Bowery took me over to Jersey to referee a fight. The snow was three feet deep and we had to walk five miles to a deserted old barn. The boys got fighting drunk and started shooting, throwing bottles and haysticks at one another. They threatened to murder me, but I kept on refereeing until the sheriff and a posse landed down on us and chased us out of Jersey. It was a terrible night, Boss, far worse than I can tell you."



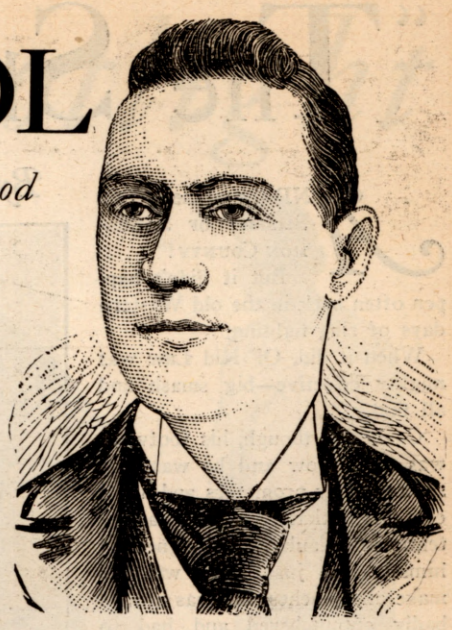
Wyatt Earp, the two-gun official who handled the Tom Sharkey-Bob Fitzsimmons mill in California.

"All right, Topee, write a couple columns for Sunday's paper and make it good and hot," the great editor would say as he laughed and laughed over the old pugilistic scout's dramatic description of the horrible fracas. But a two-column story was too much of a bugaboo for old Topee to handle and he generally let the yarn pass into oblivion like many of his other blood-thrilling tales.

Charles A. Dana was always a very enthusiastic fight fan. I can't recollect how often I have sat next to him and U. S. Senator Roscoe Conkling, at some of the very attractive big glove fights at the old Madison Square Garden during the eighties. He and Conkling were great admirers of John L., and rarely missed

the OLD SCHOOL

Most Stalwart Old-Timers Rendered Honest, Good Decisions in Spite of Furious Attacks by Desperate Ringside Mobs



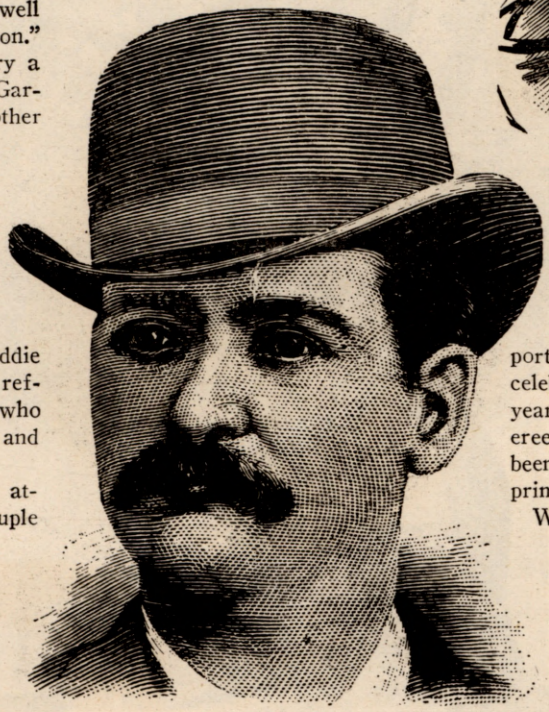
Prof. John Duffy, who officiated at the Olympic Club of New Orleans.

seeing one of his slashing bouts with Charley Mitchell, Prof. John Laflin, Herbert Slade, Alf Greenfield or some other noted opponent.

Quite a flock of the old sport writers drifted to refereeing fights as a side issue. There was John B. McCormack, who wrote about boxing so well and profusely under the name of "Macon." It was he who gave Dominick McCaffery a decision over Charley Mitchell at the old Garden. Besides that bout, he refereed many other contests in and about Cincinnati.

Sam Freeman, sports editor of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch,* was quite famous in his day for his honest efforts as a ring arbiter; so was Joe Elliot and Ned Brant, both of the old *New York Herald* sport staff; Bob Morris, of the *New York Telegram,* P. Jay Donahue of the old *Recorder;* Ed Plummer, Eddie Forbes still a very active sport scribe, and referee, of the *Brooklyn Eagle;* George Siler who refereed many big championship bouts and wrote about them also.

Bat Masterson who commanded great attention when he entered the ring with a couple of big guns in his belt, was not only an honest referee but a very fair and just sport scribe. They tell many thrilling stories about the many outlaws they claim Bat killed while sheriff of Dodge City. But poor old Bat is gone and there's no good reason why anyone should dig into his tragic and sensational past life. Let him rest in peace.



Bat Masterson, one of the famed scribes who refereed in "the good old days." He was a fearless, honest official.

George W. Atkinson, for years the able and popular editor of the *Sporting Life* of London, England, by one unfair and poor decision lost his prestige and reputation when he foolishly declared the 106-round battle between Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith a draw in France, on December 19, 1887. The "win, tie or wrangle" mob of Birmingham forced Smith to commit foul after foul and bulldozed Atkinson to such a degree that he didn't dare to oppose them. But the disgraceful robbery spoiled Atkinson's reputation among the upright British sportsmen. He gave up refereeing and sports writing, joined the church and became a reform preacher a few years before he died.

Frank Queen, the owner and editor of the popular old *Clipper,* was quite a favorite and able referee in his heyday. He was a great advocate of honest, high-class, fistic sport and probably the greatest authority both here and abroad on pugilistic history. It was Queen's active efforts that finally promoted the great international battle between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan, for the world's heavyweight championship at Farmborough, England, on April 17, 1860.

* * *

JOHN FITZPATRICK, who afterward became the very popular Mayor of New Orleans, gained considerable honor and publicity for the masterly manner in which he refereed the famous 75-round battle between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Mississippi, in 1889. This was the last bare-knuckle championship mill in America under the old London rules on the turf.

Fitzpatrick always declared it was the hardest task he ever tackled as he was obliged to stand in the broiling sun for almost two and a half hours with the thermometer registering 115 degrees in the shade.

Prof. John Duffy, who officiated so efficiently in many of the important championship bouts staged by the celebrated Olympic Club of New Orleans years ago, was not only a very fair referee but a very expert one also, having been a clever, classy boxer in his physical prime.

What a bamboozling, boomerang old Hiram Cook, in his swell full dress attire, pulled off when he declared the famous 61-round artistic bout between Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson, "no contest!" Hiram saved the old California A. C. some $5,000 by his unfair, tricky decision. The big boxers received only $2,500 each of the $10,000 purse offered by the club. What a death blow the "no decision" bunk was for the once high-class organization and its swell referee, who soon faded into oblivion and was lost in the shuffle.

What a fatal mistake Joe Vesey, a once popular English referee made, when he allowed the same old desperate Birmingham mob to beat up game Frank P. Slavin in his tough bare-fist struggle with Jem Smith at Bruges, Belgium, in 1889.

The cowardly mob hit Slavin with most everything, and finally broke up the ring. The Pelican Club expelled Squire Abington for the part he played in the foul affair, and declared Slavin the "heavyweight champion of England" and recovered the stake money for the game Australian.

Wyatt Earp, the gun-armed referee, didn't gain much popularity when he declared Bob Fitzsimmons lost on a foul in his eight-round bout with Tom Sharkey. That rather unfair decision certainly sidetracked Mr. Earp as a ring arbiter forever.

* * *

WHEN some able historian of Fistiana starts to write the ring records of our most noted referees, he'll find quite a host of them who have played many leading parts within the orthodox ropes. Here are a few I recall, off the reel, which were not mentioned previously.

Eugene Corri, of England; Ed Purdy, of Chicago; Tim Hust, who used to slug unruly fighters; Charley White; Bill Brown, present boxing Commissioner, who refereed hundreds of bouts; Johnny White; Malachy Hogan, of Chicago; Billy Roche, of this city and the Far West; Alec (*Continued on page* 47)

"The Sheriff, the Winner"

By THE CHICAGO REFEREE

"AND the winner—THE SHERIFF OF SANGAMON COUNTY!"

But it didn't happen often back in the old Western days of ring fighting.

When it did, Ol' Kid Law was mighty effective—big smash and all that.

Generally, though, his footwork was a bit slow and he was outscrambled by promoters and fighters. Often that footwork was intentionally faulty, so designed by himself. He just didn't want to make any pinches. He was always badly outnumbered and had to smile at that.

Besides, be it known, John Law liked a good scrap as well as the next red-blooded one.

Sometimes he took defeat gracefully and just smiled it off.

At other times he got real ugly. Then there was the very old dickens to pay.

Here's one that happened almost thirty-five years ago, a thriller from cover to cover and the likes of which the modern fight fan never will have the intense pleasure of going through, that is a real bush fight with all that such a term implies, with the sheriff in hot pursuit—and the final victory his.

Immediately after that terrible thing in 1900 between Terry McGovern and Joe Gans at the Tattersall's arena in Chicago, boxing all over the state of Illinois was halted, and hurt everywhere. Everybody was sore at the flagrant trickery that seemed to have been put over in that meeting. Folks were yelling "never again" with great lustiness and swore it would be a good thing, among other things, if the game were wiped out entirely.

You've heard the cry many times before, in fact, within the last two years or so. Too much fouling was rampant then.

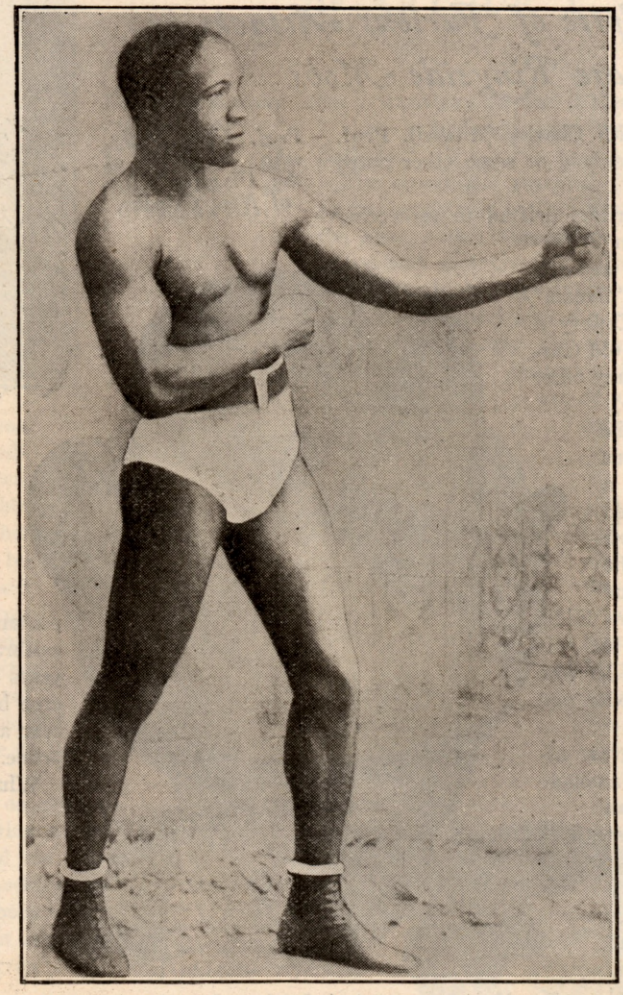
* * *

THAT was the situation when Young Peter Jackson, a colored boy, was brought into Chicago by the inimitable Biddy Bishop, along with an excellent record as a lightweight. He was matched with Eddie Croake, an Iowa welterweight of high promise, for an encounter of twenty rounds. It was decided that Belvedere, not so far from Chicago, was a suitable spot and with the local authorities in a complacent mood, the battle was laid before the fans in the usual promotional manner.

Did they fall for it? You bet—hook, line and sinker. Gans and McGovern might have been bad boys and violated the great confidence that had been placed in them, but these lads! Well, that was different. They'd put up a real scrap for you all right. So a lot of those "never again" fans outdid themselves in buying tickets and piling into the railroad cars.

In fact, there were so many of them that craved a peek at this battle that a total of seven trainloads finally pulled out of the Chicago station for Belvedere.

But alas, the governor's nose was still out of joint and he made a mad face. Like most chief executives, he gave no advance warning—just waited until the specials had left Chicago. Then he got the sheriff on the phone and reminded him of his oath of office and all the rest of it. That sheriff hadn't had his name in the metropolitan newspapers yet and this was his chance. His gesture in ordering the fight crowd out of Belvedere was full of flourishes but none the less to the point.



Young Peter Jackson

* * *

HASTY confabs and somebody suggested a new place in another county — Gilberts, just 22 miles away,—and this somebody also knew of a building in the place that would be big enough. That sounded good to the promoters, so the tip was circulated and back into the cars we piled and soon were on our way to the new destination.

Once more we piled out of the cars and immediately realized that bad luck was on our trail for fair. It had started to snow with great vigor and already the ground was covered ankle deep. But arrangements were quickly completed with the owner of an unused grain elevator and the work of pitching a ring was begun at once.

Then another obstacle. The big crowd, tired of standing around in the snow and cold, for the weather had changed and as the snow ceased a bitter wind came up, stormed the door of the huge building, swept aside all opposition and never gave the management a chance to collect a single ticket or to sell any to those who didn't possess them.

Two hours of wrangling and beseeching the throng to go out again and preserve order. George Siler, who was to be referee, got on an empty whiskey barrel and harangued the crowd. Finally on the threat there would be no fight, the crowd went out, tickets were taken up, the ring finished and the fight was started.

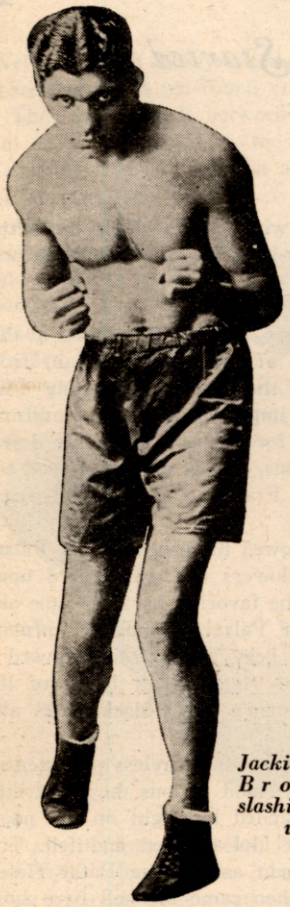
* * *

DESPITE the adverse conditions, the fighters put up a desperate battle of twelve rounds, Jackson finally knocking Croake out with a right swing to the chin after he himself had been down a couple of times. Two-ounce gloves were used—about the size of the bag-punching gloves in common use today. Mind you, there wasn't a bit of heat in that old building and you may imagine two battlers putting up that sort of a mill in almost zero temperature. It was almost impossible to use water on them between rounds.

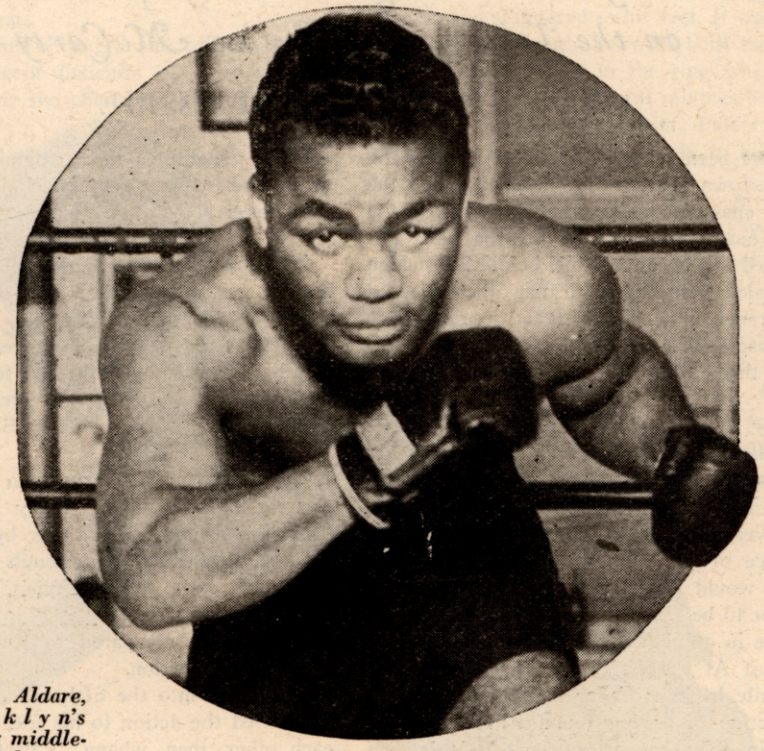
It was an astonishing fight for seven rounds, first one and then the other taking an upper hand. After that the Negro's great skill and power counted and swung the tide in his favor, the small gloves began to cut and bruise the Iowa man terribly. But no gamer man ever lived than the Iowa man, who fought on doggedly, always dangerous, with a heavy wallop in either mitt.

The end came in the twelfth after a hard knockdown, Croake arising groggily, only to be felled again and then the towel from his corner. Eddie was helpless then (*Continued on page* 43)

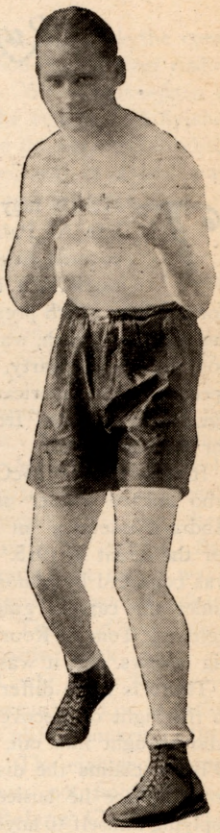
In Fistic Spotlight



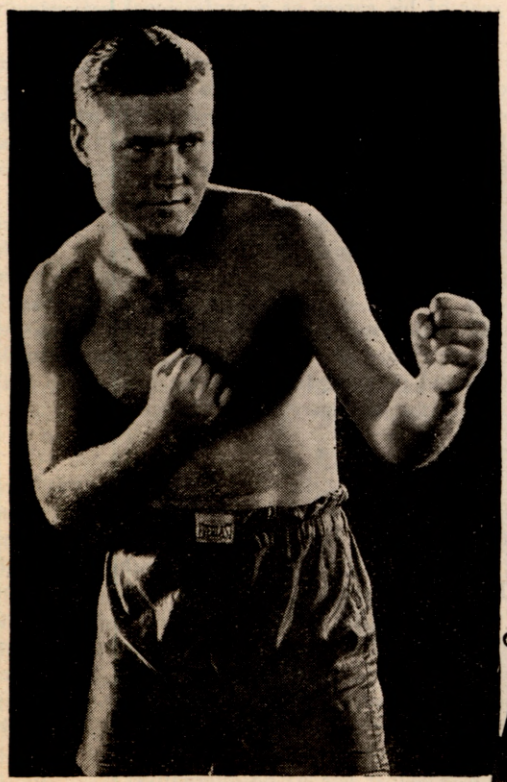
Jackie Aldare, Brooklyn's slashing middleweight.



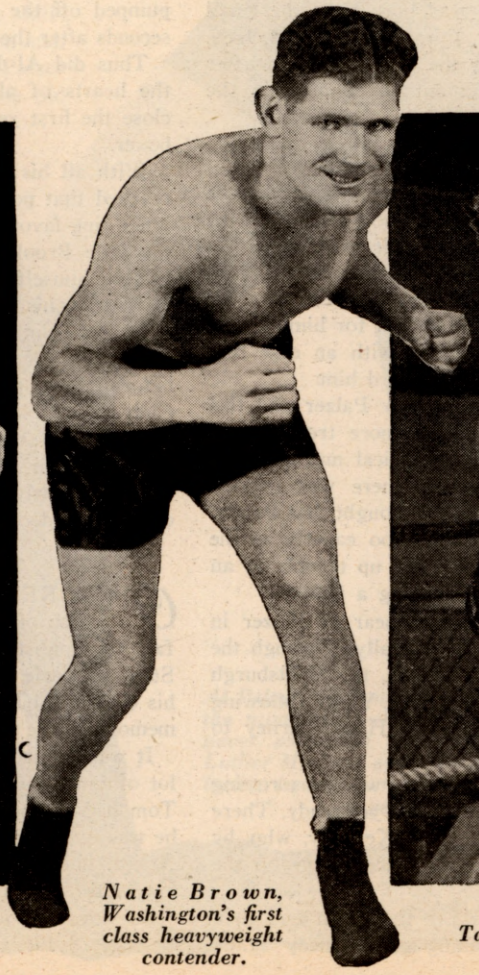
Oscar Rankins, Pacific Coast middleweight crack.



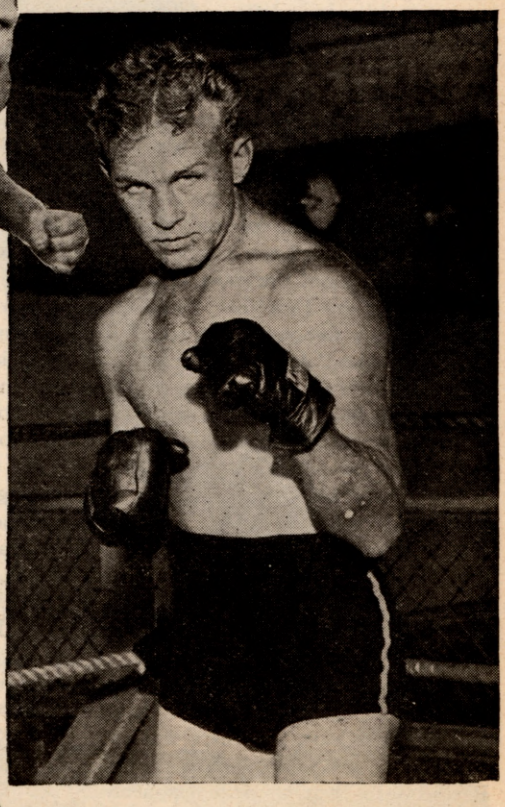
Eddie Cool, classy Philadelphia lightweight.



Yustin Sirutis, former New York University amateur star, now going good in the pro ranks.



Natie Brown, Washington's first class heavyweight contender.



Tait Littman, Milwaukee's crack light-heavyweight.

AL PALZER,

Rugged and Hard-Hitting "White Hope" Was Started on the Toboggan by Luther McCarty

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

THERE may have been several good reasons why the late Al Palzer, Iowa farmer boy, never attained the coveted title of champion heavyweight pugilist of the world, but the outstanding and by far the most important one, which presented itself a good while before his sudden and untimely death, was Palzer's meeting with that other splendid boy, Luther McCarty. Strange it is, indeed, that these two fine specimens of American manhood should both, at such an early age, have departed from this earth, just as each was striving for the same goal.

It was Luther McCarty, the popular Nebraska cowpuncher, who started Palzer on the toboggan slide which ended when Andre Anderson, an obscure light-heavyweight, dropped him for the count in 1915. Up to Palzer's meeting with McCarty, it was conceded by almost everyone that the big blond Iowan, then under the careful guidance of the veteran, capable handler of fighters, Tom O'Rourke, would soon become the king of the big fellows. But it was not to be.

There is some difference in opinion as to just who is entitled to the right of discovery of Al Palzer. O'Rourke was the man who brought him out, while back in Cedar Rapids, George F. O'Brien claims the distinction of having found Al in Decorah, Iowa, where he busied himself as a sort of jack-of-all-trades, applying himself to anything where physical strength was required.

That, however, is beside the issue. The official records show that Albert Palzer (his right name) was born near the small town of Ossian, in Winneshiek County, Iowa, on October 4, 1889. When he was only twelve years old, the boy left home after differences with his father and struck out for himself in the near-by towns.

* * *

WHILE there may be some who will recall, still there are many who do not know that Al Palzer came to New York in 1910 on a mere shoestring and with very little experience. His great strength and huge frame made him a conspicuous figure about the boxing clubs in the city, where he was a keen observer of the exhibitions in the ring. Then he went out for himself and won the amateur heavyweight championship with an ease that turned the eyes of the sporting fraternity toward him.

It was at this time that Tom O'Rourke saw Palzer and tied him up to a five-year contract. There was more trouble over this O'Rourke-Palzer contract than any theatrical magnate ever dreamed of. For almost the entire period there was friction between the boxer and his manager; and it is thought that Palzer, young and unsophisticated, lent his ears all too eagerly to the tongues of the busybodies who sought to stir up trouble in an effort to separate his mentor from so promising a fighter.

The contract held, however, and soon we hear of Palzer in the professional ranks. This was in 1911, officially. Through the year he met not a single defeat. Frank Moran, the "Pittsburgh Pounder," lost to him in ten rounds in New York, following which O'Rourke put him through the White Hope tourney to come out victorious.

For a time it looked bad for Jack Johnson, who was resting easily in the seat of honor. But Palzer was not yet ready. There was much to learn and there was time. Tom Kennedy, who, by the way, is still taking punishment in the comedy films on the Pacific Coast, was his next opponent.

Al floored Tom in the ninth round for the finish and then stopped Soldier Delaney in three. Taking on Kennedy again, the two fought ten fierce rounds, with Tom a shade the better at the end. At the same time Palzer showed a slight improvement as a boxer.

* * *

MEASURED by the opinions of the fight experts at that time, Palzer's knock-out of big Al Kauffman, from California, December 28, 1911, at the National Sporting Club in New York, was his first real important victory. Kauffman had been considered a logical foe for Johnson up to his defeat by Jim Flynn a few months previous, having already stayed ten rounds with the big black in San Francisco a couple of years before.

But the battle with Kauffman showed the progress that Palzer was making. He gained many followers and was placed upon the pedestal occupied in order by the favorites as they came and went. Five rounds was enough for Palzer to finish Kauffman. Both men were splendid types of heavyweights and showed a strong contrast as they met in the ring, Palzer being of the blond type as compared to Kauffman's curly black locks and swarthy complexion.

Palzer led into the fifth round as, with a tireless persistency, he carried the action to his foe. Fast and furious they flew into each other, then, whang! Palzer landed his right on the point of Kauffman's jaw and the Coast idol tottered and fell. The crowd was in a frenzy of excitement as Referee Patsy Haley pumped off the ten seconds, and then came the bell two short seconds after the knock-out. It was close work and thrilling.

Thus did Al Palzer, quiet, sober, blond Iowa farm boy, win the hearts of all the Caucasian boxing fans, and thus did he close the first year of his career as a professional heavyweight boxer.

With all his improvement as a boxer, however, Palzer never reached that point where his work could be compared with any other ring favorite unless it be "Terrible Terry" McGovern. Like the little Brooklyn battler, Al whaled his way to victory, often leaving himself open to dangerous attack on his face. In all of his battles, his opponents invariably battered his face.

So it was in his first contest in 1912. Sailor White, who gave Palzer almost thirty-five pounds, punched his face to a pulp before Al stopped him in the fifth round at the Royale Athletic Club in Brooklyn. Smaller in every way, the sea-going hack steamed into the titanic cruiser the entire distance up to the moment when Palzer rushed him to the ropes, battered his midriff to a howdy-do and then lifted the uppercut to the chin that opened the doors for the customers to wabble homeward.

* * *

O'ROURKE then made public the news that he had negotiated a match of international dimensions which would bring the famous English heavyweight, Bombardier Wells, to the United States to settle the question of the world's white heavy title with his charge, Al Palzer. The result of this match is still a pleasant memory in the craniums of the favored ones who were present.

It was around this time that the sports writers were having a lot of fun with the stories of Palzer's threat to quit O'Rourke. Tom had the papers, however, and the child was safe so far as he was concerned, no matter if he wandered to London or South Africa. The promoters assured Tom that Al would not be matched except through him and that left Al no alternative.

So it came to pass at Madison Square Garden, New York, on June 28, 1912, Al Palzer met and defeated Billy (Bombardier)

the IOWA FARMER

Wells, English heavyweight, in the third round of what was scheduled for a ten-round contest.

This was a battle between brute strength and science. It was not to be compared to the recent fisticuffs of Dempsey and Carpentier, for in this last affair the champion had both assets against the lone cleverness of the Frenchman. Palzer threw what little knowledge of boxing he possessed to the four winds and just plain crashed his way to the knock-out over Wells.

As in his former battles, Palzer was at once a mark for Wells's long, clever jabs and swings to the face. The first round was a sad one for Palzer. Wells skillfully dodged and sidestepped him, outboxed him, and, right in the middle of the three minutes, sent Palzer to the floor with a crash that almost shook the old Garden.

Al was down for eight and came up to rush blindly at his foe. Wells sidestepped and threw a baker's dozen of homemade sinkers at the head and body of the Iowa giant until the bell saved him from what was almost inevitable sleep.

It was the same in the second. Palzer came out in a crouch and extended all his efforts toward poking his big glove through the body of the Englishman, while Wells hammered and flayed the American's head and face. Palzer was a fearful sight and was fighting the battle of a desperate man. Again Wells almost dropped him, but he stayed through to the bell.

The third and final round showed the dopesters that figures don't mean a thing. Everybody present figured Wells to stick Palzer through the ropes for the feather bed. A right smash to the jaw with Palzer's full weight behind it opened the third round. Wells was almost frozen in his tracks.

It numbed his feet—that smash. He tried feebly to come back. Palzer worked both right and left into Wells's middle. Wells rocked and Palzer drove his right with a crushing force into Wells's body.

The Briton dropped with a thud, gasping. He took the count of nine and staggered to his feet. It was soon over. Palzer rushed him and bored right in with both hands. Wells sank—*finis*. A juicy sponge arrived in the ring when the referee had finished counting, and it was several minutes before the defeated Englishman regained his equilibrium. Palzer, too, was in a bad way, and lumberingly picked his way to his dressing-room.

* * *

THE subsequent battles of Al Palzer were none of them glorious victories such as those up to and including that memorable bout with Wells. Tony Ross outpointed him in six rounds in his next match, and this was his last in 1912.

Then came his game battle against the cowboy from Nebraska — Luther McCarty. Al was knocked cold on his feet in the eighteenth round, and from there until his demise, Palzer's fistic career was a series of woeful defeats.

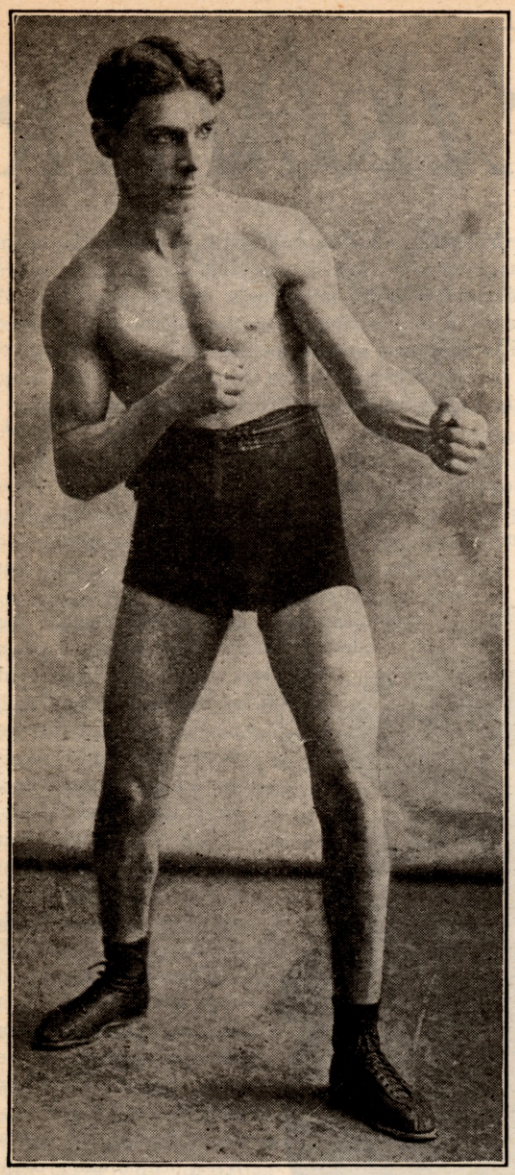
The McCarty-Palzer battle took place in Uncle Tom McCarey's arena at Los Angeles, Calif., January 1, 1913.

The eighteenth round was not finished when Referee Charley Eyton stepped between the men, raised McCarty's arm in the air and signaled the bruised, hopelessly beaten, and groggy Palzer to his corner. That was the finish, and those who thought the husky young farmer from the Hawkeye State had a look in were very much disappointed, even though he had reach and height in his favor.

By winning, McCarty got a belt emblematic of the heavyweight champion among the whites, besides proving that he was a much cleverer

(Continued on page 43)

Al Palzer, the Iowa Farmer, one of the numerous "white hopes," who never amounted to much after Luther McCarty gave him a terrific lacing in eighteen rounds in Los Angeles.



Frank Erne in his prime.

Weight Big Factor in Erne's Defeats

Former Lightweight King Tells Why Gans and McGovern Were Able to Land the Lethal Punch on His Chin

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

IN 1902, when Joe Gans knocked out Frank Erne in forty-five seconds and gathered in the lightweight championship of the world, the Old Master scaled 136 pounds, not 133, the stipulated poundage back in the early 'nineties. Erne didn't object for the good reason that he had beaten Gans in their first set-to and thought he could repeat, regardless of the weight.

The dapper Erne, who has only some gray locks around his temples to show his fifty-eight years of existence, was in a reminiscent mood recently after he signed his protégé, Paul Shurr, an obscure young lightweight, to box Leonard Del Genio in a preliminary bout on the Tony Canzoneri-Cleto Locatelli card in Madison Square Garden.

Erne held both the feather and lightweight titles. He antedated Leonard, Mandell, Singer, Canzoneri, Chocolate, Dundee, Kilbane and Battalino twenty-five years and more. He whipped the great Kid Lavigne, July 3, 1899, in twenty rounds, for the lightweight crown. In 1896, at 122 pounds, he claimed the feather laurels after gaining the "duke" over the never-to-be-forgotten George Dixon.

Erne, Swiss by birth, who helped to make fistic history in New York when one had to fight from the drop of the hat or else be chased out of the ring, visited the Garden with his young fighter, and thrilled the young managers and scrappers gathered in the Garden press room with his side of the Gans episode, and gave a fresh slant on the nerve he had displayed in making the Terry McGovern match.

In those days the paramount issue was making weight. Erne accepted McGovern's bluff that the poundage be 128 pounds ringside, and, before articles were signed, Erne, then the reigning monarch of the lightweight division, not only agreed to shave off five pounds or more from his natural weight, but made the additional and then sensational proviso that he was to flatten "Terrible" Terry inside of ten rounds or be declared the loser.

NOT to alibi his three-round kayo at the hands of Terry, Erne was only a ghost of his fighting self when he faced the "contender" in the old Madison Square Garden ring in 1900. So cocky was Erne that he would "K. O." McGovern, the up-and-coming, devastating young gladiator, that he commissioned his manager, Bob Smith, now a successful race horse trainer, to take ten to one for $2,000 that Frank would bury Terry's nose in the resin dust in two heats.

On the night of the contest, both tipped the beam at 126.

Right off the reel, Erne crossed a right to Terry's chin that floored McGovern as if he had been shot. Erne put everything he had in that wallop, but Terry shook it off and came charging in for more. Another terrific round and then the weight began to tell on Erne and he was easy prey for McGovern's lethal punches in the third.

"The knock-out didn't discourage me," recalled Erne in telling the story, "but making the weight impaired my health—so much so, that I wasn't myself again for a whole year." Then Erne rehashed the Gans incident.

"In the return match with Joe," said Erne, "the weight was scheduled to be 133 ringside. Gans couldn't make it and, to all appearances the fight was off. We argued and finally I allowed him to come in at 136.

"If I had insisted on 133, he'd been just like me against McGovern. After he knocked me out, Gans was declared the new champ. I could have objected and all that, but I let it go. You'll remember Gans was driven into the 'con' making 133 for Nelson."

* * *

IN his opinion the six greatest fighters were Gans, McGovern, Dixon, Dal Hawkins, Jim Corbett, and Fitz.

"The daddy of 'em all was Fitz," Erne said. "He was a boxing general and hitter considering his low weight. Corbett was an artist. Gans could call the round he'd knock anybody out in. Hawkins' elbows annoyed everybody. Dixon was in a class by himself. Kid Chocolate couldn't hold a candle to him. McGovern—please do not mention his name."

"How about Joe Walcott?"

"Great fighter," conceded Erne. "His specialty was knocking out heavies; the taller and bigger they came, the easier they were for him."

"Could he lick Carnera?"

"Positively yes," Erne answered. "It would be a treat for the eye to see Carnera come down in sections after sampling some of Joe's body blows."

Erne often attends the Garden bouts.

Erne decries the fact that feinting is a lost art with the passing of the old-timers.

"The lads today don't know what it is all about," declared Frank. "Don't think I'm a professional old-timer, but the boys years ago had it all over the scrappers of today. In my day the lightweights were men, big strapping *(Continued on page 43)*

News of the Mat World

(*Continued from page* 27)

Southern entrants in the middleweight challengers' division, has a horde of backers in Louisiana, where he is the recognized middleweight champion, who are willing to wager that he is the best man in his section. On the other hand, many critics who have seen Rough House in action, declare that if such backing is to prove that Hagen is the national rough champion, they can cash in hands down.

* * *

IN Johannesburg, B. Wowdle, the South African promoter, writes: "There is a wonderful chance here for high-class wrestlers, matmen who will take the game seriously in combat with our best talent. I have secured several good locations to stage wrestling this winter, and would like to hear from some of your leaders. If such men as Jack Sherry, Rudy and Ernie Dusek, Tom Alley, Judson and several others of their calibre will consent to come to South Africa, I will guarantee them plenty of work and they will be amply repaid for their services!

"Our houses have an average of $4000. The poorest gate possible is $2250, leaving $1750 for percentage rating. Our best houses gross $7500. I have plenty of capital and look forward to a big season.

"I would like to have the following men communicate with me as soon as possible: Waino Ketonen, Buck Weaver, Red Simms, Jack Kennedy, McGuirk, Joe Banaska and Hugh Nichols. I will offer second-class return trip, New York-Cape Town; Second-class return trip, Victoria Falls; second-class return trip, National Game Reserve Park. I will guarantee six matches, $100 guarantee per match with the privilege of twenty percent net takings for each match, the net takings representing the total gate taken after an allowance of not more than $500 is deducted for full expenses.

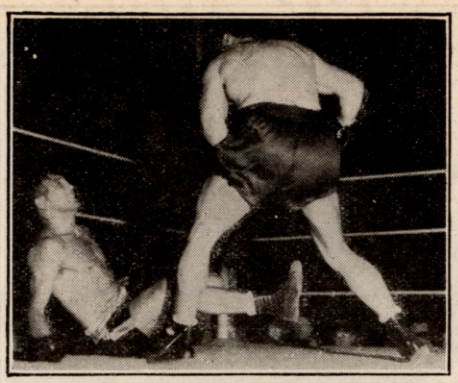
* * *

HERE'S another letter from Johannesburg. It was sent by Gus Kallio, nationally famed middleweight wrestler, known as the "Untamed Finn." Ordinarily such letters are used in "Letters from our Readers," but in view of the interesting wrestling news contained, we have chosen to give it to you in the "Mat News."

"I recently read an article in THE RING about Bob Meyers in which it was stated that he had been chasing me all over the country in an effort to catch me and force a meeting for the middleweight title. The article also stated that he had beaten me at Tilmack, Oregon, 1929, in a catch weight match.

"Well, yes, Meyers did beat me in that match but you failed to mention in your article that we had three title matches in which he was beaten on each occasion by me.

"The last championship match in which we engaged was on June 5, 1930, at San Antonio, Texas and I won in straight falls. I enclose several clippings which will further enlighten your army of readers on this matter.



Young Corbett III down in fight with Mickey Walker. Despite the knockdown, Corbett outclassed Mickey in the Coast battle.

"Meyers is at present in South Africa and I have offered to give him a chance to meet me for the middleweight championship, which I still hold, but he seems rather reluctant to do so. He had a match with Ben Sherman at catch weights in Johannesburg, Meyers weighing in at 174 and his opponent at 160 pounds, and the bout lasted six rounds, neither man gaining a fall. Here in South Africa wrestling is conducted on the round system.

"Since their last meeting, Sherman has been challenging Meyers to another bout, winner-take-all basis, but Meyers refuses to tackle him again. Meyers has a poor standing as an outstanding wrestler because I have beaten him three times and he has steadfastly refused to meet other good men, yet he goes about claiming the title which I own. I shall be pleased to have you publish this letter in your 'Mat News' and will close by asking you to see if you can arrange a match for me with Meyers to settle, once and for all time the matter of supremacy."

"Tex Austin," who wrote wrestling under that name and under his own name of Austin Gramlich in "The Ring," has been discharged from our organization. Correspondents will kindly forward stories, photographs and news items to Nat Fleischer, instead of to "Tex Austin." Don't be bashful. These wrestling pages are yours. If you want to see something in print, don't hesitate to send it along. No photos will be used unless a sketch of the wrestler accompanies the picture and all must be given gratis. Photos must be clear and of fair size for reprint.

* * *

AUSTRALIANS have seen many Americans in action during the past year and included in the number of performers have been welters, middleweights, light-heavies and heavyweights, with the majority of the visitors performing as "champions." If every American matman in the Antipodes held the title he affixes to his name when he arrives Down Under, there would be ten times the number of titleholders now listed in the various divisions.

It seems rather strange that a wrestler won't try to sell himself in a foreign land on his merits rather than take a crown which does not belong to him, but for this, I believe the promoters are more to blame than are the grapplers. There are many good matmen in Australia and New Zealand who can show up these fakirs, and they have done so to the Queen's taste on many occasions.

C. C. McCray of the Tulsa Athletic Commission of Tulsa, Okla., takes exception to the claims of Clarence Eklund as they appeared in the last issue of this publication. He writes that Eklund was defeated in straight falls in Tulsa on April 30 of this year by Frank "Bad Man" Wolf in an elimination tournament to get the challenger for a match with Le Roy McGuirk. Wolff got that match and on May 14 they clashed for the light-heavyweight title as recognized by the National Wrestling Association. Col. Landry, president of the organization, was present and awarded the crown to McGuirk.

* * *

Much expected during the coming indoor season from Sam Cordavano, the Columbia University football coach who has developed into a wrestler of the first class. Sam has a huge following among the New York college students.

* * *

Promoter Fiske of Ft. Wayne, Ind., is preparing to stage a big welterweight wrestling championship Rodeo. A batch of welterweights, the best in the country, are signed for the three months' affair. The winner will be named welterweight champion of Indiana, and will be awarded a belt. Johnny Stote is entered and will give the rating boys a chance to look over his ability in a tourney, the first he has yet entered. Fiske, a year or more ago, staged a junior light-heavyweight championship tourney which Charlie Carr of Shreveport, La., won.

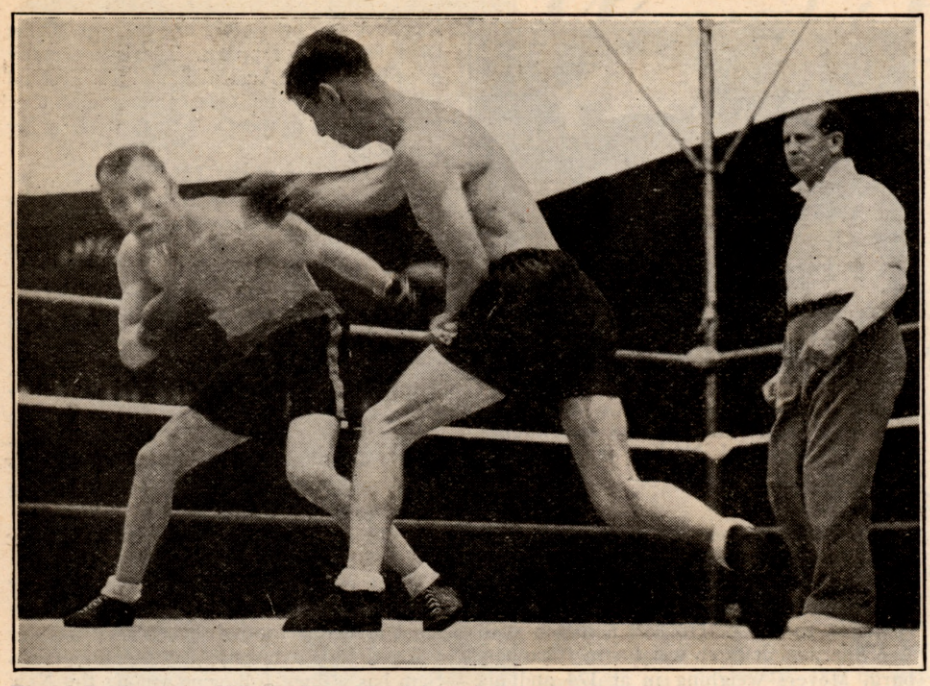
Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page* 10)

boxing commissions in an effort to have a national rating for the pairing of boxers for all fights.

THE RING began such a pairing in Eddie Borden's column eight years ago and so accurate has the ranking of boxers been that matchmakers throughout the world have been using Borden's ratings. The appearance of a name in THE RING'S First Ten each month, is worth considerable to the fighter and his mentor. In fact, many managers have offered big sums as a bribe to get their boy in Borden's select circle, but without avail. If at any time a name appears which other fistic followers think does not belong, it is placed in the listing only because THE RING'S monthly record has gained for such a fighter his position, in the opinion of Borden, a keen student of boxing.

It was Borden and I who made up the list which is being used by the New York Boxing Commission for its guide in accepting matchmaker's matches and which will be used soon throughout the country. And to Bill Brown goes the credit of having thought up the idea to follow THE RING'S Monthly Ratings plan in the making of suitable, well-matched bouts.



The fight between Nel Tarlton, (right) and Seaman Watson in which Nel won the British featherweight championship.

Getting Acquainted

(*Continued from page* 30)

The new era in wrestling, which has brought stars of the game from all over the country into New York, was the medium through which the Irish phenom was discovered. Eddie Malone, a strapping, picturesque youngster, scaling about 185 pounds, was one of the men recommended to little Jack Pfeffer, as one of the real stars among the lighter clan, who have been making mat history around the Metropolitan area during the past year.

Malone, with his famous brogue, has wormed his way into the hearts of his countrymen who are rooting hard for his success.

From what Eddie has shown around New York clubs—since he came here only a few short weeks ago—he promises to be one of the sensations among the new class of wrestlers—the light-heavyweights.

Whoever tutored Malone, did the job well, for the young man knows all the most difficult holds and is a fine defensive wrestler.

* * *

SOME years ago, there lived out in California a Greek lad with a flair for the wrestling game who carried the unpronounceable name of Apostolos Vaselopoulous. He boiled this down to Paul Poulos and as Poulos, he became famed as a light-heavyweight wrestler. He joined the Olympic Club, won the light-heavyweight title of the Pacific Coast and then bowled over some of the best professionals in the country. Although he never topped the 175-pound mark, he became a permanent fixture at the training camps of Strangler Lewis and Jim Londos and those wrestlers will confirm the statement that pound for pound, there wasn't a better man at his weight than Poulos.

For the last twelve years, Poulos has devoted most of his time to his confectionery business in Ukiah, California, but he has kept in constant touch with his first love. About three years ago he discovered a young giant up in the hills of Mendocino County who is going to create great gobs of consternation in the ranks of the "beeg strong fellers" very soon.

He is John Webber, the "Swiss Assassin," 23 years of age, six feet four inches tall, and 220 pounds of dynamite. After a year's training under Poulos, this lad barnstormed through California, Nevada, and Utah, engaging in thirty-four matches with the loss of but one. Poulos then withdrew him from circulation for a year and has polished off the blond Giant's rough points until he now has all the appearance of a seasoned grappler.

During the polishing process, Poulos one day accidentally clamped on a hold that is going to elicit some genuine grunts and groans from the most elite of the cauliflower fraternity before long. The "Iron Clamp" has absolutely never before been exhibited in a wrestling ring, is the most torturous hold since Frank Gotch sprung his famous toe-hold on his outraged brethren, and there is a $500 standing offer to any man who can break it once it is properly applied by the Swiss Assassin.

He and Poulos have worked it out secretly from every angle until the youngster can clamp it on at the slightest provocation from a standing, sitting, kneeling, or prone position. And when the "Iron Clamp" starts pinching, Poulos claims there is no man in the game who can crawl to the ropes, break the hold, or put on a counter.

* * *

THE wrestling game is the sport of many nations. Like boxing, it covers practically every country in the world. Russia has sent its stars here as have Italy, France, Germany, Turkey, India and Spain, but few matmen of any consequence have come from Sweden or are of Scandinavian parentage. In Axel Madsen, Jack Pfeffer has a wrestler, in the opinion of sports critics, who will cut quite a figure in the grunting sport during the indoor season.

Madsen was born of Scandinavian parents in this country. He is twenty-three years old and is remarkably strong. Unlike most of the matmen who depend for their livelihood wholly on wrestling, Axel is a physical training director and engages in the grappling art because of the pleasure he derives from it more so than for the money he is paid. He aims for the championship and in an effort to realize his ambition, he wrestles almost each night at the clubs under the Pfeffer jurisdiction and has been tossing his men with regularity.

He teaches physical training at the McAlphin Hotel where he has a classy clientele. It was at the gymnasium where he was dubbed the "perfect man" by one of his patrons and the "perfect man" it has been ever since. Like Bonomo and Szabo, who when they started their career were called the "Mat Adonis," Axel also has had that title affixed to his name. He is a fine looking fellow and from the point of physical development, they come no better than Madsen.

* * *

SAMMY KLEIN is a young wrestler from Ohio who is cutting quite a figure in the matches with the smaller men out in the Middle West. Klein knows the intricacies of the mat sport and only recently was crowned the Tri-State welterweight titleholder of Ohio. He hails from Cincinnati and has a good following.

* * *

Dick Costello is known as the Boston Bad Man. He is one of the roughest grapplers in the middleweight division. Dick can slug like a real fighter and often engages in fisticuffs in his wrestling bouts. He is a La Savate artist, the kicking style which the Frenchmen enjoy. His rough tactics have made him one of the most feared wrestlers in New England.

* * *

Ben Bolt, a Sioux Indian who hails from the Dakotas, like others of his race, is a rough and tumble wrestler who has been campaigning all over the country in the middleweight division. Holt has not yet reached the stage where he can be classed with the top notchers, but he is a good, pleasing performer, one who gives the fans a thrill.

* * *

Jackie Nichols, who hails from Tampa, Florida, is a former welterweight grappler who has outgrown the class and now competes in the Southeast as a middleweight. He is a strong, rugged fellow and has won quite a number of matches through the southern and southwestern territory. Nichols hopes soon to make his debut in New York.

* * *

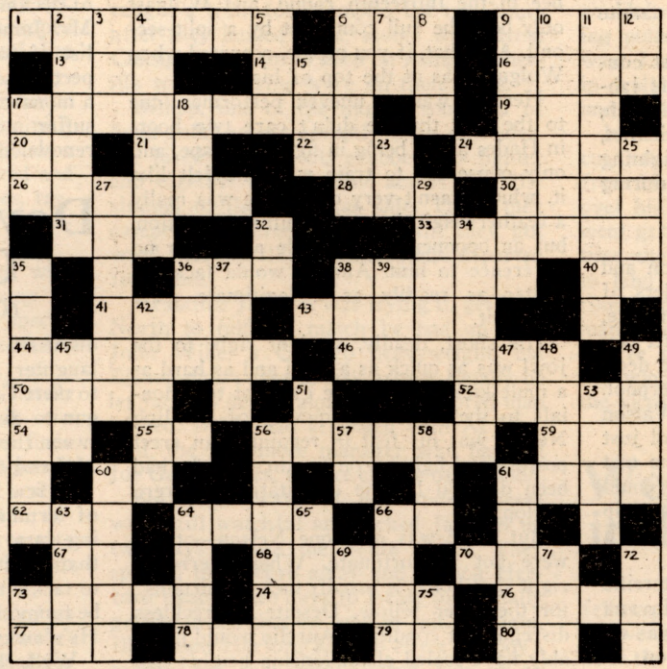
Danny MacDonald claims the Canadian middleweight championship. He is a former Olympic wrestler who went to the finals in 1932, and Canadians consider him one of the leading contenders for the crown held by Gus Kallio. He scored an over-weight victory with Gus Kallio and also holds a one fall victory over Waino Ketonen. Waino got his eye badly cut in the match and was unable to come back for the remaining falls.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

HORIZONTAL

1. The "German Oak".
6. Used to propel a boat.
9. Bare-knuckle fighter who was regarded as world's champion in 1870.
13. A fowl.
14. Great Filipino flyweight.
16. Repeated sound.
17. Place where the Gans-Nelson battle took place.
19. Fresh water fish.
20. Morning.
21. Indiana Officers (Abbr.).
22. Guided.
24. The "Kansas Rube".
26. Jungle caravan.
28. Girl's name. 30. Formerly.
31. Chief source of light.
33. A bite.
36. Part of the foot.
38. Old-time New York lightweight.
40. Rural Lords (Abbr.).
41. Trample.
43. Spanish for John (Pl.).
44. Vocalist.
46. It furnishes power.
50. Gentle.
52. The "Wild Bull of the Pampas".
54. According to.
55. Man's nickname.
56. Fighter who was known as "Kayo".
59. A sister.
60. Western laws (Abbr.).
61. Transparent glass.
62. Owed. 64. Flat piece.
66. Pronoun.
67. Northern Lakes (Abbr.).
68. The "Whitechapel Whirlwind".
70. Number of rounds it took Singer to knock out Mandell in their title scrap.
73. The "Cleveland Baker Boy".
74. Wrestler who was known as the "Wisconsin Giant Killer".
76. Present-day high ranking light-heavy boxer. 77. Timber tree.
78. Playthings. 79. Pronoun.
80. Ward of Knight's (Abbr.).



Answers on Page 43

VERTICAL

2. Old-time middleweight who once went 32 rounds with Ketchel.
3. A fish.
4. An aboriginal native of America.
5. Evening. 6. Having aged.
7. Man's nickname.
8. To strike.
9. Atmospheric phenomena.
10. Fruits of the oak.
11. Wrestling grip.
12. Errors Omitted (Abbr.).
15. Sick.
17. Used for lighting.
18. Preposition.
23. Department of English (Abbr.).
25. Exchange for money.
27. Fighter who was known as the "Plasterer".
29. Preposition. 32. Pronoun.
34. Change into bone.
35. The "Master Mind" of boxing.
36. Number of rounds it took Morgan to win over Ballerino in 1925.
37. Poems. 38. Tip.
39. Present-day welterweight.
42. Fighter known as the "Boer".
45. Tear.
47. Symbol for nickel.
48. Fighter who took the lightweight crown from Kid Lavigne in 1899.
49. Old-time French wrestler.
51. Exclamation.
53. Small boat.
56. Welterweight champ in 1911
57. Wolgast's nickname. 58. Mistake (Pl.).
60. He dethroned Ritchie of the lightweight crown.
61. Old-time Russian wrestler.
63. Girl's name. 64. Oblong hole.
65. Insects. 66. Unattractive.
69. Egyptian sun god.
71. Large deer. 72. Finish.
73. Royal Artillery (Abbr.).
75. The (French).

Out of the Same Incubator

(Continued from page 3)

factor that the movie folks who pack that arena weekly are quick to appreciate.

Napoleon once said, and very truly, that imagination rules the world. The Laskys had it in this period of their lowly entry into California's boxing center. They visioned a quick flight into a top position and, never wavering, plowed right ahead. In quick succession, the boy licked Tony Souza, Tom Patrick, Andy Mitchell, Lenhart, Jack Van Noys, Billy Donohue and Johnny Freeman, then was fully established as a top-liner.

Into the big Olympic he bounced with Benny Miller, Lee Ramage and finally, after a distressing series of unusual incidents, got a crack at King Levinsky, polishing the mighty Chicagoan off in handy fashion. And here he is.

The story of Steve Hamas and his California experiences are almost as interesting, although it is not related that Steve and his brother, who like the Laskys were constant companions, ever suffered actually the pangs of having wrinkles in the midsection. Perhaps the college bred Steve was too game a man and too proud perhaps, along with it, to whimper.

At any rate, the delightful Charley Harvey had sent Steve out here to Haydon Wadhams, then matchmaker of the Olympic, to see what he amounted to. It is my belief that at the time Harvey wasn't particularly enthusiastic about the big Penn State boy—just sort of had a friendly interest in him or, more likely, the fatherly feeling of a great humanitarian that Harvey always proved himself to be.

So the also kindly Wadhams, keenly alive to the Harvey requests, took charge of Steve and his business affairs and got him a few matches. He quickly proved that he could hit like a mule a-kickin'. He bowled over Wallie Frazer in two; Joe Barlow, who went out to the Coast with Lew Brix and the Uzcudun party, in six heats; Al Morro, Jim Jeffries' hope at the time, in two; and the then fading Armond Emanuel, in two rounds.

This was along in 1930 and '31 and, by that time, there was a horde of hungry managers camping on the Hamas trail trying to sign him to a contract. Wadhams successfully shooed them all away and advised Harvey to nail the young prospect to a long-term agreement. "Waddy" was busy and didn't want to see Harvey euchred out of a future great. This done, Wadhams felt relieved.

And that is why Harvey never wanted to do business on the Pacific Coast unless his pal "Waddy" had a financial interest. Harvey is that way.

Later, along in 1932 and last year, came three fights with Lee Ramage, one a loss, one a win and the other an even split. Mind you, these battles and the crashing victory over Benny Miller in four rounds were all fought in the same rings that saw the Lasky fateful rise to fame and fortune, the same buildings, perhaps the same spectators, the same atmosphere in every way.

And here we have them today, almost out of the identical nursery, as the leading and sharp-cut contenders for a crack at the exotic Max Baer and his title next June.

In style, they are as far apart as the two poles, as far apart as that, too, in the matter of blood lines, breeding and all else—an ideal match and one that folks can and will talk about.

Lasky, be it known, never did decline a California offer to box Hamas. He wanted the match in Los Angeles where he thought it would draw better than in any other spot in this broad land, and that is no criticism of New York or any place else. But the promoters could not get Hamas—or didn't—so, after waiting what he thought was a reasonable time, Lasky signed with Jimmy Johnstone of the Garden and here we are.

Lasky accepted an offer of $10,000 flat and training expenses from a Pasadena promoter, explaining to him that he was meantime abiding by an agreement he had with the Los Angeles Olympic to fight there, if they could come to terms with Hamas. That failed. No substitute being offered or available the present match was the only one worth while in sight for him and he took it.

Little Fighting Roosters

(Continued from page 17)

Depression came on the scene. He is a two-handed, slam-bang scrapper, with dynamite in both mitts.

Joey Costa boasts one of the most educated lefts in the business. His swift jabbing tactics are a constant delight to watch, and Lew Feldman, an all-around scientist, hard hitter and cool under fire, is fighting better today than at any other time during his extremely creditable career.

* * *

UP to July 26th Seaman Watson and Freddy Miller ranked as leaders of the featherweight class. But on that date, Watson risked his British title against Nel Tarleton and lost his crown and the decision in a fifteen-round battle at Liverpool. Two years ago in the same town, Watson won the title from the man who had just whipped him. In the interval, Watson met and defeated the best men England could send against him, besides making the trip to America, during which he dropped a verdict to Chocolate.

As already stated, however, his terrific body punches nearly did for the Havana flash, and the result of that affair was no great blemish on Watson's reputation. In fact, his countrymen were convinced that in Watson they possessed a fighter who would restore England's prestige as the breeder of "great little" men to the splendor of the days that produced Owen Moran, Jem Driscoll, and others of that ilk.

Not that Watson possessed a tithe of the glove wizardy that distinguished either of the above-mentioned battlers. On the contrary, he came closer to the stolid, bulldog type of "milling cove" than any of his contemporaries, at home or abroad. But he was distinctly dangerous, and his defeat by Tarleton was a complete dope upset to the British sport scribes, who unanimously predicted victory for the ex-seaman.

The English accounts of the Tarleton-Watson encounter make it plain that the former, a tall, rangy boxer, not only stalled off Watson's ferocious body attacks with an unerring straight left, but outboxed, outpunched and decisively beat the ex-seaman at every phase of the contest. Tarleton is well known in this country, where he campaigned three years ago under the direction of Sol Gold, who also handled Jackie (Kid) Berg. Tarleton's flashy style, a reminder of the Driscoll mode of boxing, gained for the Englishman many admirers here. In his contests around New York, he proved that he ranked with the best of present-day featherweights, both as a sharpshooter and a hitter. By far his greatest American performance, one that earned him considerable applause, was his battle with Jimmy Slavin, in which he was repeatedly fouled. The bout ended in a draw. And now, with Nel's victory over the tough, rugged Watson, in such masterly fashion, the featherweight rank has one more worthy battler who must be whipped by the leading American featherweight before world's supremacy in this division is settled.

Across the Mexican border, Baby Arizmendi's name is one to conjure with. His Mexican brethren hope to see the Babe even more famous in the future than Jose Rivers and Aurelio Herrera were in the olden time. It is a matter of ring record that Rivers came within an ace of beating Ad Wolgast for the world's lightweight title at Vernon, California, in 1912, when both were floored during a terrific slugging bee in the thirteenth round, and Wolgast only beat the full count-out by a split-second. And that, if you please, occurred when Wolgast was at the top of his form!

Herrera was an uneven performer, due to the fact that he didn't care two hoots in Hades about being in fighting shape, and only consented to train when he felt like it, which wasn't very often. He was really a featherweight in proper milling condition, but an opponent's size made absolutely no difference to him. Aurelio would tackle a welter as readily as a legitimate class opponent.

His short, deadly, straight right to the jowl was as quick as a flash and as hard as a mule-kick. One of the greatest testimonials to the endurance quality of Battling Nelson was his feat in regaining an erect posture and fighting on to win, after he had been downed by the devastating Herrera wallop.

But there was only one Nelson—others were not so fortunate. When Herrera's right shot home, it usually meant "curtains" for the other fellow. Despite his reckless disregard of condition, Aurelio would probably have scaled championship heights had he not lived in a fistic age peculiarly replete with high-class talent. As it was, he scored clean knockouts over such cracks as Young Corbett, Benny Yanger, Kid Broad, Eddie Santry, and a host of minor lights.

* * *

ONE of his favorite stunts was meeting two men on the one night, with only a fifteen-minute rest between bouts. Back in 1904 the writer saw Herrera turn this trick in Chicago, with Kid Abel and Kid Farmer as antagonists. Abel and Farmer were leading local feathers, hard punchers, fast, and noted for their ability to assimilate punishment.

But neither had ever tested the effectiveness of a "sockdologer" such as Herrera carried in his potent right glove. Both were ambitious, both firmly believed that they could trim the Mexican, and went in the ring with the intention, not of merely staying the limit, but bent on stopping Aurelio. Each forced the fighting savagely from the start, with Herrera as constantly retreating. And each crashed to the floor, through for the night, Farmer in the first, Abel in the third round, when the Mexican suddenly pausing in his backward glide, countered with terrific force and shot the fatal right short to the chin-point.

Under the more rigid rules now governing the game today, the "two-men" knockout show would not be allowed. Nor do we fancy that the average boxer in active service would be particularly anxious to engage in such unorthodox ring playlets. But the old-timers thought nothing of participating in these handicap affairs, it became quite an established habit with Terry McGovern and many of the bigger chaps took similar chances. But it is worthy of note that only the knock-'em-dead punch-dispensers signed up for such matches. Supreme scientists like Harry Harris, Abe Attell, Johnny Kilbane, Johnny Dundee, and others who preferred to win their battles by dint of clever work and wily generalship, kept clear of the double opponent racket.

So the new crop of promising featherweights is not facing such grueling demands on its prowess as existed in the Herrera-McGovern period. But there'll be lots of cyclonic milling, for all that. By the time Mr. James J. Johnston works through his list of formidable contenders, we may expect to see the feather throne occupied by a monarch whose hard-won laurels will not suffer in comparison with those worn by his renowned predecessors.

Developer of Mat Champions

(Continued from page 23)

discussed and the town sports, roaring with laughter at the "hick" arranged for him to meet Gotch. The whole neighborhood began to discuss the coming match—that between the porter and the great Gotch—and McLeod rubbed his hands in glee.

A few days before the contest a couple of "drummers" registered at the hotel. Selling farm machinery, they said. What was that about a wrestling match? Gotch going to tackle the hotel porter? Well, this would be funny. Know anything about that porter? He's awkward, hey?

Well, the so-called "drummers" were in a gambling mood and thought they would risk a hundred apiece on the gawk. The local excitement grew. Here was a chance for the town lads to take a lot of dough from those smart city traveling men.

When the day for the match came, about $10,000 had been wagered on the result.

It was on June 16, 1899, at Humboldt, that Gotch met the disguised McLeod. They wrestled on a field near the roundhouse, a battleground literally sprinkled with cinders from the locomotives.

McLeod figured he would play with the local hero and then toss him, all in about 15 minutes. But the professional star was in for the surprise of his life.

Gotch was in perfect condition, just past 21, weighing about 195 pounds, hard as nails from work in the field, and as powerful as an ox.

About 40 minutes after they had started, with some 200 onlookers shouting encouragement to the home hero, McLeod got a half nelson and seemed to be ready to pin Gotch. But Frank tore himself loose with so much vigor that he sent McLeod reeling. Had Frank had any experience he would have won then and there.

But Gotch failed to follow up his advantage. McLeod got a formidable chancery shortly after an hour of grappling, but got another severe shaking up for his pains, and decided that he was confronted with the most amazing task of his career.

The wily McLeod then began to roll Gotch in the cinders. Three hours of this and Frank looked like a hamburger steak. But McLeod was getting weaker.

That bout lasted four hours. McLeod finally won it. But only after Gotch's suffering from the wounding cinders had become too excruciating to stand.

It was a moral victory for the rural grappler—the medium for the "dark horse" drama of wrestling history. Later Burns went to see Gotch for himself, and he took the farmer lad under his wing.

Mexican Pete

(Continued from page 12)

boys Colorado produced during that period. Though not a scientific boxer himself, he was a wonderful teacher of the manly art.

Everett's last appearance in the roped arena was about 1920, when he and Jim Flynn, another nationally known heavyweight boxer, staged a six-round exhibition in their adopted city. It was a rather pitiful exhibition: Everett, hog-fat and slow from years of inaction; Flynn, battered and bruised from dozens of brutal battles, trying to get in condition for another "comeback."

In 1924, Everett became connected with the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company at Pueblo, serving in the capacity of special policeman, which position he still holds today.

To see him today, one would hardly recognize him as a man who at one time rated kings and aces in the fistic world. Weighing upwards of the 250-pound mark, though still active and in good health, and with hardly a mark to show that he engaged in desperate, brutal engagements with the best warriors the world had to offer thirty-five years ago.

Though he won't go down in history as one of the prize-rings immortals, nevertheless, he can bask in the knowledge that for years he was the toast of the Golden West, and stands head and shoulders above any other heavyweight the Mexican race ever developed before or since. From all present indications he'll remain the "ace" of Mexican heavies for many moons to come. Though the southern republic furnishes plenty of fistic material, the heavyweight of the species is so rare as to be practically nonexistent.

To compare Everett with Rosales, Fuente and Colima, later day Mexican "big" boys, would be a slur on the grand old brawler's ability. He was a topnotcher by any rule in the book. Too bad, we haven't a few more battlers around today with the ability of old "Mexican Pete" Everett. Maybe the game couldn't stand 'em. Eh, what?

The Sheriff the Winner

(Continued from page 34)

on the hard floor, which of course was totally without padding.

We arrived back in Belvedere at seven in the morning and by that time, egged on by the governor, who had had his ear to the ground, there were three sheriffs in hot pursuit. Search of the trains at that point disclosed no fighters or any one who knew where they were, so we were allowed to proceed on to Chicago.

After the fight Croake and his party went southward and escaped the law momentarily. Bishop and his fighter landed back in Chicago by a circuitous route late that afternoon.

A few hours later, a wire to Malachy Hogan from Sam Pooler, who had remained behind, informed us that all hands had been indicted and that they had better skip out at once. Thirteen indictments were issued from the county seat for those directly concerned in the battle. The governor's ire was aroused now to a fever pitch after he had read the newspaper accounts of the battle. He used every bit of his executive machinery in the pursuit.

Jackson and Bishop, the winning pair, caught a train for Memphis but two hours after they landed there, scouts wired from Chicago for them to keep on going as sheriffs with warrants were on their heels.

Bishop, one of the most resourceful of fistic folk, acted promptly on a new idea. He hired a flat boat, grabbed his fighter and together they paddled across the Mississippi to the Arkansas side. There they camped for three days or until they got word that the Illinois officers had departed for home.

Meantime Jackson was trying to get back North to fulfill a match he had on with John Wille, a Chicago heavyweight, but Bishop didn't care to risk arrest. Finally he let Jackson depart alone as the colored man wished. Biddy had arranged with Al Herford, the Baltimore manager who handled Joe Gans' affairs, to take charge of Jackson.

But those watchful downstate officers were still watchful and picked Jackson up two days before the Wille match. They spirited the Negro away and it took Herford exactly two days to locate him, finally getting word that he was in jail in Elgin, Ill. It cost Herford $500 to effect the boy's release but that sum cleared him of all charges.

Referee Siler was arrested and heavily fined, as were such others the officers could prove were directly concerned in that awful thing they called a "prize fight" but which now is generally recognized legally in all states of the Union.

How many homes were disrupted and domestic peace ruined because of the hundreds of fight fans not returning to their firesides for over 36 hours in order to witness less than an hour's sport, never will be known.

And that, you lovers of present-day boxing, was a sample of what we went through in those "good old days," now happily dead for all time. You'd laugh, wouldn't you, if anybody right now suggested such a jaunt into the country without the slightest idea of when you might return, only a hazy idea of where you were going or what hardships and actual suffering you might encounter before again seeing your own front door?

I'll shout right out that you would. Yet we regarded it as the quintessence of real sport and a whole barrel of fun!

Al Palzer the Iowa Farmer

(Continued from page 37)

fighter than was credited him by the majority of the boxing fans.

As the men stood in the ring ready to begin the show, Palzer weighed 227 pounds to McCarty's 207. There was no friendly shaking of hands as is the custom, but immediately when the bell rang they went at each other like a couple of agile bantams. McCarty landed the first punch—a right hook to the jaw.

For three minutes it was give and take and, when they went to their corners, there wasn't much to choose from in the number of blows landed, but it was noticed that the cowboy was the quicker, the more accurate, and the steadier of the two.

After that there wasn't much to it. Palzer, carefully coached by Tom O'Rourke, couldn't weather the storm of sharpshooting punches that were always coming his way. Luther, always smiling, kept sending in wallops that were stiff and sure, jabs and hooks that jarred and hurt.

In the thirteenth, a swing to Al's ear cut that member, so that blood was coming from his ear, nose, mouth, and from a cut over his right eye. In the fifteenth, Palzer went groggy; he still was game, but by the time the sixteenth arrived he was unable to land a punch of any kind. Two more rounds dragged out until, when the Iowa man was reeling away unsteadily, the referee stepped in and declared McCarty the winner, and the great crowd cheered the victor.

Weight Big Factor in Erne's Defeats

(Continued from page 38)

fellows, not the sallow-faced kids of today. I haven't seen Canzy fight but they tell me he is the nearest approach to the old-timers. He is clever, knows what it is all about, can punch, and can take it.

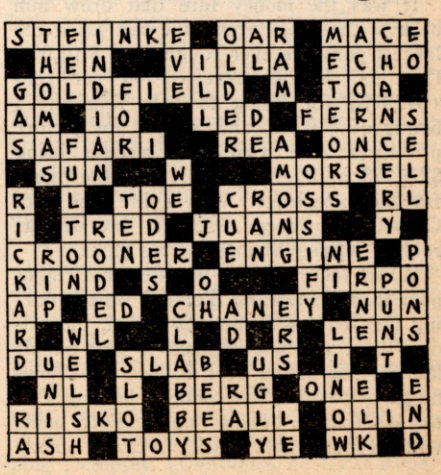
"I don't believe in gym workouts. I like to work my boys in private. I used to train behind closed doors. It's better, more sanitary. There is quiet and the tutor can bring out the best in his pupils."

Erne schooled Mike Gibbons, the St. Paul Phantom, and helped to bring Rocky Kansas to the fore. He managed Louis de Ponthieu, the French gamester who in the World War became a hero and finished up with the loss of his right arm.

Someone asked Erne if he ever clashed with a southpaw.

"The port-siders are easy to whip," Erne answered. "After you study them a bit, a good fighter should have no trouble planting the haymaker on the chin. The southpaws are as open as a gate. There weren't many around in my day. Leonard didn't take long to learn what it was all about, and he proved conclusively my contention in his return bout with Lew Tendler. He made Lew look foolish."

Answers to Puzzle on Page 41



Gold vs. Glory

(Continued from page 15)

did pretty well in vaudeville, but never approached the money mark made by Corbett as a footlights entertainer. He was filling a Chicago stage engagement in 1918, when an attack of influenza, which developed into double pneumonia, caused his death in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He died a poor man.

A great ring warrior, but ever a child in business, he was born too early to profit by the commercial harvests of Fistiana. Incidentally, can you imagine Jack Sharkey, or any other modern heavyweight, for that matter, handing back a purse he had won to a promoter, in response to a hard luck appeal, as Fitzsimmons did in the Stuart case?

* * *

TO Jeffries must be given the rare credit of defending his title against Tom Sharkey in less than six months after he took it from Fitzsimmons, on June 9, 1889. It was on November 3 of the same year that Jeff whipped Sharkey at Coney Island. In the following year, he kayoed Jack Finnegan at Detroit, and defeated Corbett at Coney Island.

In 1901, Jeff engaged in three battles, beating Hank Griffin, Joe Kennedy and Gus Ruhlin, and remained idle until July 25, 1902, when he again knocked out Fitzsimmons. 1903 saw Jeffries stop Jim Corbett a second time and fail to halt Jack Munroe in a four-rounder at Butte, Montana. Subsequently, or to be specific, on August 26, 1904, he knocked out Munroe in two rounds, and then retired. A little over four years later he returned to the ring, to meet defeat by Jack Johnson at Reno, in 15 rounds, on July 4, 1910.

A glance over Jeffries' record indicates that he was not in sympathy with the "one battle a year" racket. He was essentially a fighting champion, who took on bouts whenever he could get them. But not long after winning the title, it was evident that Jeff entirely outclassed his field.

He was not a brilliant success as a stage entertainer, being of a reserved, or what the Scotch call, somewhat "dour" nature, theatrical work was a positive bore to him and by no stretch of fancy can one visualize him being transformed into a popular hero and "glad-hand mixer" like Baer. The ring was his best asset and when he ran clean out of opponents he was content to call it a day, and quit.

It was the money lure that drew him back to the roped arena, the bait being the largest purse he ever fought for, $101,000. Of this, Jeffries received 40 per cent ($40,400) for losing to Jack Johnson; a bonus of $10,000, and $66,000 for picture privileges; the total gate receipts being $270,775, and Jeff being $117,000 the richer for the experience. As was the case with Corbett, however, unlucky investments robbed Jeffries of most of his gains.

When Jack Johnson was declared champion through beating Tommy Burns, during the Jeffries retirement period, the colored man was not inclined to rest on his laurels, for in the year following—1909—he participated in five contests, beating Victor MacLaglen, boxing "no decision" bouts with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tony Ross, Al Kaufman; and knocking out Stanley Ketchel in twelve rounds.

But after clinching his world's title claim by spoiling Jeffries' comeback, the great Negro fighter found himself in much the same position as Jeff did before retiring. Johnson was just a bit too good for the heavies of his day, who, one and all, gave him a wide berth. The result was that Jack was compelled to remain idle for exactly two years, until, on July 4, 1912, he stopped Jim Flynn in a one-sided nine-round affair at Las Vegas, N. M.

A difficulty with the law drove Johnson into exile shortly after the Flynn contest, he took part in a few unimportant bouts abroad, while in America the quest for a White Hope to defeat him went on with little success, until big Jess Willard was pushed to the front, and won by a knockout at Havana, Cuba, over the colored champion in 1916.

A superb boxer, fine ring general, and game to the core, Johnson deserved far better luck than Fate saw fit to invest him with. His color hampered him, as it has all of his race, in his chosen profession, and also barred to him other ways of earning easy money, which are wide open to white gladiators.

His best years were wasted in exile, where the monetary rewards for fighting were comparatively small and consequently he never reaped the big fortune his genuinely great fistic talents entitled him to.

But fortunately for the ex-champion, his is one of those elastic, sunny temperaments which rise superior to misfortune. Today, Jack Johnson, if not rich in this world's goods, is rich in the possession of countless friends, whose numbers are not confined to his own race. His golden smile is still as much in evidence as in the days when the best Caucasian heavies avoided him as they would a rattlesnake, so far as mixing with him between the ropes went. The Fates buffeted Jack Johnson, but their worst punches couldn't stop him, they might break him financially, but they couldn't break his indomitable spirit.

* * *

FOR a short period after defeating Johnson for the title, Jess Willard basked in the sunlight rays of fame, as befitted the man who restored the championship to the white race. Yet his was but a fleeting popularity. Fight fans were quick to sense the fact that the tiger instinct was lacking in Jess's makeup, and resented it. The real and, it may be added, exceptional fighter, is so surcharged with dynamic lust of battle that he asks nothing better than a desperate struggle to a finish, a wild medley of whistling blows, a reeling to and fro, until one or the other sinks down to red defeat in a whirlwind of high endeavor. John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey belonged in this class of battlers, who have such tremendous crowd appeal. No trace of this primitive, destructive appetite existed in Willard's calm, lethargic nature.

Eleven months elapsed before he defended his title in a ten-round bout with Frank Moran, in old Madison Square Garden. Willard was rather fat, unwieldy, and trusted to his superior reach to outpoint the shorter Moran. It was a "no decision" affair, but the newspapers were unanimous in awarding the victory to the champion. But the result rather lessened than increased Willard's none too great popularity with the fans, who criticised him strongly for his failure to stop an opponent over whom he possessed such great physical advantages. It is axiomatic in ring circles that a crowd's sympathy is always with a smaller chap, pitted against a giant like Jess.

Over three years passed before Willard again defended his title. During that period he filled a circus and several theatrical engagements, but did not engage in battle. Then came his Waterloo, when Jack Dempsey stopped him in three rounds at Toledo, Ohio. For four years he remained out of the ring, then staged a comeback, defeated Floyd Johnson, and was in turn knocked out by the South American heavyweight, Luis Firpo.

* * *

IT was well known that Willard's heart was never in the fighting game. To him it was merely the most favorable method of making a good livelihood. Had his finances permitted he would have retired immediately after beating Johnson. But he wasn't much better off after that battle than he was before it, so far as a bankroll was concerned. Several members of the managerial tribe were stockholders in what might be described as Jess Willard, Inc. He had signed away about seventy-five per cent of himself to these astute speculators, this being one of the early instances of "syndicating" a scrapper, which afterwards reached such glaringly absurd proportions as to cause intervention by the New York State Athletic Commission.

So Willard had little money on hand after he settled up and bought himself free of the speculative pirates. In fact, he had not yet rid himself of all these parasites up to the day when he lost the title to Dempsey.

It was bitter need of funds that brought him back into the ring, for the era of huge purses had only begun about the time of the Toledo combat. With the exception of the $100,000 loser's end he collected there, Jess had not received any large sums for his battling. Nor did his theatrical ventures net him much, for there was no Max Baer glamour about this stolid, rather cumbersome giant. In neither private nor public life was Willard listed as one of Fortune's favorites, for not long ago a newspaper dispatch from the coast stated that he had been adjudged a bankrupt.

* * *

PRIOR to winning the crown from Willard, during a period extending from 1915 to 1919, Jack Dempsey engaged in sixty-two battles. In the following year, he scored two knockouts defending his title, over Billy Miske and Bill Brennan. In 1921 he knocked out Georges Carpentier, Firpo fell before him in 1923, he defeated Tommy Gibbons in 15 rounds, and in 1926 lost the title to Gene Tunney at Philadelphia. The

intervening years were filled up with exhibition and show engagements.

While Dempsey did not defend the title often in seven years, his early record proves that he was a fighter who liked to keep busy at his trade. It was not until his manager, Jack Kearns, made contact with Tex Rickard, and the trio formed the showmanship combination that brought about the era of the "million dollar gate," that Dempsey took long rest spells from active service, similar to those enjoyed by most of his predecessors on the throne. And unquestionably the lengthy periods of inactivity exercised a deteriorating influence on his fighting powers. The possession of wealth, opening up hitherto undreamed-of and formerly inaccessible paths to self-indulgence, naturally softens an athlete and changes his mental outlook from a defiant to a tolerant view of life.

There is no doubt that Dempsey, at the age of thirty-one, when he was preparing to meet Tunney for the first time, had passed his peak. His heart no longer cherished a real love for the rough game, as it did in the days when he was a care-free, reckless young hobo, ready to fight for the mere joy of combat. The youthful brake-beam traveler was replaced by the mature man of business affairs, the world-famous athlete who had accumulated riches, fed to repletion with the flattery of the fair sex, hailed with frantic enthusiasm by the mob.

The second Tunney engagement, when Dempsey came within an ace of retrieving his title by a knockout in the now famous "seventh long-count" round, merely went to prove that the Manassa Mauler was as dangerous a puncher as ever, but bereft of much of the endurance which had stood him in good stead through gruelling punishment in the past. The years of ease and luxury had taken their toll!

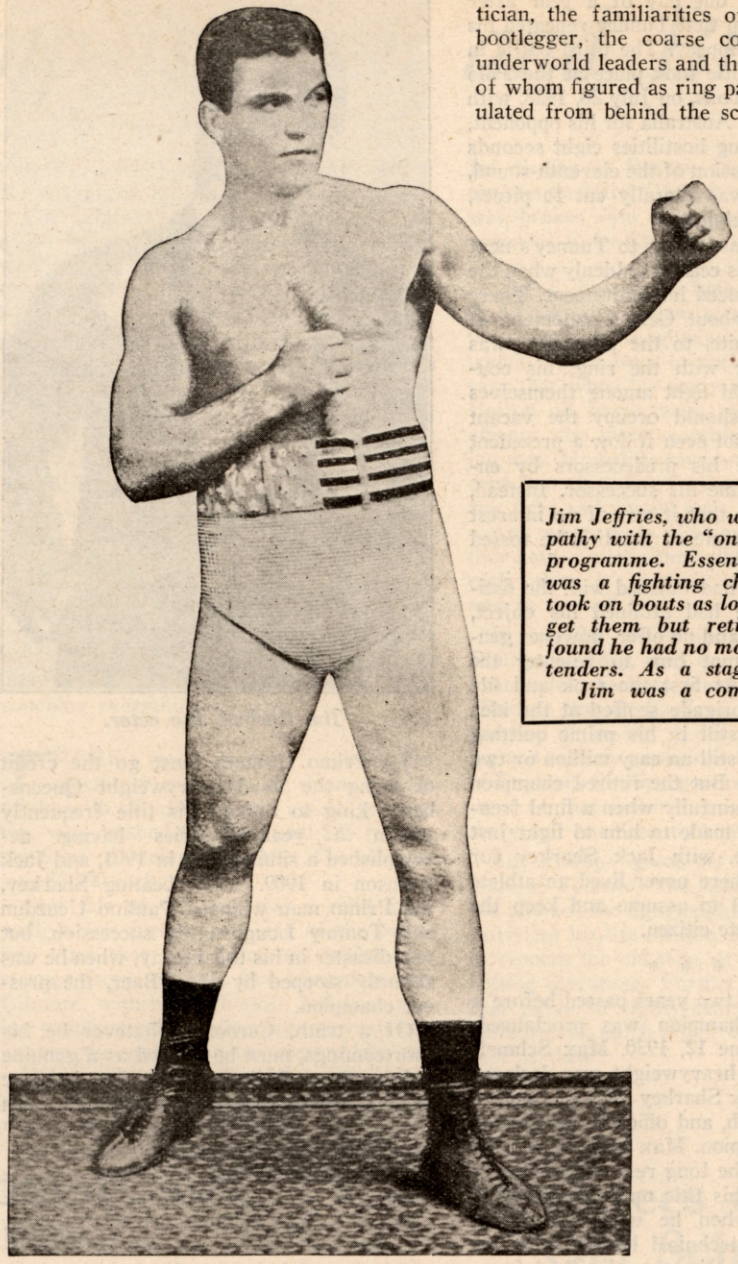
* * *

IT has become fashionable in sport circles to refer to Baer as a second edition of Jack Dempsey. In only one thing is this description correct. Baer, like Dempsey, is fast, a lightning walloper, who loves the mixing game. But there is a wide difference between the Baer and Dempsey brand of popularity.

Dempsey is to this day a tremendous favorite with the sport addicts. His services are constantly in demand as a referee, for which he is well paid, and his appearance in that capacity at boxing or wrestling matches has a big box office pull. Again, in fight promotion, no name is more potent than that of Dempsey to strengthen public confidence in a card.

But Dempsey has always failed where Baer has scored brilliant success—in the rôle of entertainer. Jack's public loved to see him fight. When his fighting days were over, they welcomed him as a third man in the ring, or crowded to capacity the boxing shows in which he was interested. One would have expected him to go over big as a screen recruit, or on the stage. Yet he flopped badly in pictures, accomplished little as a vaudeville attraction or radio entry; and his most ambitious stage experiment—playing hero in "The Big Fight," got off to a rattling first-night start on Broadway, petered out in a couple of weeks, and died lamentably in the sticks.

The answer seems to be that Baer, for some inscrutable reason, fascinates the general public, whereas Dempsey appeals only to the sport-lovers. Dempsey needs no sympathy on that account, however, for his patrons are as the sands of the sea in number, and range from coast to coast. Of all ex-champions, he and Tunney are the only two since the Queensberry game came in vogue who have feathered their nests well, after forsaking the scenes of strife as active participants.



Jim Jeffries, who was not in sympathy with the "one fight a year" programme. Essentially, Jeffries was a fighting champion, who took on bouts as long as he could get them but retired when he found he had no more logical contenders. As a stage entertainer, Jim was a complete flop.

Had Gene Tunney been a good "mixer" like Dempsey or Baer, he might have eased himself into the fickle affection of the masses. But Gene's tastes and desires did not incline toward the sporting element. Night life of the big cities possessed no lure for him. A boxing enthusiast at the beginning of his career, when he became thoroughly acquainted with the sordid side of prizefighting, he conceived a lasting detestation for the gamblers and parasites who infested the game.

* * *

CALL it fastidiousness or what you will, there was something in Tunney's nature which revolted against the jovial shoulder-slap of the obese, blatant politician, the familiarities of the millionaire bootlegger, the coarse congratulations of underworld leaders and their henchmen, all of whom figured as ring patrons, or manipulated from behind the scenes the making of "fixed" matches. He was in a sense, with the gang, but decidedly not of it. When Fortune smiled upon him, he grew more and more self-centered, and drew farther away from the companionship of ring "regulars." Crowned champion, his friendship list was thereafter limited to people he really liked. What the proletariat said about him was a matter of perfect indifference.

It followed that the bulk of ring-followers never understood Tunney, who was destined not to attain general popularity. Many folks knew and appreciated him at his full worth, but these were in the minority. He was the last man on earth to prove capable of capitalizing his title as Dempsey did and Baer is doing.

When performing as a light heavyweight, Tunney fought continually from 1919 to 1925, engaging in fifty-two battles, during the course of which he won, lost and regained the title of that class. It was in the latter year he entered the simon-pure heavy grade, scoring four victories over prominent contenders, and on September 23, 1926, achieved his greatest feat by whipping Dempsey. *(Continued on Next Page)*

It lacked but one day of a year after he became champ that Tunney repeated his victory over Dempsey. The third battle in defense of his title took place at the Polo Grounds, New York, on July 26, 1928, with Tom Heeney of Australia for his opponent, the referee halting hostilities eight seconds before the conclusion of the eleventh round, when Heeney was literally cut to pieces, half-blind and helpless.

Speculation was rife as to Tunney's next opponent, but this ceased suddenly when the champion announced his retirement. There were no "ifs" about Gene's statement. It was short, definite, to the point. He was through forever with the ring, his contemporaries could fight among themselves to decide who should occupy the vacant throne. He did not even follow a precedent set by some of his predecessors by endeavoring to name his successor. Instead, he made it plain that it was of no interest to him what became of the title he tossed away.

Gene Tunney had finished with the fisticuffs game. He had attained his object, made a fortune, and no offer, however generous, could tempt him to re-enter the squared circle. At first the rank and file of the fighting brigade scoffed at the idea of a champion still in his prime quitting while there was still an easy million or two to be picked up. But the retired champion only smiled disdainfully when a final frenzied appeal was made to him to fight just one more battle, with Jack Sharkey for his opponent. There never lived an athlete more determined to assume and keep the status of a private citizen.

* * *

NEARLY two years passed before a new champion was proclaimed. On June 12, 1930, Max Schmeling, the German heavyweight, was declared winner over Jack Sharkey on a foul before a New York club, and officially recognized as world's champion. Max ran true to ring tradition as to the long rest racket, for he did not defend his title until July 3, 1931, at Cleveland, when he won over Willy Stribling on a technical knockout in the fifteenth round. His second title-defense was just within the year limit, for it was on June 21, 1932, that he lost to Sharkey on a much-disputed fifteen-round verdict in New York.

Sharkey took the usual "year-off" vacation, with a few days added for good measure, for it was on June 29, 1933, that he suffered a six-round knockout at the hands of the giant Primo Carnera at the Madison Square Garden Astoria Bowl. Both Schmeling and Sharkey made plenty of money with their fists, the former is still fighting, the ex-able seaman retired. But neither scored as an entertainment factor outside of the ropes. Schmeling was too placidly colorless, and there never was a champion so thoroughly unpopular with the fans as Sharkey.

The latter made no secret of the fact that he had little use for the ring patrons, who were wont to greet him with strong vocal demonstrations of their dislike, whenever he stripped for action, or even appeared as a spectator at the ringside.

"Let 'em hiss, I get their dough, don't I?" was Sharkey's indifferent comment on the crowd reaction to his peculiar personality.

Jim Corbett, the actor.

To Primo Carnera must go the credit of being the third heavyweight Queensberry king to defend his title frequently within a year, Jeffries having accomplished a similar feat in 1901, and Jack Johnson in 1909. After beating Sharkey, the Primo man whipped Paulino Ucuzdun and Tommy Loughran in succession, but met disaster in his third essay, when he was recently stopped by Max Baer, the present champion.

Of a truth, Carnera, whatever be his shortcomings, must be classed as a genuine fighting man. Built up in the first instance by a set-up tour during which numerous palookas tumbled before his huge fists, there is every reason to believe that the big Italian never knew how he was being exploited. So far as he was concerned, he did whatever he was asked to, palookas or crack performers looked all alike to him. He never dodged an issue, even when he ceased to be a joke to the sport writers, and found himself fighting in tough company.

As a showmanship proposition, he was a gold-mine for his handlers, but, as all the sport world knows, Primo himself was little the better off for his ring exertions. His earnings must have added up to an immense sum, but what the total was, nobody knows, outside of those through whose dexterous hands the golden stream flowed. Carnera himself certainly never knew. All that the giant could swear to was that, the more money he made, the less he had, a humorous, but perfectly true paradox.

While Baer's victory was generally hailed as a boost for the boxing game, it remains to be seen whether it won't degenerate into merely a boost for Mr. Baer. Carnera could, and did fight, whenever he was told to enter the ring, without making any demur as to opponent, time, place or purse. We know that Baer can fight, the question is will he—and when?

It would be straining a point to say that Carnera cared little for gold and a whole lot for glory. No doubt the giant was just as human as any of the rest of us, in wanting what was coming to him—a want, sad to say, which was seldom fulfilled. But unquestionably, Primo was proud of his title and willing to fight in its defense, an extremely rare quality in the makeup of modern heavyweight champions.

Maybe Primo must be classed as a throwback to a less greedy, but more heroic age! He certainly cannot be listed as a "go-getter" success in this ring era, when gold has glory apparently hanging on the ropes and ready to slump into a knockout pose.

The Memory of a Kiss

(*Continued from page* 25)

thrashing him back and forth on the floor, bringing all the power in him to play on those hairy legs. The crowd yelled in wild abandon.

Shaw realized neither of them could hold out much longer. Big Jim's efforts to punch out an eye, tear off an ear and break off his toes, with repeated jabs in his short ribs, were making his hold hard to handle.

Many a wrestler had been forced to acknowledge defeat under the skill and brute strength of his famous split with much less punishment. If he could only keep him clear of the ropes a few minutes longer, it would all be over.

With both legs locked around Big Jim's left leg and his arms clamped like a vise around the other, his muscles were brought into play with cruel force as his sweat-covered body circled halfway around his almost helpless victim.

Big Jim's powerful arms were swinging wildly from side to side, trying to tear loose from the human trap that seemed about to tear him apart. Again the referee begged Big Jim to give up, with the same result.

Rock Shaw knew the supreme moment had arrived. Rocking that mass of flesh, bone and muscle back and forth with renewed frenzy, he not only brought a shriek of agony from the half dead man, but a heart-breaking wail of despair that he recognized as Lola's. He saw her start towards them, then fall forward to the floor.

Above the surge of contending emotions in his heart, her deathlike face stirred the embers of his great love for her and swung the pendulum in Big Jim's favor.

Slowly but surely his feet shifted their position and the man at his mercy was quick to note the difference in the pull against him.

Shaw felt him wiggling free. With a pretense at a last effort to hold him, he let Big Jim's thrashing arms get a bear hug around his body.

He knew it was taking the last ounce of Big Jim's strength to hold that grip and pin his shoulders to the floor. It was a grip he could easily have shaken, but for the love of a woman and the memory of a kiss. Big Jim won the match, but it was not his superior skill that turned the trick. He owed it to the woman in the case.

Oldest Champ is Keen and Bright

(Continued from page 31)

the grand little man is still a going concern and very much a live one. He promises to be such for many a year yet.

There is a difference of twelve years in the ages of Gilmore and McAuliffe. Harry was born in 1854 and Jack in 1866, making them 21 and 33 when they fought that terrific battle in 1887. Yet when they got together in Los Angeles a couple of years ago and had a couple of good old reunions, they seemed like a pair of happy kids together, so fast and furious was the wise-cracking and kidding on both sides.

* * *

IT WAS the redoubtable Harry Phillips of Montreal, one of Canada's finest sporting gentlemen of the period—or any other, for that matter—who was responsible for making the match in behalf of Gilmore 'way back in that long ago. Harry was the real article, silk-lidded and meticulous as to dress at all times of night or day, possessed of plenty of the necessary to indulge his extensive tastes and a flare for betting that made him outstanding even among the numerous big bookmakers and plungers of that early day.

So it was that when he first heard of Harry Gilmore, then a great fighting man from out of the Ontario territory, he became deeply interested and, scenting a great chance, decided to have a hook-up and a possible championship match on which he could swing with a chunk of the ready.

He went to Toronto and it wasn't hard to find Gilmore in a receptive mood. Already Gilmore had claimed and been given by general acclaim the featherweight title. There was nothing in that division at the time to interest Gilmore strongly and he was all ready to step out and try for the lightweight title. He was a bit too big for the feathers and hardly big enough for the rugged chaps at 133, being then at his best only 128 pounds.

As for the difference, Gilmore more than made up in the matter of courage and ambition. He didn't think there was a man in the world *anywhere near* his poundage who could whip him and he so impressed Phillips that the latter immediately went to New York to make the proper connections for a battle with the then mighty McAuliffe.

* * *

FLASHING a hefty forfeit Phillips spoke one of the languages that the McAuliffe folks knew best and they were not hard to deal with. That gesture having been made, negotiations were carried on secretly for a battle ground, a somewhat difficult thing at the time with the authorities pretty wary and alert. Finally Lawrence, Mass., or a place immediately adjacent was selected and the men got into training.

It was the dead of winter and a bit difficult even then for McAuliffe to make weight. But he had beaten Billy Frazier in October in twenty-one rounds and rematched for a return battle which Billy forfeited in December. So it may be seen that McAuliffe was in pretty fair condition for a January joust with Gilmore.

The original date set was January 12, a Wednesday, and on that morning they weighed in. But for this reason and that, the thing was put off until Friday, police having got wind of it. Finally they got together at ten o'clock in a small hall over the barracks of the Salvation Army in the isolated coast town of Lawrence. The original weights were 128 for Gilmore and 133 for McAuliffe. The delay hurt Gilmore but made a full-sized welter out of McAuliffe.

It had been decided that Al Smith of New York—a great name, then as now—was to be referee. McAuliffe had the original Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpareil," in his corner as chief second, and Arthur Chambers, an Englishman and former lightweight champion, was in charge of the Gilmore corner, with the busy Phillips near by watching everything closely.

* * *

THERE were exactly eighty-three spectators and each of them, outside of those in the corners and a few, perhaps ten, who crashed the gate, paid $25 for the privilege of seeing the battle. The side bet was $2,500 each.

One side of the ring was a solid brick wall, which formed one side of the building. And that was Gilmore's undoing, a strange irony of fate. For several rounds Gilmore, with his high skill, had been trying to maneuver the champion to rush him against the wall, then to sidestep him and nail him as he went by. McAuliffe might possibly have mashed his hand against the wall or gone into it full tilt.

Instead of that another fateful thing happened in the twenty-second round. Gilmore backed into the wall and as McAuliffe crowded, Harry caught a heel in the edge of the ring and was jerked to a halt. He tried to sidestep but McAuliffe nailed him with a hard right, his head hit the wall and the rebound sent him flat on his face, breaking his nose.

Blood gushed and though it was near the close of the round, the flow could not be stopped. That was enough for the McAuliffe people, smart that they were. They immediately set up a cry that Gilmore would bleed to death if allowed to proceed and begged Al Smith—great name, isn't it?—to stop it. Gilmore protested pitifully and Smith took no action, allowing it to go into the twenty-eighth round.

Then he didn't have to act. Harry Phillips, who stood to lose a lot of money, bets and stakes, was afraid of his principal's life. In fact he had been wavering ever since the accident and now he acted.

"Don't, don't!" cried Gilmore but Phillips, waving him aside, jumped into the ring and yelled: "Boys, this is too much; he's too game a fellow to have to suffer this way!"

And thus Jack McAuliffe retained his title from one of the toughest of his challengers, with the possible exception of Jem Carney of England, with whom he fought a seventy-four-round draw after a disgraceful display at Revere Beach, Mass., just ten months later. On that occasion the ring was broken into at a time when Carney appeared to be winning.

AT Lawrence, both men had been literally beaten to a pulp but afterwards McAuliffe always claimed that he couldn't have been in such bad shape. He says that when his party was returning to Boston all hands were stopped by police officers who were searching for the fighting men. McAuliffe says he himself told the cops that they didn't know anything about any fight and passed on.

And when these old-timers get together they have a merry time ribbing and kidding each other. It's a show and given to few men to see and hear.

It was the following year that Harry Phillips, in 1888, then one of John L. Sullivan's chief backers, went with the mighty "Boston Strong Boy" to France for the purpose of having it out with the annoying and entirely pernicious Charley Mitchell of England. Phillips' portion of the *dénouement* of that historic encounter is a great story and has been told often.

But Phillips' great pet was Harry Gilmore of Toronto, "the fighting shoemaker." He idolized the lightweight and would have fairly bet his life on him. And Harry loves to recount the old tales of Phillips and his betting operations. Further, let it be known that today, at eighty years of age, Harry Gilmore can stitch a pair of shoes with the best of them!

Referees of the Old School

(Continued from page 33)

Brown, of Brooklyn; Jack Welch; Eddie Graney of Frisco; Dick Nugent, of Buffalo; Billy Haack of the South; Patsey Haley; Johnny Eckhardt; Reddy Gallagher; Abe Pollock; Al Lippe; Frank Stevenson; Jim Buckley; Dick Roche; Lew Barley, of Philadelphia; Joe Choyinski; Parson Davies and Gene Buckley, of the *Boston Globe*.

Then there were Pop O'Brien, Jimmy Pardell, Lou Bauman, Johnny Newell of Pittsburgh, Yank Sullivan of Syracuse, Jere Dunn, Jimmy Colville, of Boston, Matt Grace, Harry Hill, Jack Cusachs, Gus Tuthill, Jack Adler, Geo. V. Blake of Los Angeles, Billy Mahoney of Boston, Phil Clare, Kit Burns, Alex Brewster, and Jack Hardy who refereed the Sullivan-Ryan fight in 1882. Together, Sugar Murphy, Frank Moran, Patsey Sheppard, Prof. Mike Donovan and his son Arthur, Billy O'Brien, Gunboat Smith, Honest John Kelly, Johnny Pollack, Matt J. Hinkel of Cleveland, Jim Mullen, Biddy Bishop who has a restaurant in Seattle and a flock of others. What a famous list!

NAT FLEISCHER'S
UNIVERSAL BOXING COURSE

Jack Dempsey

Message to YOU

from Nat Fleischer

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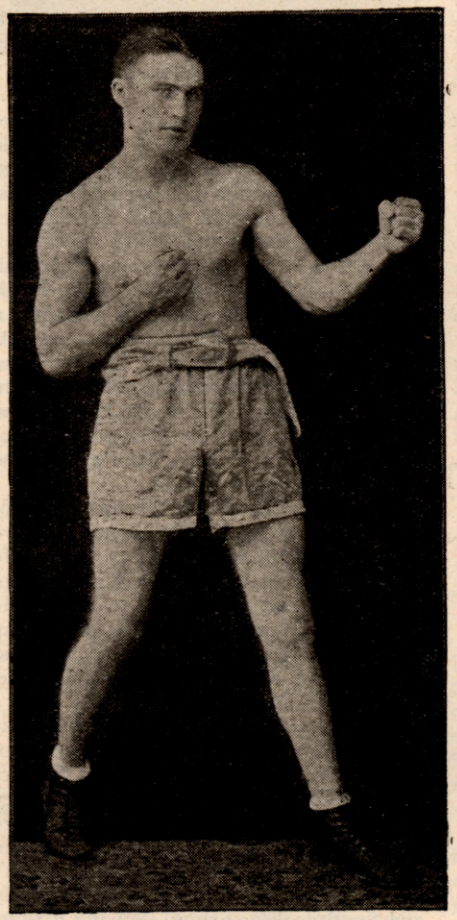

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Because of the depression, I know it is difficult for you to spend $5.00, hence why not divide this sum with a pal?

The best way to learn boxing is to practice with another fellow. Work with him, study with him and you'll soon master the sport. **Therefore, I am making this extra offer. Your pal also will receive Free, a pair of Satin Trunks and a Gymnasium Shirt.**

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You all know what I have done for boxing and wrestling in the past, and still am doing. For years I've devoted my entire time to the sport and am regarded, if I may be excused for boasting, as somewhat of an authority. My books have been adopted by the leading institutions and by boxing instructors throughout the world, hence you may rest assured that what I'm now offering in my new venture is good from the first word to the last.

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IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

G. A. Turcias, Honduras, C. A.

Q.—When Schmeling won from Paulino, did he win by a technical knockout? Was the bout stopped?

A.—No. Paulino was outclassed and on the verge of a knockout, but lasted the full fifteen rounds.

Jose Camera, Mexico City

Q.—I note that on several occasions your book contains items to the effect that foreigners get a better deal in America than Americans get abroad. I don't think that is so. The boys from the U.S. get just as good treatment in foreign lands as foreigners expect Americans to give them. What do you think about the Firpo-Dempsey fight? Don't you think that Dempsey should have been disqualified five times? What about the scribes pushing him back into the ring?

A.—That is a matter of opinion. I don't think that anywhere in the world a foreigner is given such fine treatment as in this country. Referees and other officials go out of their way to penalize a home-bred boy to give the foreigner the better of it. Just look at what has taken place here with Neusel, Schmeling, Carnera and others in America.

Mable Tellafaro, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—What is Jim Londos's family name? How old is he?

A.—Christopher Theophelus. He says he is 38 but he is close to 43 years.

Harold M. Hayashido, Hilo, Hawaii

Q.—How can I strengthen the limbs? How can I build up an under-nourished body? Is training three times a week sufficient for a beginner or should one train daily?

A.—You can build up your limbs through long walks, tree climbing, hill climbing, rowing, swimming. Build up your body by taking nourishing foods. Drink plenty of milk. Eat eggs, cereals, fresh vegetables, tomato juice, potatoes, steaks and chops. Three times a week is O.K.

Arnold Statz, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—My neck is weak. There seems to be no muscle in the neck. How can I rectify this?

A.—Of course there is some muscle but what you mean is that it is not properly developed. Take neck bending and neck twisting exercises. I know of no exercises that are better than the Army exercises by Frank Idone and the Navy drill by Tom Sharkey. They require no apparatus and are excellent. Get them from the Ring Book Shop.

Arthur Gartenburg, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—I am 11½ years old and I want to become a boxer. I have had some instruction and want some advice from you. I want to become a professional. Please tell me what to do.

A.—Take it easy. You are too young to start boxing professionally or as an amateur. Study the game through the books we have and practice with boys your size in a gymnasium under a competent teacher. That's the only way for a lad your age to learn.

Alice Sherley, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—One of my hips is more pronounced than the other. Is there any way in which I can change this?

A.—Yes, Alice. Exercise the one that is not fully developed. Do side bending exercises, rolling on the floor, stretching exercises using the side that you want to develop—these will all help.

George Forsythe, Kentucky

Q.—Which is the best way to chin, with the palms inward or outward? What is the best way to do the road work? How do you rate Baer with other champions? Are you the owner of the Everlast Company?

A.—The best way to chin is with palms inward. Do your road work by running easily, then sprinting, then walking, do leap frog, tree climbing, and jog. In short, vary your work. Baer is far inferior to most of them. I am not. I have no interest in Everlast.

Marty Topkins, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—What is the cause of punch drunkenness? How can it be overcome?

A.—There are many causes, primarily, a blood clot on the brain caused by heavy punching. It cannot be cured.

Q.—Is there any specific type of glove that must be used in the various states where boxing is legalized? For example, is there one kind for New York, another for Pennsylvania, etc.? Whose gloves are used in each state?

A.—There is no set rule on this point. Each commission avoids charges of favoritism by permitting the clubs to use any make of gloves, provided they meet with the requirements of the law so far as the weight, size and type of leather is concerned. In New York, almost every club uses the famous Everlast gloves which have been the standby in every championship fight but two in the last ten years. The Everlast gloves have proved to be the best. In California, the Levinson gloves are used. In Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, the Everlast are most used. In fact, the Everlast is favored by most commissions.

Harvey Levy, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Why don't you give us the complete story of a fighter in each issue? That would add to the interest of THE RING.

A.—Whenever possible, we do so. You'll find a biography of a famous fighter in each issue of "The All-America Sports Magazine," my other publication.

A Reader, Scranton

Q.—What are the correct nationalities of Frankie Klick, Jimmy Smith, Eddie Cool, Reds Barry, Lee Ramage and Jackie Wilson?

A.—Klick, Polish-Irish; Smith, Irish; Cool, Irish; Barry, Irish; Ramage, American of French descent, but I'm not certain of that; Wilson, Negro.

Wesley Rudolph, Oneida, N. Y.

Q.—I am 17 years old, weight 168, am 5 feet 11, have a reach of 73, chest normal 36, expanded 39½, forearm of 12, calf 14½, and thigh of 21. Will I do as a boxer or as a wrestler? I recently completed the Atlas course advertised in your book and have increased my measurements as follows: Chest, 4 inches; neck, 1 inch; forearm, 1 inch; thigh, ½ inch, calf, ½ inch, and weight 28 pounds. What do you think of that? Have any of the Universal Boxing Course pupils become boxers?

A.—You'll do either as a boxer or a wrestler, preferably a boxer. You'll be a heavyweight at 21. I think you did marvelously with the Atlas course. If my friend Mr. Atlas can get those results from all his pupils, I envy him. His course has certainly benefited you considerably. Get my boxing course and study that carefully. My pupils are winning eighty-five per cent of their fights as amateurs and a few have turned pros and are showing great records. I'm proud of the Universal Boxing Course. Charley Massare has made a close study of the course and his record speaks for itself.

George Cote, Dover, N. H.

Q.—What is the age of Henri De Glane?

A.—He is 33 years old.

Harry Malfus, Holyoke, Mass.

Q.—Has Browning ever met George?

A.—Yes, four times. Browning won the first bout, George the second, and the third and fourth ended in draws.

Q.—Did Strangler Lewis ever meet Londos?

A.—Yes, fourteen times and Lewis won each match. They meet again on September 20 in Chicago.

Q.—Why don't you carry wrestling ratings?

A.—Too complicated. We have plenty of headaches trying to keep tabs on the matches without bothering about ratings. The matches are invariably only exhibitions—not on the level competition—hence any ratings we would give would be worthless.

Deshong M. Nael, Newbern, Tenn.

Q.—I want to take up your boxing course but before doing so want to know how I can get rid of surplus fat.

A.—Take exercises regularly. Do bending exercises, spading, tree climbing, long walks.

H. Richards, Providence, R. I.

Q.—Did Sullivan ever fight a Negro? Did he fight George Godfrey, the Negro? Was Herbert Slade a Negro?

A.—No, he never fought a Negro, though early in his career, in 1881, before he gained the championship, he and Godfrey were stripped at Bailey's Boxing Club, 3 Tremont Street, Boston, for action, when the police came on the scene and the bout was called off. Later, Sullivan challenged Godfrey at the Music Hall of Boston when Sullivan was given a benefit on his return from the fight with Charley Mitchell, but Godfrey turned it down.

Herbert Slade was not a Negro. He was a New Zealander, a Maori, who was brought to this country by Jem Mace to fight Sullivan and received a terrific beating from the Boston Strong Boy.

F. A. Mele, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Was the fight between Paulino and Carnera in Italy a championship affair?

A.—Yes.

Harry Golden, New York City

Q.—Does Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund and Christmas Fund get all the money that is taken in at a boxing gate after the fighters are paid off?

A.—No. The fund usually gets ten per cent. The fighters are paid off after the fund collects from the top, and then the promoter takes the profits from which the fund gets another ten per cent. Both are great causes and boxing has done much to aid these charities. I am not in a position to tell what the fund collects. Write to Ed Frayne or Bill Farnsworth, the sports editors of the "N. Y. American" and "N. Y. Evening Journal" for your information.

John Zajo, Livingston Manor, N. Y.

Q.—I have flat feet and arch supporters won't help me any. What can I do to cure them? What exercises can I take?

A.—If arch supporters won't help, then a doctor had better prescribe for you. A good exercise is to press the toes against the soles of the shoes, thereby causing the arch of the feet to form a semicircle. Do this often—first upward, then relax.

Q.—I am 19 years old, have a chest measurement of 40 inches normal, 44 expanded, a 16-inch neck, weight 190 pounds and am 6 feet tall. Will I do as a boxer or a wrestler?

A.—My advice is to turn wrestler because of your flat feet. They won't affect you as much as they will in boxing.

C. Dawson, Australia

Q.—How often was Gotch defeated? Hackenschmidt? Who was the stronger? How would Baer have fared against Dempsey and Fitz?

A.—Gotch once, and Hack twice, in their prime. Hack was the stronger. Baer, in my opinion, would have been knocked out by either.

Robert Leong, Hawaii

Q.—What is the purpose of sweat pants? How can I reduce the legs?

A.—For reducing the fat on the legs. It causes perspiration and that, in time, causes a reduction of the surplus fat. Take running, climbing and walking exercises.

Q.—How can I increase my upper body?

A.—By taking chest exercises.

Thomas Sherwin, Boston, Mass.

Q.—What year were the following born: Tom Sharkey, Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Jack Sharkey, Joe Lynch, Bob Fitzsimmons?

A.—Tom Sharkey, November 26, 1873, Dundalk, Ireland; Jeffries, April 15, 1876, Carroll, Ohio; Corbett, September 1, 1866, San Francisco, Cal.; Jack Sharkey, October 6, 1902, Binghamton, N. Y.; Lynch, November 30, 1898, New York City; Fitzsimmons, Hellsetin, Cornwall, Eng., June 4, 1862.

E. Schmidt, Oakland, Cal.

Q.—I noticed that the papers said that Carnera's biceps were 14 and Baer's 15. I'm sure this is wrong. I don't see how it could be possible for Carnera to have such small biceps, especially when he has at least a 14½-inch forearm. Am I correct?

A.—Carnera's biceps is eighteen inches and his forearm is 16. Baer's biceps is 15 inches and forearm, 13½. The measurements as listed by the various news agencies were mostly guesswork and very incorrect.

B. E. Koster, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Q.—Am I O.K. for boxing if I am 18 years old, 5 feet 9½ inches tall, and weigh 140 pounds stripped, have a chest measurement of 38 inches, neck 15 inches, biceps 11 inches, waist 30 inches, thigh 21 inches, calf 11½ inches?

A.—Yes. You are O.K. Get my Universal Boxing Course. It is the best teacher on the market.

Artie Simmons, Reading, Pa.

Q.—At one time your magazine offered to its readers fifteen per cent reduction on all goods sold by the Everlast Sporting Goods Co. Why has this been discontinued?

A.—It has not. We have mailed you a "Ring" Everlast card to which all "Ring" readers are entitled. You select what merchandise you want out of the Everlast advertisement or the catalogue, deduct 15 per cent, send your order and money to the "Ring" office and we will see that the merchandise is shipped to you by the Everlast Company. Any "Ring" reader can get this service and discount from us.

L. Williamson, Nottingham, Eng.

Q.—Was Owen Moran the first to K. O. Battling Nelson.

A.—Yes. Nelson lost several fights previously but was not stopped until Moran turned the trick.

Q.—Which were Moran's chief victims in the States? How do you think he would have fared against Ad Wolgast?

A.—Delmont, Frankie Neil, Matty Baldwin, Tommy Murphy, Battling Nelson, Phil Brock. They fought a six round no-decision bout in 1908.

A Reader

Q.—Who stands the best chance to dethrone Rosenbloom?

A.—John Henry Lewis and Joe Knight who lead the field of challengers. Knight has been going great the past few months.

Q.—Who do you think will be the next opponent of Baer?

A.—From among Hamas, Lasky, Neusel and Carnera.

May Swift, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Is the Tommy White of Chicago, about whom a story recently appeared in THE RING, any relation to Charley White?

A.—No. One is an Irish born American, the other, a Hebrew-American. Both were great lightweights, but Tommy was the greater. Charley came into prominence many years after Tommy had made his mark in the fistic world.

Harry Dobson, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—Did Stanley Ketchel ever train or fight in New Rochelle?

A.—No. He trained for several fights on Upper Broadway, near the present Van Cortlandt Park links, but never fought or trained in your city.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

MANY thanks for the books on Dempsey, Tunney, Johnson, Fitzsimmons and Peter Jackson. I am enjoying them all—may I compliment you on the two on Dempsey and Tunney, which you have written.

Peter Jackson was a splendid man—but had a most tragic life. I know several men out here who knew him well and all speak very highly of him.

Bill Doherty (he reads this paper—Australian champion 1899-1903), lately published a splendid book, "In the Days of the Giants," one of the best I have ever read. He lives in Fremantle, the port of Perth, and is now in the Harbour police.

He knew Jackson, Fitz, Hall, Goddard, Slavin, Griffo and Choynski, and fought Kid McCoy nine rounds in South Africa. He also met John L. Sullivan, when he was out here in 1891, and Jack Johnson in 1907 when he was here.

After Doherty had beaten Felix for the Australian title, he met Jackson again, after Peter's return to Australia in 1899. Peter had seconded Felix against Doherty. I quote Doherty's book:

"I was amazed at the change in Jackson. He was not yet forty, but wasted to a shadow and he looked both old and weak.

"I noticed his clothes, though clean and tidy, were suspiciously shabby looking, and I drew my own conclusions as to the state of his finances. I had a big roll of notes in my pocket and quietly handed him five pounds. Just as quietly, he handed it back.

"'Thanks, Bill,' he said, 'but I can't take it. I've never taken a penny from one of the boys in my life. I'm all right.'"

Up in sunny Queensland, in the months that followed, Peter Jackson fought the greatest and hardest battle of his life: the battle we must all fight—with the Grim Reaper—Death—and it was the Grim Reaper who won.

His grave is in Queensland, under a magnificent monument, subscribed to by thousands of his admirers throughout Australia. Fine as is the monument, there is a greater tribute to his memory, though it lies deep in the hearts of those who knew him. It is the remembrance of the splendid qualities he possessed, the manliness, the kindness, the gentleness; those qualities which caused him to be known as "the whitest black man that ever lived."

Throughout the history of the ring, one notices a gradual increase in true sporting standards on the part of the public of every country. The treatment of Heenan, when in England for the Sayers and King fights, is a nauseating story of ringside ruffianism back in the sixties.

In the nineties, side-stepping of opponents had come in more. I think one may say of that time that, had an Australian held the world title, Sullivan or Corbett would have found it just as hard to get good matches here as Jackson, Slavin or Goddard did in America—none ever got a title match there.

Today fighters like Carpentier, Heeney, Schmeling and Carnera have had title matches given to them, often in preference to native sons of America.

I feel convinced that the influence of your paper, THE RING, has helped very greatly in this.

You, I feel certain, have the chance ahead of you, in sporting journalism, to set a standard similar to that of our C. P. Scott, for 57 years editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, in journalism.

He was repeatedly offered a million sterling, and more, for his paper but would never sell.

He sought responsibility more than riches. He felt convinced his paper represented the better voice of England and all that he worked for—fair dealing with Ireland and a better feeling on both sides between the "old country" and America.

I feel sure, in years to come, you will attain a standing, and set a standard comparable, in your sphere, to his in his sphere.

May I wish you the old Worcestershire (England) greeting—"May God, good will and good neighborhood be your company."

The recent article on Conan Doyle, and boxing as a nation-builder, reminds me of the last stand of Britain's "old contemptibles" (Regular Army) at Gheluvelt, Flanders, in October, 1914. They kept the Germans off—one man in the line to every seven yards—by rifle fire, with the odds against them of 37 to 1, and later drove them back at close quarters.

I remember being told that, while all were heroes, boxing regiments particularly distinguished themselves here. Boxing, equally, it would seem, is a wonderful nation-builder for the hard battle of peace—and of economic stringency.

I now wish to make one important suggestion to you, sir, with regard to the Tunney-Muldoon trophy.

I suggest, if you approve of it, that you see the trustees of this trophy and ask that a special panel be set apart on it for the names of really great non-titleholders only; with dates of their feat periods. Eminent journalists would have to draft the candidates out.

A READER,
West Australia.

Thanks exceedingly for your kind, most thoughtful words. I deeply appreciate them. As for the million sterling, candidly, though I love my work and cherish the thousands of friends whom I have gained through this publication, at times I feel so thoroughly discouraged over the lack of support given the magazine, that I would take far less than you mention to dispose of it. [*Editor's note*]

* * *

I SUPPOSE that we RING readers far away in South Africa are very little heard of, but nevertheless the people of Johannesburg and the rest of South Africa take a large interest in American boxing and especially your publication, THE RING. Many of us got up at three o'clock in the morning to tune in to the title bout between Baer and Carnera recently. Baer is a great favorite out here after his film the "Prizefighter and the Lady" showed here. I, myself, also favored the American, being born in New York (Brooklyn).

Boxing has dropped for a while, but we have some good American wrestlers appearing here, including Jack Sherry, Frank Judson, Emil Dusek, Tom Alley, Bob Myers, Gus Kallio and Henry Inslinger.

Among our good fighters are Don McCorkindale, whom the American public already knows much about. Had he started his professional career earlier and not at the age of 24, he would have gone much farther.

Ben Foord, the handsome ex-Natal life-saver, made good in England and has now returned to gain the South African heavyweight title. Steve Hamas has been invited out here to fight him.

Dave Carstens, another good South African heavyweight and 1932 Olympic champion, is now in England. He is rugged and has a right haymaker. He has kayoed Jack O'Malley and drawn with Clyde Chastain.

Our middleweight hope, Eddie Pierce, is now in England, doing well. He has beaten many important opponents, losing only to Tarante, and McAvoy.

However, the best prospect of all our fighters is Laurie Stevens, South African and Olympic lightweight champion (1932). He is a whirlwind type of fighter who does not stop from gong to gong. He has not a K.O. wallop, but his ceaseless battering rapidly tires his opponents. He has twice whipped Eddie Brink of Scranton and Turiello of Italy.

Other good fighters of ours are Willie Unwin (Cruiser), Eddie Maguire (middle), Van Rooyen and Purchase (welter), Smith, McLaughlin, Bates (feather), Hall, Anderson, Knight (bantam). We have not many good boys in the lighter weights as the South African climate makes 'em grow big.

GABY BALKIND,
Johannesburg, S. Africa.

* * *

I AM a constant reader of THE RING. After carefully reading each issue, I always look forward with great pleasure to the coming number. The outstanding merits of your publication are its literary and informative fulfilment. In my opinion, no library table is complete without the presence of a copy of THE RING.

JOHN DUBOIS,
Doylestown, Pa.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE summer season, which started auspiciously, slowed down to a snail's pace during July and August but picked up again with September. The welterweight match between Barney Ross and Jimmy McLarnin and also the heavyweight meeting between Art Lasky and Steve Hamas, offered pugilistic relief. Although the gate receipts of the Ross-McLarnin bout did not come up to the expectations of the promoters, they did exceedingly well considering what their first bout showed. Lasky and Hamas figured to be a red hot meeting between two of the younger heavyweight aspirants who eventually will get a crack at Baer's heavyweight crown.

Evidently Mr. Jinx showed no partiality by the manner in which it treated some of the local promoters. Three good bouts were called off on three consecutive days in one week. Dyckman Oval postponed the Mike Belloise and Baby Arizmendi bout scheduled for Monday. The Coney Island Velodrome did likewise Tuesday for its bout between Petey Hayes and Lew Feldman and Ebbets Field postponed for a week the Tony Canzoneri vs. Harry Dublinsky mill billed for Wednesday. Arizmendi suffered a cut eye; Canzoneri strained his leg, and Hayes had his eye infected and as a result, all three cards had to go over. It's tough enough to introduce good matches to the public these days, without having the uncombatable elements or injuries to contend with.

The Connecticut State Athletic Commission seems to be acting over zealously towards certain boxers who appear in the State and fail to show impressively. Because of their failure to win or look good, the Commission immediately places them under suspension. In several instances, there is no one to blame but the Commission itself. If they are anxious to protect the public, they should prohibit the bout in question to be staged before it takes place.

The boxing fan today is far smarter than he was years ago and when the fans detect anything that does not look or sound good, they stay away from the fight. Frankie Wine was given a suspension after he was knocked out by Al Gainer, when everyone knew that Wine was no match for Gainer. If Commissioner Lawler wanted to protect the paying public, he would have refused to sanction the bout.

Eddie Hogan, of Waterbury, who looks like one of the likeliest heavyweight prospects in the country, also fell under the ban but in an indirect manner. Hogan scored a two round knockout over Les Kennedy, veteran Coast heavyweight. Kennedy is smart in the ways of the ring but did not have anything to bother Hogan, who weighs 220 pounds, and hits with the power of Max Baer. The Commission suspended Kennedy and called it "indifferent fighting." It's a shame to libel a boy like Hogan at the beginning of his career. He is well able to knock out opponents like Kennedy without any assistance.

Kid Chocolate made another attempt to stage a comeback and while winning the decision over Buster Brown at the Coney Island Velodrome he was far from the flashy menace of old. The spark is missing and it's a shame to see Chocolate show so poorly against ordinary opponents.

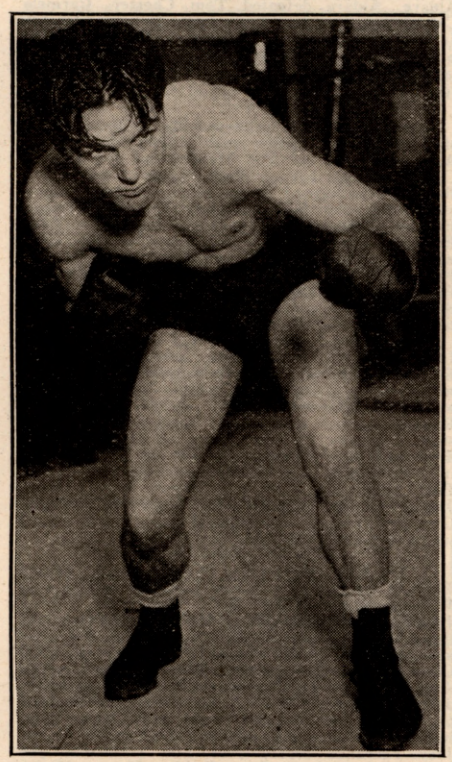
Bobby Pacho disposed of Jimmy Slavin in the third round. Pacho had a big weight advantage and did not have any trouble against Jimmy at any time.

Eddie Ran scored a knockout over Jimmy Phillips in the first round when the latter suffered a deep head injury which necessitated stopping the bout.

Johnny De Foe outscored Danny London in six rounds while Young Canada Lee outpointed Tony Passaro in four. Leonard Del Genio and Jimmy Fantini staged a gruelling bout at the Dyckman Oval with the official verdict being a draw. It was a slashing affair with nip and tuck all the way. Louis Camps turned the tables on Tommy Mankin in their return go. Mankin had previously scored a kayo over Camps but this time there was no question about the better man.

Another all star card in Philadelphia gave the fans something that the New Yorkers would revel in. Four ten rounders were staged with Cleto Locatelli winning over Frankie Klick in the final event. This was a regular slugfest with plenty of disapproval voiced when Locatelli was handed the verdict.

Benny Bass had no trouble in whipping Johnny Jadik in their ten rounder. Unknown Winston and Al Ettore went to a ten round draw while Paul Pirrone, of Cleveland, scored the biggest individual hit of the night when he flattened Jimmy Smith in one round.



George Hansford, Pacific Coast featherweight, who was here for a short time but returned to the Coast, without securing any action.

Pirrone electrified the fans with his snappy punching and floored Smith several times before the bout was stopped. Pirrone endeared himself in the hearts of the spectators and will be a welcome visitor whenever he returns. Strange to relate, Herman Taylor and Bobby Gunnis, the promoters, lost money on the venture.

Lee Ramage again conquered Maxey Rosenbloom—the second time in three starts. Patsy Perroni returned to form by whipping Johnny Risko in Cleveland and Risko astounds the fistic world by defeating Tommy Loughran a week later. Risko is the same undeterminable type, far from consistent but always comes through with a surprise when you least expect it.

Nel Tarleton captured the British featherweight championship by winning over Seaman Watson, almost scoring a knockout in the fourteenth round. Tarleton is shortly booked with Freddy Miller and the winner will have a good claim for the world's crown.

Danny Brown is now handling Relampago Saguero, Tampa welterweight, in New York. Besides Saguero, Danny is handling the reigns of Johnny De Foe, featherweight, and Al Casimini, lightweight. Dewey Fragetta, who is booking Jackie Wilson, Joey Ferrando and Young Firpo, makes his headquarters at the Victoria Hotel, Room 333.

Jack Dempsey, besides his multitudinous duties as referee in various parts of the country, has taken over the management of Tony Galento, Jersey heavyweight. Galento's terrific hitting powers probably attracted Jack's interest and he has taken a personal delight in the new protege. He went so far as to engage in a workout with Galento in Stillman's Gym and had the exhibition been publicized, there would have been a capacity gathering to watch them in action.

Gus Wilson has transformed his training camp at Orangeburg, N. Y., into a cabaret. He gets plenty of customers from the rural districts. Last year was the first that he opened under the name of The Ringside and his venture is far more profitable than confining to the boxing industry. Werther Arcelli, Italian welterweight, living in Boston, has an arduous booster in Phil Buccola who is trying to hoist him into a titular bout.

The famous training combine of Whitey Bimstein and Ray Arcel has been severed, and in the future, each will handle boys independently. This break was caused through present conditions and when business warrants, they may combine again. Lee W. Dorton is the latest manager and promoter to step into the game. He is running shows at Kannapolis, N. C. and is handling Johnny Dean, a former amateur, now boxing in the welterweight ranks.

Archie Bell, prominent bantam of a few years back, is taking care of Freddy Rich, promising Detroit featherweight, now making his home in Brooklyn. Babe Amos, 150 pounder from Syracuse, has moved to New York City and is being handled by Joe Dailey. Amos' gymnasium workouts are very impressive and he may develop into a headliner with the proper chance to show his talents. George Sheppard is boosting the cause of Eddie Marks, Perth Amboy welter, whom he claims is the nearest approach to Ace Hudkins for action.

Tommy Rios is the latest to score over Vince Dundee in an overweight match, which did not enhance his chances of winning from Teddy Yarosz. Mike Getz of Cleveland is handling Ray Sharkey, former Golden Glove winner of that city, who has scored seventy victories in seventy-eight starts. Nick Cavalli, who is the English agent for many foreign boxers, handles the most prominent French or Italian boys who visit England. He is well known in this country and sends along his greetings. Jack Portney, Baltimore lightweight, has sailed to Australia for a series of bouts under the promotion of Charley Lucas.

Bobby Pacho was given the decision over Kid Frattini in their bout at the Coney Island Velodrome. This was a tough battle and the verdict was far from popular. Ray Napolitano scored over Kenny La Salle in the semi-final. Eduardo Duarry, Cuban welter, turned in a kayo over Frankie Kid Bruno in the fourth round. Izzy Jannazzo won over Danny Levine while Leonard Del Genio flattened Joe Barra in the first round. Del Genio is a youngster who is bound to make his mark in fisticuffs. He hits hard with either hand and is colorful in action. Pete De Grasse won from Johnny Erickson in their Dyckman Oval tussle. Louis Camps whipped Joe Giglio. Harry Baron, East Side 140-pounder, cannot get enough action to satisfy him which is very annoying to his mentor, Hymie Tallone. Eddie Walker has taken a step in the development stage and is looking after Max Huddle, a novice middleweight, with plenty of possibilities. Walker developed Harry Ebbets, the Freeport Thunderbolt, and is confident that he build Huddle into the same proportions.

Tracey Cox, who campaigned around Texas and the South in the welterweight ranks, seems to have discovered the Fountain of Weight reducing as he is now back in Indianapolis fighting lightweights and scaling at the 135-pound limit. His latest triumph was recorded over Tony Herrera.

Bill Miller, who handled the publicity for the Young Corbett-Mickey Walker Pacific Coast middleweight championship, turned in a swell job, the bout drawing around $28,000. Walker scaled under the middleweight limit but showed nothing but courage and fighting spirit—Corbett did not have any trouble.

While Joe Jacobs was handling Max Schmeling in Germany, Musky Jackson, his man Friday, was around exploiting the fighting qualities of his latest charge, Jimmy Ambers, a hard hitting middleweight from Brooklyn. Although publicity reports from McLarnin's camp stated that he was never beaten in the second time out against the same opponent, it was probably forgotten that Bud Taylor scored three consecutive victories over him.

Lew Feldman turned the tables on Johnny Erickson in their ten-round return engagement at the Coney Island Velodrome. Feldman outboxed and outspeeded Erickson who forced the fighting and tried to make a fight out of it. Jackie Aldare scored over Tom Chester in the eight round semi.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

OCCASIONALLY you read about ring upsets and just as frequently they are forgotten. Johnny Risco, who turned in a surprising victory when he scored over Tommy Loughran, has been responsible for many of these unexpected victories. Automatically it puts him back into the heavyweight running, despite the fact that he was beaten by Patsy Perroni a few days previously. The month's features were Lee Ramage's victory over Maxey Rosenbloom in another overweight match, Nel Tarleton's winning of the British Featherweight championship from Seaman Watson and Sixto Escobar's victory over Eugene Huat in a fifteen round bout.

Starting with the heavyweight division, Risko's victory over Loughran and Perroni's victory over Risko, were the outstanding bouts in the division. In other important mills, Natie Brown whipped Arthur Huttick and Don Petrin; Petrin scored over Eddie Simms; Red Barry whipped Johnny Freeman but was beaten by Buck Everett; Unknown Winston kayoed Salvatore Ruggirello in six rounds and drew with Al Ettore. And Abie Feldman scored over Frank Rowsey.

Steve Dudas kayoed Will Matthews in two rounds, Stanley Poreda in four and whipped Yustin Sirutis. Sirutis defeated Tiger Henderson. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Tim Charles in two and Ace Clark in three rounds. Paul Cavalier won over Roy Lazer. Baxter Calmes won on a foul from Babe Hunt in seven rounds. Leroy Haynes won from Tony Cancela. Cancela kayoed Al Morro in five rounds. Tiger Jack Fox disposed of Abe Abrahams and Frankie Sharkey in one round each. Tommy De Stefano won over Seal Harris while Carl Walker whipped George Manley and kayoed Joe Stangel in four rounds.

Rosenbloom, besides losing to Ramage, scored over Pietro Georgi but the light-heavyweight title was not at stake. Tony Shucco whipped Dick Madden. Joe Knight kayoed Clyde Chastain in six rounds and defeated George Pavlick. Al Gainer disposed of Frankie Wine in three rounds and won over Al McCoy. Billy Jones defeated Arturo Godoy in South America. Lou Brouillard disposed of Al McCoy in eight rounds. Adolf Heuser finished Alexis Morin in two sessions. Yale Okun stopped Corn Griffin in the second. Johnny Miler kayoed Jack Stocker and Johnny Newmann in four rounds apiece. Lait Littman finished Jack Gibbs in four. Dave Maier also disposed of Frank Limas in four periods.

Marcel Thil, leader of the middleweight class, which is in a confused state, whipped Rinaldi Meroni. Teddy Yarosz defeated Bud Saltis. Young Stuhley whipped Saltis and Jack Purvis but was beaten by Anson Green. Young Corbett scored over Mickey Walker. Vince Dundee was beaten by Tommy Rios but scored over Tony Brescia.

Jock McAvoy disposed of Charley Parkin in one round.

Oscar Rankin humbled Gorilla Jones. Paul Pirrone kayoed Jack Purvis in four and Jimmy Smith in one. Smith whipped Al Diamond. Solly Dukelsky won from Frank Battaglia. Young Terry lost to Red Affinito and drew with Jackie Aldare. Aldare defeated Tom Chester. Carmelo Candel won over Kid Tunero and Rolando. Hookie Jackson scored over Frankie O'Brien. Sammy Slaughter kayoed Dave Maier in six rounds. Gustave Roth disposed of Rene De Vos in the eighth round.

Leading the active welterweights, Willard Brown starts off with a victory over Midget Mexico. Kid Azteca disposed of Pat Murphy in five rounds. Cerefino Garcia kayoed Mike Payan in one round. Bobby Pacho kayoed Jimmy Slavin in three rounds and won over Kid Frattini. Frattini whipped Frankie Petrolle. Sammy Fuller disposed of Dick Edwards in two rounds. Mickey Serrian drew with George Gibbs. Eduardo Duarry finished Frankie Kid Bruno in four rounds and drew with Petey Mike. Jimmy Leto whipped Jackie Davis. Steve Haliako won over Pete Nebo. Ray Napolitano scored over Bobby La Salle.

Fritzie Zivic whipped Young Firpo. Tiger Al Lewis defeated Cecil Payne. Bob Wilson kayoed Stanislaus Loayza in seven rounds. Eddie Cerda won over Baby Joe Gans. Hershie Wilson disposed of Buster Conner in two rounds. Tigger Joe Randall scored over Joey Speigal. Eddie Ran stopped Jimmy Phillips in one round. Tom Jones drew with Harry Devine and kayoed Eddie Conley in six rounds. Harry Carlton won over Patsy Bernadella. Jack Lowry whipped Mickey Paul. Jimmy Vaughn whipped Charley Baxter. Sid Red Gregory won over Sammy O'Dell. Ralph Chong whipped George Salvatore.

In the lightweight class, Young Peter Jackson whipped Cecil Payne. Cleto Locatelli scored over Frankie Klick. Benny Bass won from Johnny Jadick. Tracey Cox defeated Tony Herrera and kayoed Lou Avery in eight rounds. Eddie Zivic kayoed Frankie Marchese in six rounds. Kid Chocolate whipped Buster Brown and stopped Andre Sarilla in seven rounds. Jack Portney defeated Henry Emond. Tod Morgan disposed of Tommy Johns in one round and Jimmy Kelso in eight. Battling Battalino whipped Jackie Davis. Joey Ferrando scored over Lou Lombardi. Joe Vignali drew with Joey Zodda. Harry Mizler whipped Billy Quinlen. Leonard Del Genio drew with Jimmy Fantini and kayoed Joe Barra in one round. Herb Bishop, of Australia, really a lightweight, defeated Joe Ghnouly. Dom Volante started a comeback campaign by kayoing Albert Barker in four rounds.

Freddy Miller, leading the featherweight brigade, whipped Tommy Paul and Little Dempsey. Nel Tarleton whipped Seaman Watson. Johnny Pena kayoed Vince Venturillo in five rounds. Mose Butch disposed of George Pace in three rounds and defeated Rose Fields. Lew Feldman whipped Johnny Erickson and drew with Pete De Grasse. De Grasse also scored over Erickson.

Phil Zwick won from Moon Mullins. Vernon Cormier scored over Abe Wasserman. Jackie Sharkey was beaten by Patsy Severo and Young Rightmeier. Orville Drouillard whipped Foster Young. Frankie Covelli scored over Bucky Burton but was beaten by Tiger Kid Walker. Johnny De Foe won over Danny London. Julie Katz drew with Al Ragone and defeated Tommy Mankin.

Among the bantams, Sixto Escobar humbled Eugene Huat in Canada. Louis Salica turned in a swell victory over Joe Tei Ken. Emile Pladner was beaten by Young Perez and Kid Francis. Dick Corbett drew with Johnny King. Nipper Hampston whipped Bob Rimmer. Speedy Dado won over Joey Dodge. Domencio Bernasconi defeated Benny Sharkey.

Tommy Pardoe heads the active flyweight list with a two round kayo over Kurt Aust. Maurice Huguenin whipped Eugene Huat but was beaten by Benny Lynch. Herbie Hill kayoed Sid Smith in four rounds and whipped George Rodhem. Bert Kirby was beaten by Harry Edwards and stopped by Bobby McGhee in seven rounds. McGhee also kayoed Boy Elliott in two rounds. Phil Milligan whipped Percy Dexter.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Leo Lee, England.
Bantamweight—Henry Hooks, Indianapolis, Ind.
Featherweight—Joey Brown, Syracuse, N. Y.
Lightweight—Louis Caranza, Mexico.
Welterweight—Jimmy Jones, Baltimore, Md.
Middleweight—Ernie Heatherington, Winnepeg, Canada.
Light-heavyweight—Charley Rubin, Paterson, New Jersey.
Heavyweight—Hank Hankinson, Akron, Ohio.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

These are my ratings for the month ending August 22:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Primo Carnera	Tony Shucco	Teddy Yarosz	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Steve Hamas	Joe Knight	Young Corbett	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Art Lasky	Bob Olin	Oscar Rankin	Harry Dublinsky
4—Walter Neusel	Al Gainer	Emilio Martinez	Willard Brown
5—Patsy Perroni	John Henry Lewis	Tommy Rios	Eddie Kid Wolfe
6—Johnny Risko	Ambrose Palmer	Vince Dundee	Kid Azteca
7—King Levinsky	Billy Jones	Paul Pirrone	Cerefino Garcia
8—Natie Brown	Len Harvey	Jock McAvoy	Tony Herrera
9—Lee Ramage	Lou Brouillard	Fred Henneberry	Cocoa Kid
10—Tommy Loughran	Bob Godwin	Freddy Steele	Tony Falco

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Sixto Escobar	Midget Wolgast
2—Young Peter Jackson	Nel Tarleton	Darky Blandon	Jackie Brown
3—Cleto Locatelli	Mike Belloise	Young Casanova	Valentin Anglemann
4—Frankie Klick	Baby Arizmendi	Young Tommy	Tommy Pardoe
5—Benny Bass	Petey Hayes	Star Frisco	Benny Lynch
6—Lew Ambers	Seaman Watson	Louis Salica	Maurice Huguenin
7—Tracey Cox	Jackie Wilson	Little Pancho	Mickey McGuire
8—Eddie Cool	Tommy Paul	Pablo Dano	Praxille Gyde
9—Wesley Ramey	Johnny Pena	Joe Tei Ken	Herbie Hill
10—Eddie Zivic	Vittorio Tamagnini	Lew Farber	Phil Milligan

Schmeling Comes Back

On the day that this magazine went to press, we received word that Walter Neusel, who worked his way up to the top rank of the heavyweights in his sojourn in America, had his hopes for a titular shot with Baer shattered by Max Schmeling, former world's heavyweight king who stopped his rival in the ninth round of their scheduled twelve round fight for the championship of Germany. Schmeling gave his rival so severe a beating, that Walter was unable to answer the call for the ninth session after finishing the eighth round and thus Schmeling must now be considered in the place of Neusel in the scramble for the challenger's position for a fight with Baer.

As this issue could not be held for further details, we will give a more complete story and use a number of illustrations on the Neusel-Schmeling fight in the November issue. In the meantime, Schmeling is due in this country shortly for a conference with American promoters to further his efforts for a return engagement with Baer.

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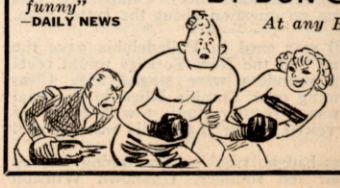

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D. APPLETON CENTURY COMPANY

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

WRESTLING fans turned out en masse for the Jim Londos-Don George exhibition here which attracted a gate of $12,000. No one gives any credence to the legitimate efforts of grapplers yet big gates prove that the public still likes the grunt-and-groan brigade when an attractive match is made.

Londos-George wrestled their usual draw and no one was hurt.

If there were any worthwhile fighters around wrestling would be drawing crowds of 300 and boxing, despite the depression, would have the call. There are no colorful boxers in sight and the press is none too enthusiastic about any of the newcomers. Looks like a lot of hard work for someone building things up again.

Lou Scozza's proposed trip to Australia is still in the making with no new announcements as to when he may go. Lou ought to make some money in the land of the Kangaroo, which would be new territory for him.

Norman S. (Red) Murray, well known boxing second, former baseball star and man-about-town will attend Dr. James Flynn's baseball reunion at Rochester. Lefty Reck, Gus Monat, Dick Thompson and other former luminaries of the diamond will accompany Murray.

Joe Matty, astute wrestling man and former middleweight champion of western New York, is assembling a stable of grapplers for the Fall. Young, with ambitious mat artists, will do well to go with Matty, who knows the game from A to Z.

Big Boy Brackey is still resting. He took the summer off, following his quick knockout of Tommy Baxter. Manager Timlin will have to pit his man against much better fighters this season. True enough, Brackey is only a beginner and should not be rushed, but he cannot hope to gain prestige at the expense of fighters like Baxter.

Nelson Crawford has Dick Hartnett resting up until October. The ex-amateur will be busy when cooler weather comes.

Playfair Brown, big time Canadian fight promoter, will be back in the picture with twice-a-month shows this Fall. Brown, who knows boxing like a book, went to England last year with a boxing troupe and did very well.

WHAT FORMER BUFFALO FISTIC STARS ARE DOING—Jimmy Duffy is a deputy sheriff at Lockport . . . . Knockout Brennan has a tavern . . . . Uncle Herman Smith is retired and has plenty of sugar . . . . George (One-Round) Davis is a railroad cop . . . . Rocky Kansas, once lightweight champion, works for the city . . . . Jimmy Goodrich has a small restaurant in Snyder, N. Y., near here . . . . Fighting Dick Loadman runs a tavern in Steubenville, O. . . . Joe Kansas works for the Buffalo Evening News . . . . Jimmy Slattery is taking things easy . . . . Benny Ross is employed on the lakes . . . . Fred Smith is on the police force . . . . Hank Zunner is a carpenter . . . . Kid Curley is a City court marshall and a supervisor.

JUST GOSSIP—Someone ought to build a bowl here for Summer boxing . . . . without it I don't think the sport will ever be a hummer during the warm months . . . . They used to have a swell little place up at Erie, Pa. . . . The Arena there seated around 6000 and was compact, well located and a success . . . . An open air spot would develop fighters for the indoor season . . . . Somehow or other the fans will not go for bouts in the baseball park . . . . Night baseball here is going great and this, too, would be tough opposition for boxing while the team is playing home . . . . One night last week the Bisons played to 16,500 . . . . Steve Halaiko is resting . . . . He broke his hand in his Chicago bout with Harry Dublinsky and will be on the shelf all Summer . . . . Manager Vince Plunkett tells me he lost several good matches through the injury.

NOTICE—Good boxers and wrestlers of all weights, who have good records and have no contractual obligations, will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

MIKE DEMPSEY, at one time Rochester's best welterweight and Rochester's best drawing card, just returned from Pittsburgh.

Mike is under the management of Don Dero of Utica. He defeated Marty Andrews and Bill Flannagan while in that section.

Kodak Park Amateur Association ran its monthly amateur boxing show and the following amateurs defeated the Batavia boxing team: Joe Siconafi, H.W., Jim Flood, M.W., Joe DeCarlo, W.W., Stanley Ketchel, L.W., Nick August, F.W., Eddie Thomas, L.W.

Al Traino, Rochester's best lightweight, is training daily for his next bout in Glens Falls.

Jim Flood, the Niagara District A.A.U. Middleweight champ, just returned from Johnson City, where he stopped "Knockout Ronsin" in 2 rounds. On the same card Joe DeCarlo stopped Joey Finnagan of Scranton in one round.

Tony Storace of Rome, is running weekly amateur bouts in that city and Don Dero is making matches for the Mid-City A.C., running weekly amateur bouts.

Jake Haggerman, Rochester light-heavyweight, has joined the writer's stable of amateur boxers. In his last fight he defeated Al Fields, the Niagara District A.A.U., 175 lb. champ. Jake is a Hollander and has been in this country two years.

The Centennial Sports Committee opened its first show with a wrestling bout between Jim Londos and Joe Malcewicz. They wrestled for one hour, ten minutes. Londos won two out of three falls. They drew over 5,000 people. In the semi-final, Everette Marshall and Kasey Kazanjian had the fans biting their nails for one hour in a great bout.

The writer will answer all letters addressed to him at 121 North Union Street, Rochester, New York. Please enclose stamp.

Yesterday's Pugs: Kid Herrick is selling flowers—George Brown is in the trucking business—Johnny Burns is working for the City—Joey Manuel is a pressman for the morning paper—Joey Brown is a truck driver for the City—Sam Nolan is a policeman—Joe Trippe is working his farm in Mt. Morris, New York—Jackie Moore is a porter in a down town store—Christie Hart is working for the Eastman Kodak Company.

King Mahoney, Rochester's well-liked referee and an old time boxer, has a night club on the west side. King is running for Sheriff on the Democratic ticket.

THE RING and all of Nat. Fleischer's magazines are on sale at the newsstands in Rochester.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

ROY "Ace" CLARK is on the shelf for a couple weeks with a bad lip sustained in the Charley Retzlaff fight which was awarded to Retzlaff on a technical K.O. in the third. Clark will be ready by the time this goes to press. Clark's size was a great help in drawing the large gate which showed the promoter a profit of $500 on the show, something that surprised the promoter and caused him to do a little better than the contract called for.

Marty Cronin has opened up the Berkshire A.C. A club will be run at Bennington, Vt. also.

Vernon Cormier won over Abe Wasserman, New York, in an eight-round bout. Honey Melody of Boston, won over Pete Mascia, New York, in another eight, and Joey Archibald of Rhode Island, K.O.'d Skippy Allen of New York in the third. Ray Trueheart won over Charley Sestito in a six-rounder and Sammy Athas won over Ronney McLean of Holyoke in a four-rounder.

Tom Gibbons, Mike Gibbons, Mike O'Dowd, Tommy Barone, Jack Molone, Johnny Ertle, Earl Blue, Johnny O'Hara, and Jack Conway are all doing well in St. Paul, Minn.

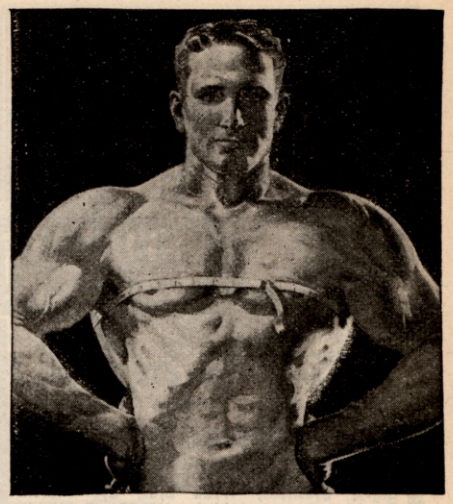
Cocoa Kid of New Haven, Conn., won over Steve Haliako, Buffalo, N. Y., in an eight-round bout. Felippo Yambo outpointed Joey Archibald, Providence, R. I. Jackie Aldare lost to Tony Celli, Worcester, Mass., in eight rounds.

West Springfield, Mass.—Charlie Turco, Worcester, Mass., won over Jimmy Martin, New York, in eight rounds; Joey Archibald of Providence, R. I., K.O.'d Jimmy Doyle, New York, in the third round; Tom Jones, New York, K.O.'d Eddie Conley, in the sixth round.

Thompsonville, Conn.—Bud Gorman lost to Frankie Sarno; Tommy Tucker won over Benny Carr; Jackie Williams won over Scotty Barnes; Martin Furman K.O.'d Micky Louis; Tommy O'Brien beat Billy Leo; Ray Rowe K.O.'d Cliff Horner; Young Rusty fought C. J. Rogers to a draw; Richie Gibbons won over Fred Belasano and Tony Labac K.O.'d Mike Popick.

West Springfield, Mass.—Johnny Bangs, Holyoke, Mass., was K.O.'d by Jimmy Martin, New York, in eight rounds; Tom Jones lost to Harry Devine, Worcester, in eight rounds; George Boyse of New York lost on a technical K.O. to Tony Cello, Worcester, in the fifth round; Angelo Manno won a six-round decision from Joey Izzo; Dave Duval and Sammy Athas fought a draw.

Lou Novarro, a Cuban lightweight, is looking for bouts in this vicinity. So is Maxie Strub and Ray Collins, light- and welterweight.



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Signed: GEORGE F. JOWETT

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BOXING activity in this section for the past month has been centered in the Southern Tier. The Arista A. C. staged shows in Owego, N. Y., Elmira and Johnson City. Both the Owego and Johnson City cards drew capacity crowds, while the Elmira show pulled about 1500 through the turnstiles.

At Owego—Babe Risko, Syracuse, drew with Paulie Sykes, Jersey City, in six fast rounds. Johnny Stanley, Ogdensburg, and Billy Munico, of Auburn, slugged through six heats to an even break in the semi-final. Other results: Babe Amos, Syracuse, outpointed Carl Gilmore, Binghamton (6); Tod Morgan, Tully, knocked out Kid Dyke, Syracuse (3); Billy Cahill, Binghamton, knocked out Dickie Carr, Watertown (3); Louie Skala, Endicott, outpointed Earl Weaver, Syracuse (4).

At Elmira—Jack Portney, Baltimore, and Wildcat O'Connor, Carbondale, Pa., were tossed from the ring in the fifth round of the scheduled ten-round feature by Referee Joe Sheppe of Binghamton, who charged the boxers with "stalling and excessive clinching." Tommy Bland of Toronto, Canadian lightweight champion, won from Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse, in the six-round semi-final. Other results—Baby Joe Thompson, California, drew with Eddie Marks, New York (6); Alfy Williams, Syracuse, scored a technical K.O. over Eddie Dykes, Elmira (6); Tod Morgan, Tully, shaded Art Bokino, Baldwinsville (4); Mickey George, Hogansburg, drew with Mickey Norman, Elmira (4).

At Johnson City — Mickey Barron, Scranton, battled six sensational rounds to a draw with Joey Brown, speedy little Syracuse featherweight. The scrap provided the fans with more real action than any pro show staged in the Southern Tier in years. Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, Syracuse, slugged out a decision over Billy Munico of Auburn in the semi-final of six rounds. Other results—Babe Risko, Syracuse, drew with Larry Wagner, Philadelphia (6); Johnny Nelson, Syracuse, knocked out Danny Ladner, New York (2); Billy Cahill, Binghamton, knocked out Mickey George, Hogansburg (2); Louie Skala, Endicott, knocked out Joe Metro, Auburn (2).

The Disabled Veterans A. C., Inc., of Syracuse plan to resume their local shows this month. Application has been made to the State Athletic Commission for the renewal of the license. Despite rumors to the contrary, the cards will be staged at the Arena, home of Salt City boxing the past fifteen years.

MORE ABOUT THE OLD-TIMERS — Al Wise, one of the hardest hitting middleweights ever turned out of Syracuse, is now operating a gasoline filling station here . . . . Al (Young Leach) Cross is making a name for himself on the police force . . . . Young Murphy has become a first-rate florist . . . . Joe Baker is the owner of a flourishing Italian bakery . . . . Frankie Tropia is living on the interest, being one of the wiser youngsters who knew how to hang onto it . . . . Jack Michaels is a referee . . . . Jack Lewis, former local promoter and widely known third man in the ring, is running a cafe . . . . Tommy Mack dispenses gas and oil to the motorists . . . . Billy Leonard and his brother Eddie are doing nicely with their Belvedere Grill, one of the show places of Syracuse . . . .

IN OUR MAIL BAG—Lou Novarro, Augusta, Ga.—If you come East, look me up.

Billy Burns, Union, N. J.—Am trying to line up your boys.

Dewey Fragetta, Brooklyn, N.Y.—May find a spot for Jackie Davis in Bingo.

George Ellin, New York City—Yambo would go good here when club resumes operations. Featherweights are very popular.

Ernie Lewis, Kansas City, Mo.—Get in touch with me in regard to Dutch Weimer when you come East.

Eddie Frisco, Schenectady, N. Y.—Will keep you in mind.

Col. D. Walker Wear of Binghamton, acting chairman of the State Athletic Commission, has done a great deal for the good of boxing upstate. Commissioner Wear is always ready and eager to help the smaller clubs and goes out of his way many times to lend a helping hand. More like him and boxing will soon be back on a paying basis throughout the Empire State.

Mickey Serrian is training at the Pioneer in Gotham under Bobby North, for future ring bouts . . . . Bob Mody, local Negro heavyweight, is pining for action . . . . Red Herring, erstwhile Utica promoter, is staging weekly A.A.U. cards at Hollywood Hills . . . . One of the best looking amateur prospects in this neck of the woods is Ralph De John, a middleweight . . . . The writer is matchmaker for the Arista A. C. at Binghamton . . . . Jackie Brady is prepping for a comeback . . . . Looks better than ever, and hitting like a heavyweight . . . . Al Salbano is still in Texas working steady, although he reports boxing at a low ebb in his sector . . . . Gabe Genovese, popular local boxing manager, is one of the best dressed men in the glove sport . . . . Jack McCann, 267 Grand Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., is looking for unattached boxers for his stable . . . . George Sheppard, Brooklyn manager, is well liked by up-state promoters . . . . Eddie Marks, New York welter, finally defeated Baby Joe Thompson at Saratoga . . . . Babe Risko won from Joe (Desperate) Desmond of Mechanicsville, in the semi-final . . . . More next month.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

BAT BATTALINO, former world's featherweight ruler, made his first appearance in three years in a Hartford ring when he staged a comeback, winning a narrow decision over Jackie Davis, of Cleveland, in ten thrilling rounds at the South Park Arena, Hartford.

Five thousand fans attended the boxing show.

Alex Low, English welterweight, made a splendid showing with the fans in his fight with Billy Bridges of Willimantic, to whom he lost a hard fight in the semi-final of eight rounds. Freddie Foran of Burnside shaded Harry "Kid" Roy of Montreal in five rounds. Frankie Nichols of Tariffville scored a technical kayo in the fourth stanza over Larry Manning of Boston. In a four-rounder Jimmy Hicks of New Haven was awarded the duke over Joe Smith of Hartford.

Petey Mike of New York won a six-round decision from Eddie Moore of Bridgeport. In another six-rounder Al Gillette of New London lost a close decision to John Bellus of New Haven. Jimmy Rice of Milford drew with Sailor Sharpe of Bridgeport, in four cantos.

Amateur bouts staged weekly are going well at the White City Stadium, New Haven, South Park Arena, Hartford, Silver City Stadium, Meriden, and the American Legion also offers simon pure at Torrington.

Lew Cox of New York boxed his way to a six-round decision over Phil Baker of Norfolk. Pinky Morris, classy featherweight of Bridgeport, and Al Gillette of New London, battled six chapters to a draw. Nathan Mann of New Haven scored a knockout victory over Eddie Michaels of Holyoke, Mass., in the third round. Eddie Gates of Pittsfield secured a technical knockout triumph over Gene Bryan of Norwalk in the fifth frame. Bill Clark of New Haven pounded out a four-round decision over Irish Eddie Logan.

Al Nelson Gainer, the Black Panther, of New Haven, did not even exert himself in the battle with Frankie Wine, Montana heavyweight, defeated by a technical knockout in the third round of a billed ten-round star bout at the Walnut Beach Stadium. In the semi-final windup Pinky Morris of Bridgeport scored a technical knockout in the first canto over Tom Grady of Springfield, Mass. Frankie Williams of New York outpointed Sol Carter of Middletown in six lively heats. Irish Jimmy Logan of Waterbury, Conn., defeated Jimmy Rice of Milford in a six-rounder. In a four-round opener, Jimmy Stewart of New Haven gained the decision over Fred Voran of Hartford.

In their second meeting, Al Boros of Bridgeport got his revenge with Frank Wotamski, heavyweight of Utica, New York, by a knockout in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round main event at the Walnut Beach Stadium. Nathan Mann of New Haven fought to a draw with Frank Lo Bianco of New York in six rounds. Phil Baker of Norwalk whipped Al Gillette, New London, in six heats. Petey Mike of Long Island outpointed Billy Clark of New Haven in six sessions. Gene Bryan of Norwalk won on a technical knockout over Charles Ross of Torrington in the third stanza.

Eddie Unknown Winston, hard hitting colored heavyweight of Hartford, Conn., kayoed Salvatore Ruggivello in the sixth round of a billed ten-rounder at the South Park Stadium, Hartford. Alex Lowe of England administered defeat to Eddie Conley of Danbury in an eight-round semi-final. Frankie Nichols of Tariffville gained a six-round decision over Charlie Eagle, "Brass City" middleweight. Joe Uzdavinis of Boston took the decision from Johnny Destephano of East Hampton in six cantos.

Freddie Foran outboxed Jimmy Stewart of New Haven.

Former Heavyweight King, Jack Dempsey, appeared as the third man at the Walnut Beach Stadium. Four thousand spectators stormed the Stadium to see him perform the role of referee.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

THE big fight of the month saw Charley Retzlaff knock out Ace Clark in three rounds. Retzlaff spotted the Philadelphia Negro 50 pounds. Over 2,500 fans turned out for the fuss. Larry Udell went to a bristling six-round draw with Pat Arnold; Jack Gibbons, aspiring to be the second phantom, won a decision over Mel Coleman. Sammy Polski won over Howard Barron; Louis Walker stopped Dick Hack in the second round; Lee Savoldi won over Johnny Maras.

Winona, Minn.—In a six-round re-match Jack Gibbons scored over Mel Coleman for the second time; Frankie Kouba beat Pat Chilifone by a hairline; Babe Herman scored a kayo over Lou Gans in three; Bush Schoonover beat Everett Grosser.

Other bouts of the month saw Jackie Libgott win over Ed Smith; Lee Savoldi beat Kid Eiles; Buddy Gruber won over Young Battling Siki.

Gene Connolly, Minneapolis featherweight, is back home following a successful trip to Chicago rings. The youngster engaged in ten fights, winning five, drawing in three and losing in two. Joey Thomas, his manager, accompanied him on the trip.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Johnny Ertle, one time bantam champ, owns a tavern at Stillwater, Minn. . . . His brother Joey is now in the boxing game . . . . Pat Chilefone, one of the best looking lightweights in this section, will make a trip to Texas . . . . The outstanding boys here are: Charley Retzlaff and Art Lasky, heavyweights. Jack Gibbons, middleweight; Frankie Knauer, welterweight, Pat Chilefone, lightweight, and Jackie Sharkey, featherweight . . . . Gene Connolly, Minneapolis feather, looks like a comer . . . Earl "Little Boy" Blue, a tough heavyweight a few years back, is still around . . . . See you next month.

PITTSBURGH CHATTER
By PHIL GOLDSTEIN

FRITZIE and Eddie Zivic are doing very well and may outshine their predecessors, Jack and Pete, of the fighting Zivic clan. Eddie since his return from the Coast has twice kayoed Joey Costa and also stopped Frankie Marchese, while Fritzie has beaten Eddie Ran and Young Joe Firpo, of Philadelphia.

Anson Green, "Homestead's dark destroyer," took another step towards a match with Teddy Yarosz, by his impressive victory over Young Stuhley, of Chicago, whom he had on the floor three times. Stuhley recently defeated Vince Dundee in an overweight match.

The arena on Western Avenue, of the North Side, has reopened. Tom Donaldson is the owner and promoter. He has not, as yet, announced who he intends using as matchmaker but, those in the know claim that it will be either Charley Jones or Bill Dummer.

Jules Beck and Lew Raymond have dissolved partnership. Beck will continue to stage bouts at Greenlee Field, alone.

Raymond recently staged a benefit show for the 80th Division veterans, who were in convention, at Conneaut Lake. Fritzie Zivic defeated Young Joe Firpo, of Philadelphia, in the main event.

Among the local lads who are rapidly forging to the front are Mike Barto, 135 pounds; Al Quaill, 156 pounds; Jack Delcharone, 158 pounds; Johnny Durso, 137 pounds; Charley Burns, 129 pounds, and William Ely, 135 pounds.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Las Vegas, N. Mex.: Henry Rein and Charley (Black Panther) Tate of Albuquerque, fought a savage 10-round draw. Rein, who is a former Colorado welterweight titleholder, was the Negro's superior at long range, but Tate was the harder hitter.

At Denver: Two well-known members of the "beef trust," Joe Savoldi and "Strangler" Lewis, put on a show for those that still fall for modern "rasslin'." Lewis, with a paunch like a well-fed alderman, flopped Knute Rockne's erstwhile football pupil in something like 21 minutes with an assortment of headlocks, body slams, left hooks and what have you.

Notice where Billy Vaughn, the "Torrington Tornado," is being handled by Bill Hawkins and is showing in the Middle West. As usual, Vaughn is taking them by storm with his aggressive, slambang style of milling.

For some unexplainable reason, the promoters in the mountain region failed to capitalize on Vaughn. They're crying their eyes out because there is such scarcity of lightweight material out here, yet Vaughn all the time was clambering for a chance to display his wares. He's the best lightweight the Rockies have turned out since the palmy days of Jommy Hanlon.

RANDOM SHOTS — Eddie Mack, prominent lightweight several years ago, is handling George Manley's affairs . . . . Mickey Cohen, ex-Denver favorite, is working in a cigar store in the mile-high city . . . . "Reddy" Gallagher, famous old bare-knuckle artist of 50 years ago, is the dean of Rocky Mountain sports writers . . . . Al Vom Steeg of Alamosa is the most popular referee in the state.

At Glenwood Springs: "Battling" Guy Nelson won an easy six-round decision over Bull Yingling. The pair are welterweights. On the same card, Buster Cannon and Joe Martinez fought a slashing 10-round draw.

At Meeker: "Battling" Guy Nelson, Jerome, Idaho, decisively defeated Joe Martinez, Rifle, in a torrid 10-rounder.

At Grand Valley: Buster Cannon, Idaho welter champ, kayoed Mickey McRegan in two heats.

Incidentally this Idaho pair, Nelson and Cannon, are about the "hottest" pair of welters to strike Colorado in many moons. Any local promoters wanting to show either of them, can get in touch with Jimmy Rossi at Glenwood Springs, Colo.

At Walsenburg: Henry Jackson, Fort Garland, state featherweight champion, was awarded a 10-round decision over Eddie Trujillo of Denver.

Jackson has been coming to the fore like a tornado the past year and now that he has hurdled Trujillo, no doubt efforts will be made to bring in some outstanding featherweights for him.

At Grand Junction: Hershey Wilson, Eagle, state lightweight champion, kayoed Buster Cannon, 141 pounds, in the second round of a scheduled 10-round battle.

At Lamar: Carl Walker, state heavyweight champion, repelled the efforts of George Manley, veteran Denver battler, to win his crown. The pair staged a bloody, savage battle but the Hillrose youngster was a little too strong for "Goodtime George." It went the full ten rounds. Previous to this fight Walker had scored eight straight kayo's.

At Denver: George Zaharias, Pueblo Greek, tossed Pat O'Shocker, burly New Yorker, in 42 minutes with a "flying tackle." The boys stood toe to toe and butted, kicked, socked and walloped each other with their fists . . . . and they call this stuff wrestling. It's doubtful if either of these fellows would recognize a legitimate wrestling hold if they saw one.

At San Luis: Henry Jackson, stouthearted little Fort Garland featherweight battler, pounded out another 10-round decision over his arch rival, Eddie Trujillo of Denver. Jackson weighed 122, while Trujillo tipped the beam at 132. Just why Jackson sees fit to spot guys like Trujillo ten pounds in weight, is hard to figure out.

Remember, that the writer would like to have all the fight results in this section of the country, but be sure to have them in by the 15th of each month.

Also anyone wanting a complete list of boxing promoters out here can get it for a dime. Any "dope" on the fight game out here can be had for the asking, but don't forget to inclose reply postage.

Address all letters to: T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

THE Cleveland Press brought in the amateur champions from the Pacific Coast, Chicago and Canada to compete with local amateur Golden Glove and National amateur champions for the benefit of the Children's Poor Fund and the kiddies took down something like $5000 for the fund. Stuart Bell and Franklin Lewis made the matches. They called it the Parade of Champions and such the affair really was.

Eddie Mead and Al Sutphin, who promoted the last Johnny Risko-Patsy Pirrone fight, will stage a fight again next month at the Public Auditorium or Stadium. They are after Risko again to top line the card. If they can't get Risko—they will use Natie Brown, managed by Billy McCarney and Eddie Simms, the local heavyweight.

Walter Taylor is running weekly shows at the Equestrium. He also stages a wrestling match every two weeks.

Al Sutphin plans on running shows all winter. He is after the best talent he can secure. He has appointed Eddie Meade as his matchmaker.

The Firestone A.C. is running every Saturday night at Akron and drawing well. Al Shieks is giving the fans some fine fights down there. Eddie Davis and Mike McKinney are also doing a good job for the Goodyear Rubber A.C.

Cy March, who has a large stable of boxers at Akron, writes in that Gunner Gungle has won every fight he has started in since turning pro and looks like a regular Johnny Griffith. Harry Krohn, that good fighter of years gone by, is also handling several good boys and getting results.

Shang Walsh will start promoting at the Akron Armory, Akron, Ohio, next month. He will be teamed up with Berney Strapp.

Geaugua Lake is running weekly amateur shows —and getting plenty of race track fans every Saturday night to witness them. There are several New Orleans youngsters from the stables who have been showing up very well in those bouts, especially a young colored jockey whose nickname is Pork Chops, Dixie Dixon. He has made a great hit with the fans.

Johnny Cox is still around Houston, Texas, with Morris Segal. He expects to come to Cleveland and assist Eddie Mead this winter.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

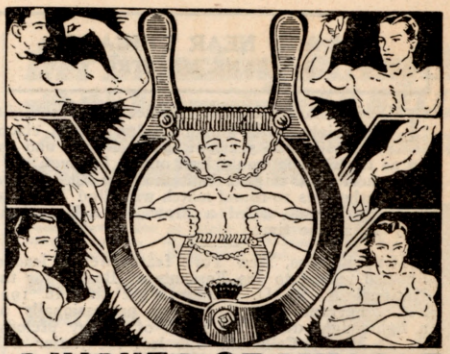
MOON MULLINS, who gave Freddie Miller a good fight some months ago, came to Cincinnati during the past month and won handily over Johnny Alba, the Filipino. And Mullins made a big hit with the fans around here with his willing style of mixing.

On the same card, Carl Knowles, Atlanta, Ga., light-heavyweight, kayoed Smokey Maggard. Maggard gave Knowles quite a tussle for six rounds, but once Knowles tagged Smokey, it was all over.

Tiger Walker, dusky lightweight, pulled a big surprise when he won a well-earned decision from Maxie Koshover. They previously had fought a draw and speculations were that Koshover would win the decision their second time out, but the little Negro shot all advance dope to the wind with his never-ceasing barrage.

Frank Stoker, manager of Jackie Hoster, Columbus, recognized Ohio lightweight champion, bulletins that his fighting titleholder was held to a draw by Frankie Mieners of Cincinnati in a Muncie ring. Stoker also writes that Hoster is ready to defend his Buckeye title against any of the Cincinnati leaders, such as Koshover, Walker, Alba or Calhoun.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Few fans are aware of the fact that Sid "Cannonball" Bailey, the ace soft-ball twirler of Ohio, was a former lightweight boxer . . . . Sid boxed some great fights around Milford a few years ago . . . . Ronnoco Park, Fayetteville, Ohio, opened with some boxing and wrestling recently. . . . . Tiger Flowers boxed Johnny Summers a draw and Billy Baker did likewise with Baby Sullivan in the chief bouts . . . . wrestling also dominated at the Park with Sailor Parker losing on disqualification to Dutch Neider . . . . Violet Bezenah is still issuing a challenge to all the other women lightweights who claim the world's title . . . . Violet is a sister of Elmer Benzi, now boxing around Maine and the East Coast . . . . fighters with good records who want work around here should write the writer of this column at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati . . . this also goes for readers who desire news and information from these parts . . . . a return stamped envelope will get better results.



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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

TONY CANZONERI, former featherweight, lightweight and junior welterweight champion, will be 26 years of age on Nov. 3 and not 30 as the records would lead one to believe . . . . Canzoneri just missed bantamweight title recognition when his 10-round match with Bud Taylor at Cubs park was called a draw . . . . Tony was only 18 at the time.

Mike Belloise, New York featherweight leader, finished second to Joe Ferrante of Boston for the National A. A. U. bantamweight title in 1931 . . . . Ferrante now is boxing professionally as a lightweight under the name of Honey Melody. . . . . Mushy Callahan, who lost the junior welterweight title to Jack (Kid) Berg in 1930, is rated second only to George Blake as a referee in California . . . . Callahan first took out a referee's license a year ago.

One of the most unusual of the few ring fatalities is not listed in the record books. It happened at Steubenville, Ohio, in 1912. Special Delivery Tulley and Bandy Sharp had been declared physically fit by the attending physician and after receiving their instructions from the referee, returned to their corners to await the bell. As the bell sounded, Sharp took one step forward and then dropped to the canvas unconscious. He was rushed to a hospital but never regained consciousness.

Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, recognized as bantamweight champion in 1925, and Eugen Criqui of France, who gained the featherweight title by knocking out Johnny Kilbane in 1923, celebrated birthdays last August 15 . . . . Rosenberg was 33 and Criqui 42. . . . Willie Ritchie, lightweight crownholder from 1912 to 1914, is just as proud of his baptismal name, Garry Steffen . . . . Art Sykes, Elmira, N. Y., heavyweight, under the management of Eddie Long, played fullback on the freshman team at Virginia Tech.

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Sam Langford and Porky Flynn, one time heavyweight rivals, engaged in battles in Australia and at Boston which stirred up considerable interest because of the ingenious ballyhoo campaigns instituted by Snowy Baker, promoter . . . . Flynn was not considered a match for Langford at the time and so Baker devised a plan whereby the former Boston Tar Baby and Porky engaged in saloon brawls, which were followed by reams of favorable newspaper publicity before scheduled bouts.

Les Kelly, president of a food corporation in Green Bay, Wis., manages Adolph Wiater, heavyweight . . . . Benny Ray serves as adviser. . . . . Bud Ginter, Chicago 122-pound boxer, won his first battle in a year in his professional debut against Augie Mandell at Marigold Gardens, August 6. . . . Prior to that Ginter, 1933 Golden Gloves bantamweight champion, was defeated by Frankie Kerr of Ireland in the international matches at Soldiers' Field . . . . Hardening of the muscles in Bud's leg caused the layoff.

Bob La Monte, last year's Catholic Youth organization welterweight champion, expects to be a father in December . . . . La Monte, who married Miss Louise Giorno early this year, is going good as a professional boxer . . . . Marty Doherty, superintendent at the Chicago Stadium, now is a traffic policeman in the loop. . . . Eddie Shea, Jr., son of the veteran featherweight, will be six years of age on October 29.

Earl Mastro, former featherweight challenger, may never be forgotten by the fans . . . . Daily his accomplishments in the ring and his polished manners out of it are revived . . . . Patsy Flannigan, who came to Chicago from St. Louis, Mo., twelve years ago to earn a small fortune, was selling newspapers at the Twenty-third Street entrance at A Century of Progress . . . . Flannigan says he grossed $80,000 in the short time he was in the spotlight.

King Levinsky's mother-in-law's name is Mrs. Goldie Glickman . . . . His bride, the former Roxanne Evelyn Glickman, was born at Richmond, Va., Feb. 28, 1916. . . . The Kingfish's mother, Mrs. Sarah Krakow, who was born in Poland, is living, but his father, Solomon, is dead.

Harry Houghan, Wisconsin game warden, was a guest of Barney Ross in Chicago after the champion's welterweight title defense against Jimmy McLarnin at New York in September . . . . Ross plans to buy 50 acres of land near Loretta, Wis., for fishing and hunting purposes . . . . While roughing it in Wisconsin prior to the McLarnin encounter, Barney's elder brother, Morris, was blessed with a six-pound girl, but the titleholder didn't learn of the newcomer until he returned two weeks later . . . . Although he whipped Johnny Freman at Asheville, N. C., a couple of days prior to his losing encounter against Buck Everett at Shewbridge field, Donald (Red) Barry got two round-trip tickets from New York to Chicago.

Joe Louis, six feet one inch Detroit, Mich., Negro, who appears to be headed for recognition as a heavyweight, is 20 years old . . . . Izzy Goldstein, Golden Gloves star, sustained an injury to his right eye while winning two pro fights on the Pacific Coast which may necessitate his retirement from boxing.

East Orange, N. J.—Enjoy reading your column in THE RING very much. Sixteen years old and in my last year in high school, I am aiming for a position as sports writer. Would appreciate some pointers on how to achieve my ambition.
GEORGE BUTLER.

Ans.—We started as a press agent, got acquainted with our boss, Arch Ward, who is sports editor of *The Chicago Tribune,* and after a year of hard, conscientious work with little or no pay, was placed on the staff as a boxing writer.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Pancho Villa, flyweight champion, died while undergoing operation at San Francisco, Cal., hospital . . . . Battling Siki, who lost the light-heavyweight title to Mike McTigue at Dublin, Ireland, was found murdered in New York . . . . Benny Leonard, retired lightweight champion, and Jimmy Goodrich was given title recognition by the National Boxing Association . . . . Mickey Walker was welterweight titlcholder, Harry Greb middleweight, Paul Berlenbach light-heavyweight and Jack Dempsey heavyweight champion.

Johnny Buff, right name John Lesky, former bantamweight monarch, was knocked out by Johnny Breslin at Bayonne, N. J. . . . . Sid Barbarian, an Armenian-American from Detroit, Mich., was a leading 135-pound boxer . . . . Mushy Callahan was seeking a lightweight title bout with Rocky Kansas after the latter dethroned Jimmy Goodrich. . . . Andy Chaney, Baltimore, Md., knockout king, was stopped by Honeyboy Finnegan at Baltimore . . . . Jack Doyle, Los Angeles, promoter, was instrumental in the return of the 10-round boxing law in California where for 12 years no match was permitted to go more than four rounds.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

ONE of the outstanding events in the fight game in Michigan during the month of August was the state light-heavyweight titular go in Lansing. Harold Anderson, the slugging Flint boy, was knocked out by Pretit Ferarer, former champion. Anderson had the better of the going until the seventh when a foul slowed him up, and he ran into a short left hook to the jaw that flattened him in round eight.

Foster Young whipped Lefty Logan of Lansing in eight rounds. Johnny Cheney, who made quite a name for himself in the amateurs, made his pro debut, and whipped Tommy DeRezzi, Kalamazoo, in four rounds. Lin Harvey, Lansing 158-pounder, drew with Pete Palovitch, Flint, and St. Louis Kid, Flint, scored over Billy Miller of Lansing.

Chuck Woods, one of Michigan's best fighters, returned from a barnstorming tour which took him all over the Southwest, to top a Hazel Park show. His opponent was Steve Shea, but Woods had little trouble taking all eight rounds. Shea was dropped twice in the first round. Ken Offet beat the St. Louis Kid in the six-round semi-final. Al Honas stopped Red Horner, Joe Chick beat Billy Duke, and Wad Sidorski beat Orville Powell in preliminaries.

Joe Louis, former amateur sensation, ranks as the best fighter of Detroit. Joe, who is doing all of his fighting in Chicago, beat Jack Kranz, and knocked out the well-known Larry Udell in two rounds.

Joe O'Signac beat Marcel Frigard in a Chicago ring last month. Other Michigan boys boxing there are Pete Petroskey, of Muskegon, who lost to Eddie Stiegel, and Benny Duke, Grand Rapids, who defeated Eddie Chincski in five rounds.

The Schaefer Arena in Dearborn is running regularly Friday nights. Jack O'Dowd, once one of the best heavyweights in the Mid-West, showed in the main bout, taking a six-round decision over K.O. Bert Paxton of Detroit. Phil Lightheart fought a draw with Eddie Anderson, Detroit heavy. Frankie Pallo beat Ray Snell in a four-round bout, and Tony Lamerato and Jack Stearns scored technical kayos over Jim Barnes and Jim Clark.

Wilbur Chevalier is about ready for a busy winter. The veteran Bay City puncher has been inactive for almost a year now, but has kept in shape, and with two months of intensive training under his belt, should be as good as ever. Chevalier wants to box Drouillard and Palazola.

Eddie Koppy, recognized as state lightweight champion, whipped Jimmy Cholak at Dearborn. K. O. Morgan, the clown from Toledo, beat Frankie Pallo in six rounds, and Tomm/ Meeking beat Coca Cola Kid over the same route. Art Bowman beat Bud Massey and Ed Maurier beat Ray Snell in other bouts.

Orville Drouillard is fighting about once a week. The Canadian featherweight star took Foster Young into camp at Lansing. Then at the Traverse City cherry festival he whipped Frank Pallo in eight rounds. Speedy Johnson beat Johnny Thomas in a non-title bout as a semi-final. Tom Meeking beat Ed Plant and Tony Ocello flattened Bob Crampton of Charlevoix.

Ansell Bell, who boxed as a bantamweight in New York a decade ago, is running the West Side A.C. in Detroit. It is located at 3906 Michigan and is owned by Eddie Swede Anderson, Detroit lightweight, who has gone to Australia to box. Homan Williams was to make the trip with Eddie.

Harold Anderson had the better of Eddie Anderson in a Hazel Park finale, but Referee Frankie Dailey raised both hands. Mike Kolnick took an unpopular decision over Ivan Harburn of Flint in six rounds. Al Honas knocked out Cecil Lothery in three rounds. Bob Kelley beat Joe Noto and Ray Snell shaded Fred Rich.

Johnny Vorce, one of the best 175-pounders in the state, can't seem to get work around Detroit. Vorce is colored and knows his way around a ring.

Tiger Kelly, veteran Irish welterweight is boxing around New Brunswick at present, and may drop into Detroit this fall.

Three Ohio boxers fought on the last Hazel Park card and all of them were stopped. Richie Wobser and Frank Bayles, middleweights, and Armand Henry, bantam, were accounted for by Deacon Eddie Wells, George Sutka, and Steve Takas, respectively. Pete Loverix shaded Joe Szilagy, and Charley Grundish upset the dope in taking a six-round decision over Mickey Jurecki.

New clubs are starting up, and others closing down right along. If you want to keep posted on either boxing or wrestling promoters in Michigan, send 25 cents for each or 50 cents for both lists to Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich.

FLORIDA AND GEORGIA
By HAL DAVIS

YOUR correspondent has just returned from a three weeks trip through the Middle West and the Southeast. On the trip we encountered a few boxing doings and it might be of interest to readers of THE RING to get our reactions.

Our first stop was in Savannah, Ga., where a packed house witnessed Joe Knight as he beat George Pavlick in championship style, and everybody, including Promoter Norris, was well pleased.

Our next stop was in Cincinnati, where Cauliflower Alley was reported as on the upgrade. At the present time several Negro boys who are packing them in, Alabama Kid, Young Walker and Rough House Glover are probably three of the leading colored cards in the gate-way city. Promoter Katz seems to be getting the best play of the several promoters.

After Nashville, Evansville and Gary, where optimistic reports were heard, Chicago was the next port of call. Dave Barry's Array of Champions show at the Century of Progress was visited and the performance that we attended was entertaining. Old Tom Sharkey gave a short talk about his career, fed by Barry, who will never live down his "fourteen count" fame. Jack Johnson followed in a lengthy speech about his exploits in and out of the ring, and then shouts went up from the crowd as King Levinsky entered the ring and boxed two rounds with a good colored lightheavy, Tom Jones. Even in the short bout with the big gloves, the Kingfish displayed all the "Bull-in-a-china shop" tactics which have established him as a good box office attraction. Several other two rounders were put on, but the only one to impress us was between Wilbur Stokes and Billy Hood, middleweights. Jabber Young gave an exhibition of fancy bag punching and the show was over.

At Trafton's gym next day every manager, boxer and promoter encountered cried on our shoulder about hard times, poor houses, etc. But that is the way with boxing men, so we thought little of it. The promoters blamed a dearth of talent for the latent interest in fights, while the boxers blamed conditions on a lack of high-class promoters. Well, we thought little of it, thinking that the boys were exaggerating, but that night, we visited a well established fight club and saw little more than a $200 house. The card was a good one and well received by the few customers.

The next night we still had hopes when we went to see Solly Dukelsky in his much advertised bout with Frank Battaglia. Dukelsky is a Chicago boy and has been going great and Battaglia had plenty of publicity, but to us the house was a disappointment. After a couple of days at the Fair, watching fan dancers, peep shows and such, we attended a big outdoor show featuring Reds Barry and Buck Everett in a good fight, Everett gaining the decision, but this like the others was an artistic success but apparently a financial failure.

We came back through Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, but heard nothing but woe concerning the boxing game until we arrived at Richmond, Va. There the game seemed to be booming. When we got to Asheville, N. C., however, we were pleasantly surprised. A town of only 50,000, and with nothing apparently outstanding, we saw a large arena jammed and packed to the rafters to see Norment Quarles beat Mickey Genaro. We were told that this was Quarles' first ten-round bout, he having recently graduated from the amateurs. Promoter Loy said that his greatest worries were to accommodate his crowds.

On the trip we were most impressed with Buck Everett and this youngster Quarles. Everett has gone far from the unpolished slugger he was two years ago. Quarles really looks good. He can box beautifully and has a terrific wallop for a lightweight in either mitt. He is our nomination as one of the very best bets among the younger boys.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

THE month of July marked the opening of our new Boxing Arena, Rose Gardens Stadium, with an international bout between Young Herrera, light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion of Cuba, and Smiling Kid, our heavyweight champ, with Herrera winning on a T.K.O.

Charley Perez defeated Bill Tate in a six-round windup. Tate who was ill, conceded eleven pounds to Perez, but made a good showing.

Pancho Valdez met his old rival, Lefty Flynn, who flattened him in three rounds.

Port Maria—Rover Wright kayoed Battling Clarke in the second round. Fighting Murray (Port Maria) drew with young Williams (Kingston) in a lively six-rounder. Galina Pup won from Kid Flowers in six rounds. Kid Cecil drew with Tiger Thomas.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THE Joe Knight-George Pavlick bout which took place at Savannah, in which Knight bested Pavlick, drew one of the largest attendances in years.

Next in line was the Knight-Chastain event which took place at Miami. The Southern champion, who is still trying to get Maxie Rosenbloom in the ring with him, bested Chastain out of the picture in the sixth round.

Knight followed this victory by also taking the measure of LeRoy Brown at Charleston, after ten rounds of hard fighting.

Carl Knowles K.O.'d Smokey Maggard at Cleveland . . . . At Durham, Jack Denning, Carolina's light-heavyweight champion, scored over Bob Turner, and Cracker Jack Webb while at Augusta K. O.'d Earl Johnson . . . . At Savannah, Loree Wilson trounced Joe King, sparring mate of Knight . . . . Wilson had King on the floor seven times . . . .Ceals Zancy outpointed Jimmie Wade at Miami . . . . Mike O'Brien bested Battling Belk at Charlotte. . . . At Asheville, Reds Barry defeated Johnny Freeman . . . . Mickey Bergen disposed of Eddie Reilly at Savannah. . . . . Bob Turner kayoed Firpo Hipps at Asheville . . . . At Dallas, Pat Murphy disposed of Bobby Burns . . . . Bob Davey stopped Max Maxwell at Houston . . . . At Fort Worth, Johnny Farrell outpointed Duke Trammel . . . .

In conclusion, your scribe would like to hear from fighters that would like to make connections hereabouts. In first letters please enclose postage if you want a reply. Mail reaches me at 1911 Waters, Savannah, Ga.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

JOSE VILLANUEVA retained his bantamweight crown when he was held to a slashing draw by Joe Eagle in a ten rounder. It was one of the most gruelling battles ever held at the Mandaluyon Stadium, Rizal.

Villanueva and Cunning Nene, ex-bantam champion, will invade Japan and Hawaii next month under the wings of Mariano R. Sangle.

Sangle has opened the huge Osmena Boxing Bowl located in the heart of Manila to house his programs. Paquito Villa, former mentor of the late lamented Pancho Villa, and Bebeng Gutierrez, another big figure in the local boxing world, will help Sangle in his projects.

The Islands are in for a new deal in boxing judging from the fact that a new boxing group has sprung up to rival Sangle's troupe. The Manila Boxing Corporation is composed of such figures as Judge de Witt, Chick Parsons, Macario Bayan Rivera, Commissioner Jose Figuerras, and the majority of the members of the Managers' and Boxers' Association.

The M. B. C. will build a stadium of their own. However, while the thing is still to be completed the Manila Opera House will temporarily be used by the corporation. Little Pancho, Baby Arizmendi, Johnny Pena, Speedy Dado, Ceferino Garcia, Star Frisco, and others are waiting for a call from the new fistic association.

Young Tarley held his own against Baby Johnson, American-Filipino featherweight, in their ten round bout at the Malabon Stadium, Rizal. The fight was declared even.

Mike Dempsey battled Small Doro to a draw; Fighting Chua Lai made short work of Young Nacionalista in 2; Fighting Dempsey kayoed Young Ordeal in three; Al Brown drew with James Eagle; and Speed Sival won over Young Romy.

LONG AND SHORT IN BOXING—Dr. Joaquin Quintos, Jr., a dyed-in-the-wool boxing fan, had his first child baptized with the name of Remedios; of course the new daddy passed the cigars. Young Paterno is now a proud member of the brigade of flatfoots of San Juan, Rizal. Of all the managers here, Ralph Cuyugan alone devotes all of his time to his fighters, and the reward for his sacrifices is a string of Oriental champions.

The correspondent begs to acknowledge the receipt of letters from Mr. Clyde Hull of Raymond, S. Dakota; Mr. George Sheppard, of Brooklyn, U.S.A.; C. Buenaventura, of U.S.S. Mexico; Mr. G. Billings, of New South Wales, Australia; Mr. H. W. Shacks, of Singapore, Straits Settlements; Mr. T. Takeda, Tokyo, Japan; Mr. S. Hooie, Honolulu, Hawaii; Mr. Richard Scott, St. Helens, Oregon; Mr. G. A. N. Tutty, Moncton, N. B. Canada.

Fighters desiring to try their luck in the Philippines may send in their records and pictures to the writer, who in turn will connect them to the proper clubs, gratis-et-amore. His address: 39 Lozada, Sn. Juan Heights, Rizal, Philippines.

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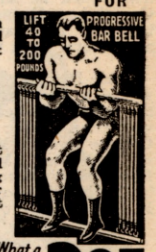

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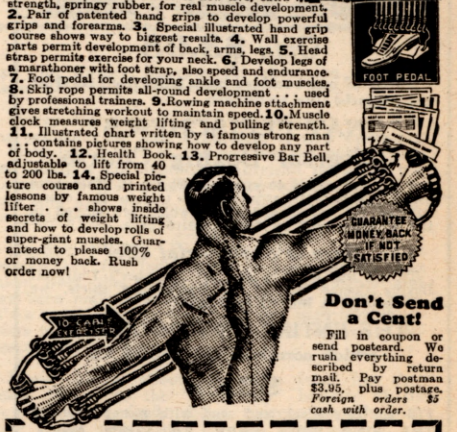

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

BILLY VAUGHN of Torrington, Wyo., handed Buster Blanchard, Kansas lightweight, a neat licking in eight; Dick Demeray defeated Jimmy Wooten in six; Jack Charvez upset the dope when he shaded Kid Miller in six; Terry Griffith beat Cappy Wooten in four; Lloyd Weaver beat Kid Freeman in four; Ray Lindsey won by a kayo over Jack Chatten in two.

Dick Demeray, and Scotty McLean of Illinois staged a rip-snorter for one of the best fights of the month. McLean lost the decision, but staged a wonderful battle. Irish McKenna shaded Goldie O'Hare in six; Mel Rice stopped Clyde Silkwood in one round. Mickey Slater swarmed all over Roscoe Sullivan to win in four; Matty Meriole won by a hairline over Eddie Reynolds, and Don Rhymer scored over Cecil Long.

Boxers, managers, and promoters, your notes must be in my hands by the 16th of the month. Please don't wait until the last minute to mail them to me, if you will watch this, it will be appreciated—our address is 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Iowa.

The best looking prospect for the month rests on the shoulders of Young Terry Griffith, a junior lightweight, who is coming along fast, and may do big things.

Des Moines, Ia.—Ronny Malcolm scored a victory over Bobby Crowley; Jimmy Legrone drew with Glen Kid Lehr; Dick Neibur drew with Carroll Heath; Jack Sprat beat Pete Necos; Young Donovan won by a Kayo over Floyd Blaskell.

Sioux City, Ia.—Frankie Hughes, Terre Haute, Ind., welterweight, halted the long winning streak of Dick Demeray by taking an eight-round decision over the hard-socking southpaw. Charlie Wilbur of St. Louis lost to Battling Nelson of Belgrade, Neb., in six; Wingle Matthews and Mel Rice went to a draw; Wayne Berg lost to Lloyd Weaver by a kayo in the fourth round.

Keokuk, Ia. — George Dovin won over Bud Berkle in ten; Lenny Jones drew with Herb Green; Cowboy Amos knocked out Louis Upp, of Dallas, Tex., in the second round; Carl Schaffer beat Pee Wee Terry of Dallas, Tex., in eight rounds; Sammy Jackson won by a kayo over Carl Lawton in eight.

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Sioux City, Ia. — Joe Goeders, Emmetsburg, heavyweight, and Bob Putney of Waterloo, went six rounds to a draw; Kid Miller defeated Tuffy Dial in six; Goldie O'Hare beat Hughey Wyatt in six; Freddy Penn shaded Terry Griffiths in four; Mel Rice beat Kid Jobe in four; Wayne Berg beat Jimmy Kirwan in four.

Burt, Ia.—Runt Schrader, knocked out Bob Hitchcock, Britt, Ia., welterweight, in three rounds; Don Brand lost to Jimmy Cosgrove. Harold Anderson shaded Orie Peterson; Kid Brayton beat Harold Felter.

Des Moines, Ia.—Goldie O'Hare beat Jackie Burnes, in six rounds. LeRoy Selover beat Jimmy Britt in four; Eddie Spencer won by a kayo over Oscar Coone in one; Chummy Flakes beat Otha Pleasant in four; Pep O'Brien beat Reddy Clark in four.

Waterloo, Ia.—Joe Rivers won a six-round bout over Lloyd Dysart; Chuck Kelly and Battling Taylor fought a draw; King Court knocked out John Jacks in three; Herbie Hansford drew with Jack Sprat; Howdie Dawson beat Bob Harter; Judd Steinbrook won over Bobby Arthur.

Sioux City, Ia.—Dick Demeray, of Tappen, N. Dak., but making Sioux City his headquarters, knocked out Battling Nelson in five; Jackie Charvez scored a six-round win over Lee Savoldie of St. Paul; Mel Rice shaded Kid Jobe in four; Lloyd Weaver and Terry Griffith drew in four; Mickey Slater won over Eddie Reynolds in four; Ray Lindsey scored a three-round knockout over Tom Wallish.

Waterloo, Ia.—Ronney Malcolm knocked out Carroll Heath in four; Bob Putney kayoed Roughhouse Barker in three. Some of the other good bouts of the month saw: Joe Rivers beat Ronny Malcolm in six; King Court win over Bob Putney; Chuck Kelly beat Battling Taylor; Harold Christian win over Louis Sells; Bob Harder knocked out Billy Brennen; Don Schneck beat Billy Banas.

Floyd Morey, Lincoln, Neb., lightweight, is making a tour of the West.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Howard Graack has been filling the timekeeper's job alongside of A. Olson at Riverview Park . . . . Louie Tattleman is still doing the announcing in a big way. . . . . Managers and seconds, and boxers, too, before you do anything else get a copy of Nat Fleischer's revised edition on "How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer." If some of you fellows knew how bad you looked as a second, you would certainly invest $1 for this book, which is worth just ten times the price . . . . Honestly, there aren't five good seconds in this town . . . . Larry Udell was stopped by Joe Louis in two rounds at Chicago . . . . Young Rightmire is still making Chicago his headquarters.

Down at Des Moines, Iowa, we are informed of the following: Dave Fidler has a cigar store . . . . Louie Kelly, former Des Moines bantam, has a beer parlor . . . . Johnny Miler is the big thing around Des Moines . . . . Joe Kelly will promote shows at Mason City this fall and winter . . . . Harry Jones, Sioux City's ace promoter, is giving the youngsters a chance to do their stuff on the four-rounders at his park . . . . Morton Smith, the big cigar and candy man, also a big seller of THE RING, was in New York . . . . and says he never missed a fight while there. . . . Sailor Burke, local fight manager, is getting his stable in shape for a busy indoor season . . . . Tuffy Dial is back home after a tour around the country, and says his fight with Young Peter Jackson was stopped owing to the fact he received a badly cut eye . . . . Well, about time to sign off, and we will see you next month.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

MANHATTAN, KANS.—Bus Breese defeated Pat Kissinger in eight fast rounds. Mickey Nolan won from Pete Blanchard in two on a foul. Kid Freeman beat Chico Brown in six. Cap Harding beat Frank Moulton in six rounds.

Jimmy Carter is now quartering at Torrington, Wyo. Jimmy reports he has several fights lined up and weighs around 142 pounds.

Boxing promoters please forward your news notes to me before the 15th of each month. The writer of this column can now be reached at 3½ South Santa Fe St.! Chanute, Kansas.

Manhattan, Kans.—Amateur boxing results. Johnny Hemphill beat Chuck Lydig. Don Long beat Kid Ferleman. Tuffy Breese beat Don Lee. Lyford Crain beat Warren Hill. Ralph McAnnich beat Pat Schoenberger. Fred Massey beat Geo. Heidenrich.

Chelsea, Okla.—Kansas (Kid) Easter, welterweight fighter, formerly of Kansas and Colorado has been resting up the past two years, and is now ready to meet the best in the welter class in the southwest. Promoters seeking Easter's services write Edgar Elsten, R.F.D. No. 1, Chelsea, Okla.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Madero (Chilli) Villareal beat Paul Estrada in 10 hard rounds. Chief Parris knocked out Karl Lauten in three. Athel White knocked out Sammy Jones in three. Jackie Snyder knocked out Lefty Martin in three. Danny Britt beat Tommy Small in four rounds.

Sand Springs, Okla.—Billy Markham beat Johnny Nichols in eight rounds. Athel White outpointed Dub Wade in eight slashing rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Madero (Chilli) Villareal beat Billy Blunke in 15 fast rounds. Chief Parris knocked out Tot Wilson in one. Johnny Hull and Floyd Harrington fought six rounds to a draw. Paul Burney knocked out Sammy Greniff in one round.

Sand Springs, Okla.—Kid Gindy beat Fritz Osborne in eight rounds. Billy Markham knocked out Duke Goodwin in four. Don Wilkerson beat Kid Miller in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Lefty Creamer, who formerly promoted shows for the Mid-Continent Athletic Club at West Tulsa, Okla., has again taken over the reins as matchmaker and promoter replacing Bob Hunter.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Madero (Chilli) Villareal for the second time trounced Paul Estrada, Kansas City Mexican. Billy Blunke beat Frisco Linda in 10. Athel White shaded Dub Wade in six. Duke Goodwin beat Kid Granite in six. Carlos Brown and Lefty Martin drew in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Chuck Miller, an old time fighter, is now managing Madero (Chilli) Villareal, a flashy Mexican fighter. He also has Johnny Hull, a young middleweight who shows much promise.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Harold Murphy knocked out Lonnie Reeves in four rounds. Pug Grubbs knocked out Ray Keech of Springfield in four. Baby Boyd beat Eddie Miller in eight. Toad Boyd beat Kid Alfred in eight rounds.

NEWS FROM OKLAHOMA
By DUKE DELANEY

THE boxing game in Oklahoma City seems to be coming back in a big way judging by the interest shown in the recent amateur tournaments held here. In a series of bouts, featured by heavy-hitting, the amateur game went over successfully, uncovering some of the best prospects seen in years.

The Casey brothers, Gordon and Clay, turned from football to boxing and got off to a good start by winning their first bouts in the tournament. Gordon Casey, a flashy light-heavyweight, won over Serg. James Maxwell by decision, and then scored knockouts over Louis Mears and Frank Suchy. Clay, the younger of the brothers, won over LeRoy Shadid in decisive fashion, and then won a much-disputed decision over Carl Brandt in a thrilling slugging match.

Mickey McGuire, a colorful middleweight, won the Oklahoma City championship by winning over Clay Casey in the finals of the city tournament. McGuire had Casey on the canvas three times in the first two rounds, and then ran out of steam and had to coast the remainder of the distance. McGuire is a hard-socking boy who has scored eighteen knockouts in his twenty-seven fights, and looks good.

The Choctaw team, handled by Duke LaMoore, has been one of the features of the local tournament. The Battling Brandt Brothers, Carl and Francis, specializing in a form of knock-down and drag-out battling that has speedily won them a large following in Oklahoma City, came through to eliminate all competition and become joint holders of the welterweight title. Carl Brandt scored a decisive victory over Howard King, and then dropped a decision to Clay Casey, although outweighed eighteen pounds, but returned on the final night to score a knock-out over LeRoy Shadid in three rounds. Charles Murphy, also of the Choctaw team, scored a decisive victory over Jack Logsdon in three rounds.

The Oklahoma City amateur tournaments have brought out many new stars in addition to those named above, and with such fighters as the Brandt and Casey brothers, McGuire, Cecil "Red" Wrigley, Don McMillen, LeRoy Shadid, Winters Burrows, Bevo Parker, Carl Bell, Carl Janz, James Maxwell, and Charles Murphy, the boxing game should take a new lease on life.

Gene Ellis and Walt Green, promoters in Muskogee, have arranged the first Eastern Oklahoma Amateur Boxing Tournament to be held in Muskogee on September 5, 6 and 7. Many of the best boys in the southwest were present, including several amateur champions and boys from Fort Sill.

Johnny Ford, Harry Bell's crack light-heavyweight, is returning to the wars after a brief layoff for an operation on his nose. Ford has piled up an enviable record in the southwest, and is one of the most pleasing fighters in this section.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
With E. C. VIANI

AT this writing Lou Salica, Brooklyn bantam, is the hottest fistic package in California. Salica, on the short end of two to one wagering, gave Joe Tei Ken a terrific hammering at Hollywood Legion Stadium to win a popular decision.

Hymie Caplin, who has Salica, Abie Feldman, and Georgie Turner in Los Angeles, plans to remain in this section of the country for several months yet. His wife and family are here with him.

According to figures released by Manager-Matchmaker Charley MacDonald, of the Hollywood Legion Stadium, the movie city arena has made a profit of over $1,000,000 (correct) during their eleven years of boxing promoting. Quite a record for a small club. Prices there are fifty cents to three dollars.

Mark Kelly, sports editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner*, recently turned down a nice offer to write sports yarns for Warner Bros. Kelly is one of the best fight writers in the country.

Rumors have it that a new matchmaker will go in at the Olympic in Los Angeles, replacing Tom Gallery. Dick Donald, who staged some big open-air shots during 1925, 1926 and 1927, heading his fistic promotions with the Hudkins-Baker battle which grossed $93,000, has the inside track for the job. The seating capacity of the Olympic is 10,400.

A great four-round featherweight, Johnny Conde, books boxers and managers for boxing scenes in the movies and has a bank roll that would choke a Missouri mule.

Boxing received a sad blow in the passing of Ralph Manfredo, thirty-five, former manager of Young Corbett III. Manfredo at one time was a stablemate of Harry Greb in Pittsburgh and for the past fifteen years has resided in Fresno. Ralph had a legion of friends, was kindly to everyone in the boxing game when he was on top with Corbett, and will be greatly missed by all the boys in the sporting world, especially in this section. Manfredo died of a kidney ailment, it was reported.

The many eastern friends of Eddie Mead who are in Los Angeles are glad to hear the "fat boy" is doing O.K. with boxing promotions in Cleveland. His Pirrone-Risko show in early August drew around $8,000.

The best looking prospect in Los Angeles since the days of Mushy Callahan, Jackie Fields, Ace Hudkins and Fidel LaBarba is a little Mexican bantamweight named Frankie Castillo, who has won fifteen fights in a row impressively, at Hollywood and Olympic, and seems destined to headline the big clubs before the coming winter. Castillo is under the management of Al Lang, originally out of Baltimore, and Lang has schooled the Mexican boy in all the tricks of the game.

Freddie Miller, in his last trip to the Coast, defeated Baby Face Casanova, Tommy Paul, Little Dempsey, Clever Sison, Georgie Hansford, Gene Espinosa and then departed for Liverpool along with his manager, Pete Reilly, and Trainer Nick Florio, where he was to box Ned Tarleton.

Bob Perry, former New York boxing manager, who has made a host of friends since he has been on the Coast the past fifteen years, sold out his interest in the "Brass Rail," a classy cafe, and may reopen another spot on Hollywood Boulevard during October.

Since going under the management of Dolph Thomas, Little Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa, former flyweight ruler, has won nine fights in a row at this writing. Pancho, a bantam who can also make 112 pounds, has defeated Joe Tei Ken, Pablo Dano, Baby Face Mathewson, stopped Jess LaBarba and the veteran Frankie Genaro and drew with Midget Wolgast in Honolulu.

Murray Brandt made his Coast debut at Hollywood in a special go and easily defeated Jimmy Wakefield. The New York junior welterweight is here with Joe Glick.

Joe "Toots" Mondt is in charge of the wrestling trust on the Coast and the grappling game is booming. San Francisco, Oakland, Stockton, Sacramento, Fresno, Los Angeles and San Diego are drawing big houses weekly.

The big bearded gent from Hell's Kitchen in New York, who is masquerading as a Georgia hill-billy (Man Mountain Dean), has proved quite an attraction in California. Dean is known in New York and Florida as Soldier Frank Leavitt.

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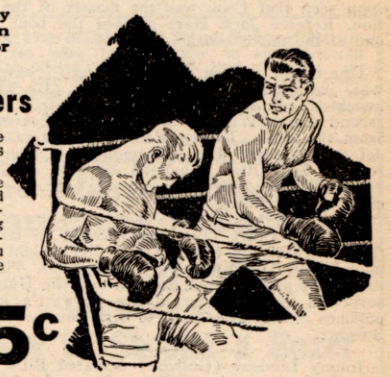

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George Blake, one of the best referees in the country and a smart teacher of boxers, is running weekly amateur shows with former Heavyweight Champion Jim Jeffries at Burbank, a few miles from Los Angeles.

Fidel LaBarba, whom Blake steered into the flyweight crown, has several amateur stars under his wing. LaBarba has lost the use of one eye.

Bill Miller, formerly associated with the late Frank Churchill and with Jimmy Bronson, handled the publicity on the Corbett-Walker battle in San Francisco. It was one of the finest pieces of work the writer has even seen and Miller burned the lights till early morning for three weeks, steaming the battle from many angles. Great work, Wilyum!

There are upwards of 75,000 Filipinos in Southern California. A Cerefino Garcia-Van Klaveren match in Los Angeles would gross around $35,000 in the ball park. Garcia sells out Hollywood Legion Stadium at every appearance.

Phil Bloom, a corking lightweight out of New York, who fought under the Leo "Pea" Flynn banner, works occasionally in the movies.

Eddie Smith, for many years sports editor of the *Chicago American*, is doing publicity for Art Lasky. Eddie, in spite of his age, is still very active.

The "gals" were given a disappointment in Oakland when George Raft, who was billed to second Maxie Rosenbloom along with Frank Bachman, failed to show up because of movie tests at Hollywood. There were more than 6,000 ladies in the arena to see Rosenbloom defeat Petro Georgi of Buffalo. The "gate" was around $3,800, as women with men escorts were admitted free.

One of the finest men in the boxing game is K. S. "Pop" Hubley, skipper of the clever Lee Ramage. Hubley has had more than his share of tough luck in the boxing game but it looks like he's getting a better break now. Ramage boxed Maxie Rosenbloom three times during July and August, winning twice and getting a draw.

After taking a trip to Georgia, Bob Godwin is back on the Coast again with his father. There is plenty of action out here for light-heavies.

Do you know that Rowland Brown, ace story writer and movie director, fought in Detroit several years back under the nom de plume of Whitey Ross? Brown is now in London making a picture.

"Hank" Hankinson, Suey Welch's stiff-socking heavyweight, is the biggest card in San Diego and turns 'em away whenever he goes to the post at the border city arena. Hankinson is the young man who clipped Jack Dempsey on the whiskers during an exhibition at Akron, Ohio, and had the former heavyweight champion doing a Leon Errol for a few seconds.

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Harry Morrison, former assemblyman and boxing promoter of San Francisco, is now operating a high-class buffet in the city by the golden gate and doing a big business. Morrison promoted the Loughran-Stribling fight in 1926 which drew a big gate and also staged the Joe Benjamin-Jack Silver lightweight battle in the ball park.

Hayden "Wad" Wadhams, for many years matchmaker for Jack Doyle in Los Angeles, has taken over the boxing club at Sacramento and has been making a nice profit in the capital city. It's a great Filipino fight town and naturally Wadhams must use the brown-skinned scrappers in order to jam the arena.

Pismo Beach, about 190 miles from Los Angeles, known as the "clam city" because of its wonderful sea food, shows twice a month with Pete Grant promoting. He has been holding his own during the depression, drawing from $1,000 to $2,500 with outstanding Filipino boxers pitted against white boys.

Stockton, another Filipino stronghold, shows weekly with such stars as Young Tommy, Pablo Dano, Little Pancho and Ceferino Garcia appearing regularly there. Billy Hunnefeld, former lightweight star during the four-round days, however, had a banner gate last month when Fred Feary and Jack Roper, heavyweights, drew $2,000.

Fresno, the raisin city, the home of Young Corbett, has weekly boxing shows but the summer months there are poor ones for boxing as the temperature hits around the 110 mark during June, July, August and September. Al Manfredo, cousin of Corbett, is the best fighter in Fresno and ready for any of the welters on the Coast.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

A CROWD of 15,000 people gathered at Wandsworth Stadium to see George Cook (Australia) beat Hans Schonrath (Germany). The bout was scheduled to go 12 rounds but it was soon seen that Cook was the master of the situation. Referee Jack Hart stopped the bout at the end of the third round.

One of the neatest right uppercuts I have seen, was unleashed when George Daly (Blackfriars) knocked out Len Wickwar (Leicester) in the second round. Wickwar was out fully five minutes from this blow. Johnny Peters (Battersea) easily defeated Tommy Fox (Bermondsey) after eight rounds. Billy Bird (Chelsea) disposed of Seaman Harry Ewin (Chatham) in the second of an eight round contest.

Jimmy Stewart (Liverpool) could do no more than outpoint the clever Dutch lightweight champion Robert Disch after 15 hard rounds. The bout took place at Liverpool stadium and the Dutchman surprised everyone by taking Stewart's hardest punches and coming back to dish out the same to Stewart.

Jimmy Lindsay (Gulham) defeated Billy Gardner (Sittingbourne) on points after 12 hard rounds at the Charlton Greyhound stadium.

Jack Strongbow (West Hartlepool) won over Alf Luxton (Birmingham) in the sixth when Luxton received a badly cut eye. George Reynolds (Wolverhamptom) defeated "Tiger" Ison (Leicester) on points after 10 exciting rounds.

Phil Bevan, (Poplar), at the Stadium Club, London, caused Bertie Brooks to retire in the seventh with a cut eye.

Archie Norman (Harrow) who is a protege of George Cook, looks like a good heavyweight. This youngster looked good when he K.O.'d Guardsman Brown (Aldershot) in the third round at the Alcazar, London.

Chris Dawson (Exeter) won comfortably over Fred Bloomfield (Westbourne Park) after 12 fast rounds.

Teddy Hayes (Canada) proved too hard a puncher for Newsboy Kirk (Euston) who took the count in the third round at Lanes Club, London.

Benny Sharkey (Newcastle) made short work of Cliff Peregrine (Wales) when he knocked him out in the first of a 12-round bout at Newcastle.

Jim Bird (Newcastle) had a tough task in beating Nick Carney in 12 rounds.

Fred McCall (Aberdeen) won the welterweight championship of Scotland when he defeated Willy Dow (Blantyre) at the Parkhead arena, Glasgow. Jim Cameron (Glasgow) won on points from Bobby Mack (Glasgow) after 12 hard rounds. Teddy Rollins (Whitley Bay) won on points after eight rounds over Matt Griffo, (Dumbarton).

Johnny Page (Newcastle) won a points win over Peter Miller (Gateshead).

"Cyclone" Joe Warriner (Newark) after a long run of success, met with a reverse when he was ruled out in the second round with Tommy Dexter (Sheffield) at Scunthorpe, because of low hitting.

Pat Butler (Leicester) stopped Tom Cartwright (Tipton) in the fifth round.

Johnny McCoy (Argoed) scored a points victory over Evan Evans (Merthyr) when they met at Albertillery, in a 15-round bout.

Leo Phillips (Birmingham) was unfortunate to receive only a draw in his bout over 15 rounds with Pat Butler (Leicester) at the Mile End Arena, London. George Marsden (Nottingham) scored 5 knockdowns over Jackie Gubbins (Stratford) in the first and second rounds before the referee stopped the one sided contest in the second.

Bennt Thackeray (Leeds) gained a points win at the expense of Albert Lindley (Sheffield) over 12 rounds at Walsall.

Jimmy Smart, who claims the middleweight championship of British Guiana, outpointed Reg Perkins (Bedford) in a 12-round bout at Becontree.

Nat Franks (Stoke Newington) defeated George Porter (Nottingham) in the sixth of a 12-round bout when the latter retired after taking 3 counts of nine.

Tommy Rogers (Willinhall) the former southern area featherweight champion defeated Jack Hardiman (Smethwick) in the sixth of a 12-round bout at Wolverhampton.

Three 12-round bouts featured the Alcazar program. Billy Barr (Woolwich) outpointed Fred Turpin (Canning Town). Dixie Cullen (Chelsea) defeated Jack Ellis (Camberwell) in six rounds when Ellis retired. Alec Burton (Hoxton) was ruled out in the fourth round for an alleged low blow against Jim Anderson (Waltham Cross).

The Board of Control in England won a great victory when the appeal courts upheld their appeal against the decision of the Courts that Jack Doyle was to receive his 3,000 pounds for his bout with Jack Petersen in which Doyle was disqualified.

The 12-round encounter between Tommy Steele (Glasgow) and Billy Haxell (Pontyprydd) at North Shields ended disappointingly in the third round when Steele was ruled out for an alleged low blow.

Harry Jennings (Bethnal Green) and Herbie Fraser (Westbourne Park) met at Bethnal Green Drill Hall before a packed house over 12 rounds. Fraser was game and fought back to lose by a narrow margin, after a great bout.

A movement is about to start a "National Union of Boxers" in London, because of the poor pay that some boxers receive. It reminds me of the time some 24 years ago when, after defeating Ted "Kid" Lewis at the now defunct Judeans Club. I was handed 15 pence, equivalent to 30 cents plus two cakes and a cup of coffee and Lewis, for losing, received 12 pence or 24 cents plus coffee and cake. The bout was over six rounds. We boxers then got together and started a "Boxers Union," which resulted in the pay being raised, and after a while, the Union was busted owing to the funds going astray. Maybe this time something will happen that will help the little boxer who is trying to make the grade *But* with a Capital B, "I have my doots."

Al Burke (Australia) outpointed Archie Sexton (Bethnal Green) over 12 rounds at The Mile End Arena.

Teddy Hayes (Canada) outpointed George Merritt (Silvertown) after a fast bout over 10 rounds.

George Morris (Battersea) made short work of Stanley Gould (Bethnal Green) whom he knocked out in the second round.

The Finest Sports Bulding in the British Isles is the verdict of all who have visited the new Empire Pool, Wembley.

Ernie Simmons and Kid Abrew went eight rounds to a draw at Belfast.

Vic Morris (Aberfan) defeated Nobby Baker (Aberdare) in the sixth of a 15-round contest at Bargoed. The towel came in the ring after Baker had been down for several counts.

Cuthbert Taylor (Merthyr) knew too much for George Chaplin (Walsall) whom he beat on points after 12 rounds.

Charlie Baxter (Birmingham) scored an easy victory over Frank Davey (St. Helens) when they met at Wolverhampton. Davey retiring at the end of the sixth round with a cut eye.

Herbie Hill (The Welsh flyweight champion) beat Kid Smith (Wellingborough) in the fourth round, when after taking a count of nine, the referee stopped the contest.

Stoker Morrell (Royal Navy) outpointed Red Pullen, Wales at the Alcazar after 12 hard rounds.

Chris Dawson (St. Johns Wood) stopped Ernie Mason (Lambeth) in the 10th of a 12-round bout.

Erich Seelig again appeared before a crowd of 10,000, handed out a sound whipping to Jack Casey, who is also known as the "Iron Man."

Dave Carstens (South Africa) demonstrated his punching powers against Jack Stratton (Barnsbury) who was knocked out in the first of a lords contest.

Douglas Parker (Sunderland) returned to winning form at Newcastle when he knocked out Fred Carpenter (Newport) in the second of a 12-round bout.

Wilf Granger (Brierly Hill) defeated Pat Daley (Walsall) on points at Halesowen.

A pair of hard punching lightweights in Jim Carney (Sunderland) and Lefty McCormick (Gateshead) met at Harden in a lords bout and McCormick was forced to retire with a badly cut eye in the ninth round.

Billy Sheldon (Newcastle) and Bob Lamb (Sunderland) furnished a dour struggle in their 12-round bout at Sunderland before the referee declared a draw.

Boxing fans at Berwick were served up with a good show and a big crowd attended. The chief bout was between Bobby McGhee (Glasgow) who well outpointed Hughie Griffo (Newcastle) over 10 rounds.

A crowd of 15,000 gathered on the Liverpool football ground to see Nel Tarleton (Liverpool) beat Ex-Seaman Tom Watson (Newcastle). The bout was fought on fast lines and it looked like the sailor was going to lose his title in the 14th by a K.O. The 15th and last round saw Tarleton with victory well within his grasp.. Amid great cheering, Lord Lonsdale stepped into the ring and placed the belt bearing his name around Tarleton's waist, the winner and the new featherweight champion of Great Britain.

Harry Edwards (Birmingham) scored a creditable points win over Bert Kirby (Birmingham) when they met at the football ground Kidderminster.

Tony Arpino defeated Reg Perkins both of Bedford, in a 15-round contest at the local football ground before a good sized crowd.

Boy Gavo (Kettering) defeated Arthur Harvey on points after 10 well contested rounds.

Jimmy Vaughan disposed of Young Connolly (Stepney) by the K.O. route at Becentree in the ninth round. In the supporting bout of eight rounds, the referee stopped the contest at the end of the seventh and declared Jackie Herd (Dagonham) the winner over Kid Nitram (St. Georges).

Pat Haley (Hanley) scored a convincing win over Tommy Marren (Burnley) who holds the Northern Area welterweight championship, after 12 rounds of hard fighting, at Walsall.

George "Panther" Purchase, of South Africa, won over Leo Phillips (Birmingham) in a return bout of 15 rounds at the Mile End Arena.

Roy Graham defeated Alf Luxton (Birmingham) in the fifth of a 15-round bout when the latter's seconds tossed in the towel. The bout took place at the Merthyr stadium.

George Morgan, (the Welsh featherweight champion), could only draw with Iver Drew (Trelaw) after 15 rounds of clever boxing at Ystradnach.

Jimmy Jones (Pontypridd) defeated Jackie Cantwell (Gilfach Gogh) on points after a good bout at Tonyrefail.

Frank Barton (Salford) outpointed Bert Canter (Birmingham) at Salford, after 15 rounds of boxing. In the supporting bout of 12 rounds, Bob Healy (Bolton) defeated Jack Turvey (Birmingham) on points.

Harry Mason, welterweight champion of Great Britain, received a setback at Newcastle, when he met George Bunter (West Hartlepool) over 12 rounds. Mason was in very poor form, and was put down for five counts in the fifth round and the bell came to his rescue.

George Slack (Doncaster) successfully defended the heavyweight championship of the Northern Area, when he met Bob Carvill of Bridlington over 15 rounds at Bridlington.

Dave Finn, the improving Stepney featherweight, shaded "Tiger" Bert Isen of Leicester over 12 rounds after an exciting contest at Mile End Arena. Freddie Baxter (Bethnal Green) easily defeated Sandy McEwan (Glasgow) in another 12-round bout.

At the Alcazar, Edmonton Dixie Cullen (Chelsea) outpointed Chris Dawson (St. John's Wood) over 12 rounds. In another 12 rounds Tuck Mason (Windsor) outpointed Peter Brown (Bethnal Green).

Ernie Roderick (Liverpool) outpointed Jack Daley (Wigan) over 12 rounds at the Liverpool stadium. In the supporting bout of 12 rounds, Jack Lyden defeated Tommy Dexter (Sheffield) on points.

Len (Tiger) Smith defeated Pat Butler, Leicester welterweight, on points after 12 rounds at Walsall Football Grounds. Bert Taylor (Birmingham) knocked out Cliff Peregrine (Ammanford) in the third of a 10-round bout.

Benny Thackeray (Leeds) gained a points victory over George Marsden (Nottingham) at the end of 12 rounds.

Harry Mizler, British lightweight champion, successfully defended his title when he met Billy Quinlen of Wales, at Veitch Field, Swansea, before a crowd of 10,000 people.

Although the decision was not well received, there was no fault to find with Mr. Barrington Dalby's verdict. Harry Brooks (St. Georges) was beaten on points by the clever Ex-Amateur, Fred Carpenter (Wales) after 12 rounds.

Arly Hollingsworth (Sheffield) narrowly outpointed Joe Herridge (Rochdale) over 10 rounds at Wolverhampton.

Bert Kirby (Birmingham) was forced to retire with a cut eye in the seventh round, of a 12-round bout against Bobby McGhee of Glasgow, when they met at Newcastle.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By HERB McHUGH

ALTHOUGH Americans may reckon that they are on the right side of the street in referring to Tod Morgan as "Old Man Morgan," they would get a shock if they could get a glimpse of the form that the world's ex-junior lightweight champion is showing in Australia . . . . We have seen a fair quota of American fighters of the modern school in the last few months, but none of them can line up to Morgan in the way of getting a crowd on its toes.

Two weeks ago, Morgan handed out a thrashing to Jimmy Kelso, knocking him out in the eighth round . . . . Although the Australian champ has been seen to much better advantage, it is questionable even at his best whether he would have been capable of reversing the issue. Morgan just let 'em go from the first buzz of the gong. . . . . Pile-driving right-handers to the liver and short ribs made Kelso gasp and helped to have him all ready for a terrific right to the heart in the eighth session which put him out to the world, face down to the canvas.

And just in the way of keeping up the good work, Morgan followed up with a one-round win over Tommy John, English lightweight, who was expected to box rings round Tod.

A right to the solar started the trouble for John . . . . It caused him to bend forward to collect a nifty left hook to the button. Down he went for nine, and a befogged brain and wobbly legs made him an easy mark for Morgan's whirlwind offensive and one particular packed right-hand wallop wrapped the crepe around the Englishman for the full count . . . . Of course, John was keenly disappointed at the way things went, but it is the fight game all over.

Two weeks hence Morgan will tackle the young Australian lightweight, Herb Bishop, who, the other week, licked Joe Ghnouly in a torrid event. . . . . Personally I am not enamored with the fixture, as perhaps it is asking Bishop a little too much . . . . It could be pointed out that Bishop beat Ghnouly, who defeated Morgan, but the fight game is a perfect racket for upsetting form . . . . Morgan weighed 140 against Kelso, and two and a quarter pounds less against John.

Bishop is a legitimate lightweight, and, despite his wins over Varias Milling and Joe Ghnouly, he hardly looks seasoned enough to battle it out with Morgan in his present form. . . . However, I hope that I am astray in my opinion.

Alby Roberts, tough old welter, was no match for the vigorous Sydneysider, Reg Wilcox.

Jack Rainsford, promising cruiser, fouled "Yank" Henneberry in the sixth at Parramatta.

Clem Fundess, a classy colored featherweight, gave "Young" Spargo a sound hiding at North Sydney.

Pietro Spagnola, the tough and crude Italian heavy, scored over Al Rex. Rex may prove a comer some fine day.

Billy Martin, the brilliant welter who blinded Billy Townsend with science only to get a draw, soundly thrashed Alby Roberts. There were two surprises in the flyweight division on the same card, when Bobby Clements whipped the much heavier George Elliot and "Rollo" Hinton took a six over Bert Ryding.

There was a big surprise at Cairns in Queensland, when the washed-up Jim Richardson, ex-middle champ of Victoria, held the pugnacious Jackie O'Brien to a ten-round draw.

Reg Hickey, Queensland welter champ, and the every moving "Jew-boy" Wilson fought a terrific fifteen-round draw at Hickey's home town.

Norm Bible, once a great little flyweight, making a comeback, fought well to beat "Kid" Cameron. On the same card at Parramatta, the flyweight king, Wally Walker, avenged a defeat at the hands of Mickey Bowers by beating him from the first gong.

Jim Mitchell, the Newcastle middleweight who hopes to take on where Al Burke quit, won from "Battleship" Gibbs.

Clem Fundess had hard luck in fouling George Elliot at North Sydney.

Dave Finnie, a tough little Hebrew fly, soundly thrashed "Cyclone" Stephens.

One of the hardest punching welters in this country, Herb Coady, demonstrated his ability in a wind-up to the Bishop-Ghnouly show, when he shunted George Pringle out in two.

Jack Dunleavy's feather, Jackie Sharp, whipped Alby Bennett.

"Squib" Lindsay cemented his claim to a flyweight title shot by thrashing "Rollo" Hinton.

Max Rayner was not in the picture with Billy Martin at Liechhardt.

Al Rex gave the odds layers a sore head when he decisively whipped Jack Rainsford.

Tim Lister did the same when he won from the clever young feather, Jackie Thomas.

Clem Fundess kept on his winning way by getting the nod over the Queensland feather "Red" Delaney.

The Fitzroy Stadium in Victoria was treated to a Roman holiday when the tough Spagnola whipped Norm Negus.

Norm Bible's comeback was stopped short by Mickey Miller, the lad who stopped "Speedy" Dado in seven sessions.

George Elliot, North Shore lightweight, was never in the hunt with "Squib" Lindsay.

At Newcastle, "Kid" Cameron gave Jem Mace an artistic lacing.

Alf Blatch was handed the rawest deal imaginable when he was reckoned to have drawn with Jimmy Day at the Stadium. He won from here to New York and back.

Jackie Baker, Tod Morgan's protege, kayoed Jimmy O'Dea in six for a purse given by Maxie Baer. It was a wonderful scrap between two tigerish featherweights.

Dave Finnie ran into a tartar in the form of the diminutive "Squib" Lindsay. He was soundly flattened in two heats.

There was a surprise at Carlton when Clem Fundess whipped Jackie Sharp.

At Liechhardt, Laurie McCabe put up a surprisingly good showing opposed to Jack Fitzgerald. He was well beaten but Fitzie had several anxious moments when he led with his chin to McCabe's lefts.

Tim Lister went well to put Alby Bennett away in half a dozen sessions.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By "GREEK" A. VANGES

JIMMY KELSO avenged a previous defeat at the hands of Joe Ghnouly by taking a points decision after fifteen rounds of brilliant boxing. In a supporting eight Joe Hall defeated Jock Sharpe.

"Whiskers" Blake visiting American wrestler, downed the Maori, George Tiki, at Newtown.

Boxing preliminaries, Ern Jacobs, New Zealand, outpointed Sid Gray. "Darkie" Sullivan won from Danny O'Brien.

Alf Blatch decisioned Roy Burns at Leichhardt stadium.

Hughie Morgan outpointed Eddie Leonard at North Sydney. Dave Finney defeated Billy Smith. Billy Madden outpointed Tommy Craig.

George Vassillis of the John Killonis type downed Peter Guion.

Fred Henneberry outpointed Ron Richards at the Brisbane Stadium after fifteen hard-fought rounds.

Max Raynor, K.O.'d Frank Harvey at the Parramaltis stadium.

Charles Purdy, former Australian welter champion, defeated George Pringle.

Jack Fitzgerald outpointed Ron Negus at the Fitzroy stadium.

Bobby Delaney, former lightweight champion, outpointed Abby Roberts at the Brisbane stadium.

Indian Rahim Posti and Dick Cameron wrestled at Leichhardt stadium for the middleweight championship of the British Empire, Cameron winning two falls to one.

Jimmy O'Dea outpointed Jackie Baker, Tod Morgan protege, at North Sydney.

In a return bout Baker proved the master after a great fight.

Dicky Simmonds of Nyngan, New South Wales, a former amateur champion, traveled to Burke, where he defeated Billy Barchell in the sixth round on a technical knockout.

Al Rex defeated Frank Van on T.K.O. at Bronte.

Micky Right K.O.'d Young Sloan.

"Tobby" Salcola, one of the best prospects of of the month, outpointed Dickey White at Johnny Shields' marquee.

Tato Brassa was disqualified by Referee Jack Vanges in the third of a six-round wrestling contest against Johnny Wallace.

"Heha" Franklin fought a draw with Eddie Blondell after the latter was sent to the canvas with a terrific right cross in the third round. Blondell made a great comeback.

Norm Edwards defeated Billy Myall of Newcastle at Singleton.

See you all next month, boys. Address me A. Vanges, Nyngan.

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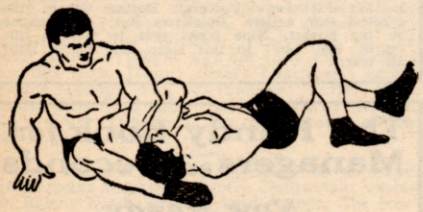

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

THE blast of a shotgun, fired through the window of his home in Revere, Mass., early on the morning of August 13, snuffed out the life of Nate Siegel, former New England welter champion, also holder of U. S. Army ring honors while a soldier during the World War. The tragedy, as yet unexplained, also lacking the arrest or any definite clue to the murderer, robbed a wife of her husband, and two small boys, one of them an adopted son, of their father. It has left the local sport world in mourning for Nate, whatever may have been his faults, was a chap who was generally beloved and admired.

Siegel was known to all as big-hearted, a square-shooter, a maker of friends and few enemies—a chap who played the game of life as it came to him, but played it fairly. He made a name for himself in the boxing ring both before, during and after the World War, first starting in Boston as an amateur in 1913. His rise was rapid and in his prime he fought such ringsters as Paul Doyle, Eddie Shevlin, Steve Latzo, Ted Kid Lewis, Paddy Flynn, Marty Summers and many other notables. During the World War he saw active service with the 82nd "All American" Division and was twice wounded in action.

On his return, he re-entered the "pro" ring and in a bout which attracted a gate of more than $30,000 at Braves Field, defeated Tommy "Kloby" Corcoran of Lawrence, for the N. E. welter title. Later on he was defeated by Corcoran, and shortly retired from boxing. Throughout his ring career Nate was a game, willing performer and a crowd pleaser—a regular he-man in a day when real fighters were numerous and the going usually tough. He was born in Boston and was 38 years old. The burial services were held on August 14, the interment being in the Jewish cemetery at Woburn, Mass.

Curiously coincident, about the hour that Siegel was killed, Tommy Robson of Malden, a lifelong friend and ring pal, walked in his sleep through a second story window of an Everett, Mass., hospital, where he was employed, and sustained a fall which resulted in serious injuries. In his ring prime Robson fought both as a welter and middleweight, meeting all comers and defeating many of them. Robson was born in New York in 1894 and did much of his ring fighting in Boston under the management of the late Joe "Big Ike" McCarthy. He encountered such chaps as Harry Greb, Mike McTigue, Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis, Jock Malone, Dave Rosenberg, Jack McCarron, George Chip, Mike O'Dowd, George Shade and other well-known warriors of the past. He lost to Siegel in a Boston ring in 1922.

One of Robson's most notable bouts was with Mike Gibbons of St. Paul in the Boston Arena in 1921, a 10-rounder won by the Malden boy. Mike, a ring wizard at that time, was sent into the resin in the fourth round and came up groggy after taking part of the count. Robson could have put him away for the night but Mike managed to talk him out of letting go the blow which would have resulted in a kayo.

In the weeks that have passed since the last issue of THE RING we have had one rattling good fight in Boston — a 12-rounder between Tony Shucco, present holder of the New England light-heavy and heavyweight titles, and Dick Madden of Roxbury, locally known as the "Fighting Bartender." They came into collision at Braves Field, in a feature sponsored by the Goodwin A. C., the lone organization now operating in The Hub. Tony's New England heavyweight title was in the ring and when the smoke of battle had settled he still retained it, and that by a wide margin. Though Madden had some weight, height and strength in his favor, and fought a gallant battle throughout, for two-thirds of the distance he persisted in trying to outbox a master boxer. Shucco, fighting more aggressively than is usual with him, met the Celt's rushes either with a straight left hand to face coupled with a solid right smash to ribs or midriff, or stepped inside or blocked. Madden changed his tactics toward the end of the mill—made it a swapping fight, but his rally came too late. He garnered about two rounds and evened another, but otherwise it was Shucco's affair.

The tourney, which was a very good one throughout, saw Irish Eddie Dolan, a New Haven lightweight, come through over Paris Apice, Providence, in the eight rounds semi-final. Apice, who really can fight, is inclined to be stagey—throws more bluffs, feints and such than solid punches, tactics which bother the ordinary opponent. However, he failed to hypnotize Dolan, who forced the battling and drove home rights and lefts whenever the opportunity presented. In the final round Apice got down to real action and several times shook his man.

Matty Bloom, a youthful Revere heavyweight, a novice in the sport, was turned loose in the opener, his first "pro" bout, and with Connie Rogers, Dorchester, furnished a sensational contest. It was one of those very willing, two-handed swapfests, with first one man down and then the other, and both on several occasions. A right to the midriff finally sent Rogers down and out in the third stanza, the award going to Bloom.

Announcement in mid-July that the N. Y. Garden was contemplating a championship match between Maxie Rosenbloom and either Bob Olin or Joe Knight, brought a howl of protest from Al Clemente, manager of Shucco, in behalf of his protege, which has been echoing in the Boston sport pages more or less ever since. Having once been promised such a match, backed by the further fact that his man has defeated Rosenbloom, Olin and Knight, Clemente felt that his man was entitled to the "shot" far more so than either Olin or Knight, in which stand he has been sustained all along by the press, also President Edward C. Foster of the N. B. A. While at this writing Clemente has not exactly won his point, there appears to be no immediate prospect of Rosenbloom engaging either Olin or Knight.

A counter suggestion made by the N. Y. Athletic Commission, following the appearance of Clemente and Shucco before that body, that an elimination series be staged, the winner to meet Rosenbloom, has failed to arouse any enthusiasm in this section. Inasmuch, with the one exception of John Henry Lewis, whom Shucco has never encountered, he has wiped all of the candidates named by the N. Y. A. C., we of Boston can find little argument why Tony should meet any of them again in a series of eliminations. The Bostonian has demonstrated within ropes that, with the possible exception of Lewis, he is the country's outstanding light-heavyweight.

Jack Sharkey, former world's heavy champion, has decided to lay aside the apron which he wears in his cafe on occasions, and emulate Dempsey and Willard as third men in connection with ring and wrestling bouts. He has received and accepted several offers for his services and will be seen in action very shortly.

Al McCoy, the Waterville, Me., and Boston middleweight, who a few months ago gave Champion Vince Dundee a rugged argument, took on Tony Celli of Leominster, at Salem, Mass., forcing him to stop in seven rounds, and three nights later at Waterville, scored a kayo victory over Norman Conrad in five heats.

Announcement appearing in the September issue of THE RING, credited to E. H. Griffin of Miami, Fla., manager of Joe Knight, to the effect that he would back his protege for $500 to fight Tony Shucco again "any time or anywhere," prompted Al Clemente, manager of Shucco, to issue a reply to the sporting press. In it, Clemente states that he will cover Griffin's $500, but stipulates that inasmuch as it is Griffin who seeks the return bout, should a match be arranged, the entire purse shall go winner-take-all along with the side stake. Further, that the bout shall be fought in neutral territory—Washington, D. C., preferred—and not in Boston or the states of Florida or Georgia.

Incidental to all the talk now going on concerning Shucco, Rosenbloom, Knight, et al, in the same general connection, the Boston ringster has received an offer from John Sylvester, sponsor of the recent Young Corbett III—Mickey Walker mill in San Francisco, for the Italian star to meet John Henry Lewis in the Civic Auditorium, Frisco.

Sammy Fuller, the Boston lightweight, following a vacation of months, got back into the ring at Old Orchard, Me., and stopped Dick Edwards of New York, substituting for Andy Divodi, in two rounds. Fuller is warming up for a fall and winter campaign and may be seen in Boston against Honey Mellody of Charlestown at an early date. The latter has been going along consistently for nearly a year and recently challenged Fuller to meet him at 135 pounds.

Joey Kemp, the Cambridge mddleweight, a likely performer, was back in old-time form when he defeated Joey Costa, New Bedford, in the feature bout of the Salem A. C., that city. He was back there again, this time winning a decision over Eddie Dreher of Bangor. On the same card, Eddie Brisco, Malden, won a decision over Tony Costa, New Bedford, the bout being one of the most sensational ever in Salem.

Prior to his upset by Al McCoy, mentioned in another paragraph, Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., one time New England light-heavy champion, encountered Armand Cioffi of St. Albans, Vt., in a scheduled 10 rounds feature at Keene, N. H. Cioffi, Vermont light-heavy champion, had the edge in the first round but ran into a stiff right to chin in the second and went down and out. In the semi-final, Hildreth Erickson, Gardner, Mass., a former amateur heavyweight performer, disposed of John Porcheo, Greenfield, in one round.

Within a month Fate has stepped in on two former ring performers, both of whom were busy boys in their prime. The latter part of July, Bobby Dyson, formerly of Chelsea, Mass., was found drowned in a New Hampshire lake, due to the upsetting of his canoe, while on August 10, at New London, Conn., Michael Doran of Madison, Me., who formerly fought under the name of Silent Doran, was killed by a train. Dyson, once very prominent in New England rings, met Jimmy Wilde of England at Lawrence, Mass., May 1, 1920, and was stopped in the first round. The affair attracted thousands of spectators. Wilde received a reported guarantee of $10,000 for his 2 min. 20 sec. of actual fighting.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

PHIL FURR of Washington won the district championship from Ray Bowen by putting Bowen away in the tenth and final round of a hectic bout at the Riding Hunt Club in Washington. The bout drew a capacity house and the fans were on their toes all the way with Furr nailing Bowen in round ten for as dramatic a climax as could be desired. Carl Gugginia of Florida made a fine showing in lacing Leroy Dougan in the eight-round semi-final. Bob Wilson flattened Pete Bevans in six rounds and Sammy Sweet had the better of Al Dittaman in six.

Bob Tow took a ten-round duke over Tony Galento at the Ball Park in Washington. Roy Manley won over Bob Wilson. Don Petrin made a chopping block of Buddy McArthur in a one-sided semi-final.

Toney Lopez of Florida was far too good for Frankie McKenna in a feature at Carlin's Park in Baltimore, the bout being stopped in round five to save McKenna from further punishment.

Natie Brown handed Arthur Huttick a pasting in ten heats at the American Legion arena in Washington. Huttick tired after two rounds and took a sound thrashing thereafter. Steve Dusas belted out Will Mathews of Baltimore in two rounds. Sammy Alfino of Chicago knocked out Sailor Petrosky in two rounds in the main prelim.

Toney Dominguez, Cuban middleweight champion, beat Jimmy Jones in a feature eight rounder in Baltimore. Sammy Alfino won by a technical knockout over Charlie Thompson in six rounds.

Toney Lopez of Florida scored over Jimmy Tramberia in eight rounds at Baltimore. Tramberia gave Toney plenty trouble for five rounds, but Lopez finally cut him down. Manny Tillman, Baltimore's new knockout sensation, added Pete Gallino to his list when Referee Charlie Baum stopped the fight to save Pete from possible injury. The largest house in years was on hand for this show.

Natie Brown had easy pickings with Don Petrin at the Ball Park. Brown was far too heavy and strong for Petrin who had made a good impression licking Eddie Simms in Washington. Eddie Burl got a close one over Billy Landers in the eight-round semi-final. Jimmy Reed of Florida got the surprise of his life when Mike Sipio of Florida put him down for a couple of counts in a six rounder that was called a draw. Bill Bulluck thumped Sammy Lucas in six rounds and Sailor Donneley took the duke over Harry Kersey in the opening four rounder.

Bob Wilson added Carey Wright to his list of victims at the Riding Hunt Club in Washington. Wright took a terrific beating before taking the full count in round six. Carl Gugginia had his hands full with Skippy Allen of New York and had to fight plenty in the final two rounds to grab the duke over the fast New Yorker in the eight-round semi-final. Wild Bill Howell scored a sensational knockout over Bill Kendrick in four rounds of the main prelim. With Jack Dempsey acting as Referee many hundred fans were turned away. As usual Jack got a great hand when he took the ring to referee the Roddy Davis-Joey Zodda eight rounder with Davis a winner.

PICKUPS—Maxie Baer made appearances at shows in Norfolk and Richmond, Va., and was scheduled to show in Washington but was rained out and could not stay over for the postponed show. Richmond, Va., has two boxing clubs, one promoted by Bill Lewis and the other by Walter Heenan.

Norfolk will have a new arena in operation before we go to press, being promoted by Sheriff W. W. Carr. Chris Dundee is now promoting boxing at the ball park in Norfolk.

Eddie Ross is making things hum in Baltimore with his forty rounds for forty cents. The houses are larger than in the good old days of boxing in the Monumental City. Toney Lopez is the most improved boxer to show in these parts. He would be a great match for Pete Sarron who is shunning him at present for bigger game.

Bob Wilson, "the Florida Red-Head," is the best puncher to show hereabouts since the days of George Chaney. Wilson is a converted southpaw and belts like Ray Miller used to.

Goldie Ahearn has taken the play in Washington with his club fights at the Riding Hunt Club. Charlie Swann threw up the sponge at the Legion Arena in Washington and thus far no one has taken it over. The Ball Park in Washington is only going. Virginia Beach Arena has closed for the season with plenty red ink. The writer can use a good lightweight without connections and can be addressed at the Mohawk Club in Washington, D. C.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

BOXING officials of New Orleans added another paragraph to the nation's category of freak fights during the second bout between Henry Hooks, Indiana bantamweight, and Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans youngster. Ordinarily, the affair should have ended in the third round when Hooks' powerful right sent Perrin down. As the official timekeepers reached the count of ten, Referee Moran was several strokes behind, despite the electric counter at the ringside registering the seconds by flashing a red light and with which the referee should have timed himself in unison. When Perrin arose at Moran's "nine" the number of seconds he was down had reached fourteen. From there on Perrin made a hit-and-run fight of it to gain a shade decision at the end of ten rounds. Hooks several weeks before scored a kayo victory over Perrin.

Stepping in as a last-minute substitute and given but an outside chance by the betting railbirds, George Murla, young Spanish bantamweight of four-round fame, gave Joe Saille a neat boxing lesson and severe beating in eight rounds.

Serious thought is being given toward preparing Jack Torrance, hulky Louisiana State University star athlete, for a professional ring career. Torrance is six feet, five inches in height and in physical shape weighs 285 pounds. He holds the world's competitive shotput record and in addition is a luminary in football and basketball at L. S. U. At present Torrance is touring Europe with other leading American track athletes.

Willard Brown, Indianapolis, Ind., welterweight, remains undefeated in New Orleans rings, chalking up one more win. In a speedy ten-round set-to with Midget Mexico, El Paso, Tex., Brown gave his opponent an artistic going-over despite an early injury to his left hand. Supporting the Brown-Mexico go were two ten-rounders. The first ended just before the gong of the last round with Frenchy Fournier, Helena, Ark., featherweight, losing on a technical knockout to Al Jerome. Roy Calamari, New Orleans 140-pounder, was stopped in five rounds by Wild Bill McDowell, Dallas, Tex., in the other.

The best looking prospect of the month was blond Jimmy McNamara, New Orleans featherweight. In two bouts he scored decisively over Joe Montana, Mexico City, in six rounds and stopped George Holmes, New Orleans, in two stanzas.

Other scraps on the monthly menu hereabouts resulted as follows: Elmer Freas kayoed Roswell Thompson, middleweights. Ernie Muller of Norway outpointed Kid Glover, welterweights. Augie Camaratta defeated Paul Quartararo, lightweights. George Holmes stopped Johnny Russo and drew with Desmond Diggs, featherweights. Earl Everett, Memphis, Tenn., beat Angelo Musso, but Musso beat Caveman Farace, and Earl Carlson, Los Angeles, Calif., knocked out Young K.O. Baer, bantamweights.

One show was held in Mobile, Ala., the main event ending in the fifth round when Ralph Chong, New Orleans middleweight, technically kayoed Johnny Blalak of Mobile. In the semi-final Dewey Cannon, Mobile, received a newspaper decision over Russell Gonzales, Filipino featherweight, in eight rounds.

K. O. White, popular New Orleans Negro junior welterweight, again demonstrated his superiority over Levi Young, Houston, Tex., before a large crowd. White marked up a technical knockout victory in the last round of the match.

A Negro, appropriately named Kid Stringbean, gives promise of developing into a top-notch junior welterweight. In two fights Stringbean scored one-round knockouts over Jack Davis and George Lawson.

Other Negro bouts resulted as follows: P. G. Carson, Jacksonville, Fla., decisioned Chester Jones, New Orleans; Kid Holiman, Baton Rouge, La., stopped Josh Willis, New Orleans, Bradis Flowers, Atlanta, Ga., kayoed Roy Finn, New Orleans, and Kid Smokey stopped Mike Smith and decisioned Wildcat Carter, all middleweights. Mexican Pete, Arizona, knocked out Al Edwards, New Orleans, welterweights. Eddie Kid Brown defeated Bobby Armstrong, Houston, Tex.; Baby Jack, Houston, Tex., stopped Jackie Simpson; Jimmy Johnson outpointed George Lawson; Newsboy Brown beat Lee Gibson; Kid Spibbens won over Kid Adams; Kid Chink defeated Kid Harry, all lightweights. Charley Hart and Kid Leo, bantamweights, drew.

OUTCROPPINGS.—The much managed Ervin Berlier is reported as now connected with Emile Bruneau . . . . Jimmy Feely is now handling Angelo Musso . . . . Marty Burke, New Orleans boxing promoter, is a beer salesman, too. . . . The veteran gladiator, Ray Kiser, is back in New Orleans looking for action . . . . Henry Hooks recently spliced his future with a Dallas, Tex., girl. . . . . Send your notes for this column to the writer at 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

Sowing the Seed for Next Summer's Crop

(*Continued from page 7*)

Kenny La Salle, another Pacific Coast product, is a consistent winner. He is a splendid boxer and only a youngster.

* * *

THE lightweight status remains unchanged. Tony Canzoneri still stands out as the leading challenger. Young Peter Jackson, Pacific Coast colored boy, is a first-class fighting man but has never shown his wares in the East. He is a combination fighter and boxer.

Cleto Locatelli, Italian contender, never showed to good advantage in New York rings because he was opposed to Canzoneri, but he later whipped Benny Bass, Eddie Cool and Frankie Klick in Philadelphia and is much better than he showed in New York.

Lew Ambers, Italian from Herkimer, N. Y., has been improving in leaps and bounds and seems to be headed for bigger things. He should be a powerful figure in the lightweight division by next year.

Eddie Cool of Philadelphia is a classy boxer who may improve when he steps into faster company. Eddie Zivic, one of the younger Zivic brothers, came into the limelight with two knockouts over Joey Costa and scored a series of victories on the Pacific Coast.

Davey Day and Frank Sagilio, two Chicago youngsters, are exceptional prospects.

* * *

THE featherweight class is still in a muddled state. Freddy Miller seems to lead the American contenders by virtue of having disposed of most of his rivals in this country.

Nel Tarleton, recent victor over Seaman Watson, and Watson are the two leading English contenders. By the time this story is on the stands Tarleton and Miller will have decided the matter of supremacy in Liverpool. The winner should be a good card in this country during the winter. Herb Bishop of Australia is another worthwhile candidate for titular honors.

Baby Arizmendi, Mexico's pride, and Mike Belloise are about the best of the group in the East with Petey Hayes running them a close second. Hayes established himself when he decisively scored over Kid Chocolate.

Leo Rodak of Chicago is another youngster who has been doing splendidly, topping his work with a victory over Hayes. It is unlikely that Rodak will remain in the 126-pound class for any length of time, because he is tall and is still growing. He will probably reach the lightweight limit.

Jackie Wilson, flashy Negro boxer from Pittsburgh, is a serious obstacle to anyone in the featherweight ranks. Henry Armstrong, another colored contender, from Los Angeles, is considered the best featherweight on the Coast and has done good work during the past year. Vittorio Tamagnini, Italian contender who is under the management of Louis Sereci, in New York, is a tough, clever lad.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

BANTAMWEIGHT material comes high in Montreal if little more than $100 short of a $10,000 gate is considered high. Armand Vincent, enterprising matchmaker of the Canada Athletic Club, lived up to this column's early predictions when he staged a Sixto Escobar-Gene Huat match that pulled in 7,765 paid spectators at the Forum for a gate of exactly $9,828.60—some going these days, huh?

It was the best gate realized in Montreal since the 1931 season when Vincent's efforts reached figures of $20,018 for the Panama Al Brown-Pete Sanstol fight, over $18,000 for the Al Brown-Huat battle, and other gates ranging from six to twelve grand.

Huat staged a gallant battle against the Puerto Rican sensation, going the full fifteen-round route against Escobar's knifing, slashing lefts and crushing rights that sent him reeling around the ring. The sturdy Frenchman's occasional two-fisted sallies forced Escobar to display ring generalship and defensive skill when the danger signal blinked ominously, but in the main it was the dusky lad from the Tropics who held the upper hand. Huat's experience and defensive ability combined with unusual stamina were the factors that prevented a knockout, particularly with a highly hunched left shoulder being utilized as a shock absorbed for ninety per cent of the blazing right crosses aimed at his jaw.

The prelims on the Escobar-Huat card were good. The best was a savagely fought six-rounder between Henri Pilotte, heavy-hitting graduate from the amateurs, and Joe Marciente, featherweight veteran. Pilotte's strong finish gained him a narrow edge over the popular ex-Brooklynite and he is the best drawing card amongst the prelim boys right now. Jimmy Lorenzo, New York, proved too inferior for Harry Gerson, classy local bantam star, and was kayoed in the third round of the semi-final.

Escobar's Porto Rican stablemates split in the other pair of prelims. Juan "Tiger" Martin, a husky welter, held his own with Joe Dunn, local lad, until he broke his hand in the third and fought a game, losing battle with one hand for the last three heats. Roland Santos attracted attention with his fiery display though it halted abruptly when one of his whizzing right swings dropped Eddie Martin, local featherweight, cold in round one.

A new promoter, Sam Schneider, tried his luck with a card at the Mount Royal Arena and after a small crowd had viewed a commonplace program the "promoter" pocketed a loss of more than $300. Harry Gerson pulled the shutters down for "Tommy Slotto" of New York in five rounds. It's too bad Gerson had to get mixed up in this.

Joe Marciente won the best fight on the card when he outsped Johnny Keller, who lacked the fire and stamina so characteristic of his work as an amateur up to 1932, in a whirlwind six-rounder. Henri Pilotte made his pro debut in auspicious fashion by dumping Frankie Fiore for the count in 40 seconds of the first stanza. Fiore is through, that once-iron chin has softened up, and the writer speaks for many when he advises Frankie to hang up the gloves. Tommy Rolling shaded his local lightweight rival, Wilf Carufel, in a hard-fought six-rounder, and Henri Auger, Gene Brosseau's welter protege, stopped Nick Elacqua in five heats.

Frankie Wolfram, the Winnipeg bantam, now campaigning in the mid-western states under the management of J. R. Basco, Ohio impresario, stepped out of his class to punch out a ten-round decision over Dario Marino, Chicago featherweight. Basco is anxious to match his protege against Sixto Escobar in Montreal.

WITH AMATEURS AT EMPIRE GAMES—Dennis White satisfied with showings of his proteges but not satisfied with British rules in effect . . . . says they placed too severe a handicap on Canadians as well as entrants from other Dominions . . . . punching power goes for naught unless knockout is registered . . . . Maxie Berger, Montreal flyweight, and Len Wadsworth, Hamilton middleweight, were only finalists from team . . . . Berger lost disputed decision that was panned by London writers . . . . had opponent reeling around ring at finish . . . . Wadsworth very tired for final after scoring two knockouts during preceding two hours . . . . Manager White also made trip to Ireland to see brother . . . . returned home with party September 1st.

STRAY SHOTS—Jean Pusie quit game and saved himself from inevitable pastings . . . . had only two "fights," winning both by one-minute "kayoes." . . . . Tiger Warrington returned to Maritimes for visit with his manager, Garneau Seaman, and a few fights as well . . . . the colored light-heavy sensation will return to Montreal in September ready for anybody . . . . will appear in Ottawa, Burlington, and other spots.

Tommy Bland, Toronto's rangy claimant of the Canadian welter title, successfully withstood the onslaughts of Bobby Allen, Maritime champ, in a ten-round match at Halifax. Bland scored by a decisive margin and proved too wily a sharpshooter for the tough little Westville, N. S., miner. Bland has been foolishly trying to pass himself off as the Canadian lightweight champ, though he could not make the weight and was licked soundly by Al Foreman the last time he did, but his claim of the welter laurels seems more justified as he certainly ranks as a leader in that division.

Rumors are going the rounds about promotorial comebacks. Playfair Brown is said to be seriously considering operating again at Toronto. Alec Moore is said to be slated for the reins at the Forum with the Canadian Hockey Club backing him and Jules Racicot's backers are also figuring to get him going at the Arena again. These rumors are not official, but come from authentic sources, so we'll just sit tight.

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

ART. MERRILL JARDINE was the only Maritime entry to survive until the semi-final contests in the amateur tournament in Montreal to decide Canada's representatives for the British Empire Games in England. Gerald Farren, St. John Flyweight, survived his first fight but Fred Farren, Gus Vanderburg and Babe Ackles, all were eliminated in their first contest against upper Canadian boys. Until the Maritimes obtain proper boxing coaches, it will be a long time before Maritime talent is developed in this section. The writer, an old professional, has developed one or two Maritime boys that have held their own with upper Canada's best boys "Tiger" Murray of Lunenburg and "Irish" Jimmy Boyne of Fredricton, N. B. The "Tiger" T.K.O.'d Irving Pease in 5 rounds and Pease is the 147th champion of Canada and Canada's welter representative at the British Empire Games.

Bobby Allen again gave Ronnie Headley of Ottawa one of Canada's best welterweights a trimming.

Irish Jimmie Boyne T.K.O.'d Joe "Kid" Lemieux of Montreal in five rounds. in their N.B. championship bout staged by Ben Fournier. N. B. George "Kid" Harrington of Edmundston won by kayo over Young Plourdre in two rounds.

Maritime professional boxing commissions should be members of the N.B.A. or Allied Commissions as it is they are more or less bootleg commissions as they stand. A boxer fighting in this section needs protection in every way.

"Tiger" Warrington, the Liverpool heavy, K.O.'d Young Cioffi of Burlington, in the sixth round. Armand Bourdeau of Quebec was K.O.'d by the "Tiger" in the first round.

Bobby Allen is to meet Tommy Bland of Toronto in Halifax in the near future. We think Bland is just a little too clever for the Maritime champ as yet but Allen, a clean living boy, will go a long way towards the top in time.

"Irish" Jimmie Boyne journeyed to Fort Fairfield, Maine, and proved to the fans that he is the "Eastern Jimmie McLarnin" of Canada as sport scribes call him in that section by K.O.'ing Emile Ringoutte of St. Basil, Quebec, in the third round of the main bout.

Any news for this column or boys needing a good manager please get in touch with the writer. Box 112, Edmundston, N. B. This town is a good centre for the game.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

JOE COEGO, local welterweight, scored a three round knockout over Luis Dreke of the Oriente. Ramon Rebollar put Pedro Iglesias away in the fourth round. Valentin Pedroso beat Kid Abreu in a six-round contest, and Kid Guantanamo scored over Joaquin Jorge.

Lope Tenorio, the Filipino warrior, drew in ten rounds with Baby La Paz the local dusky welterweight, and a week later Tenorio won over Joe Gandon.

Gilbert Castillo, Cuba's veteran featherweight, was an easy victor over Sixto Morales. Castillo is considered the leading featherweight in Havana as it appears that Chocolate has seen his best days.

Young Herrera, lightheavy and heavyweight champion of Cuba, scored a four-round K.O. over Smiling Kid, at Kingston, Jamaica.

Ignacio Ara, Spanish middleweight, has been offered several bouts here in Havana, and he will probably sail soon for these shores, contracted by Aramis del Pino, and Luis Parga, promoters de luxe of the Tropics.